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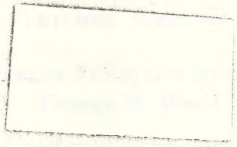
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THE

GRANITE MONTHLY.

A NEW-HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE,

Devoted to History, Biography, Literature, and State Progress.



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1885

VOLUME VIII.

CONCORD, N.H.:
JOHN N. McCLINTOCK,
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.
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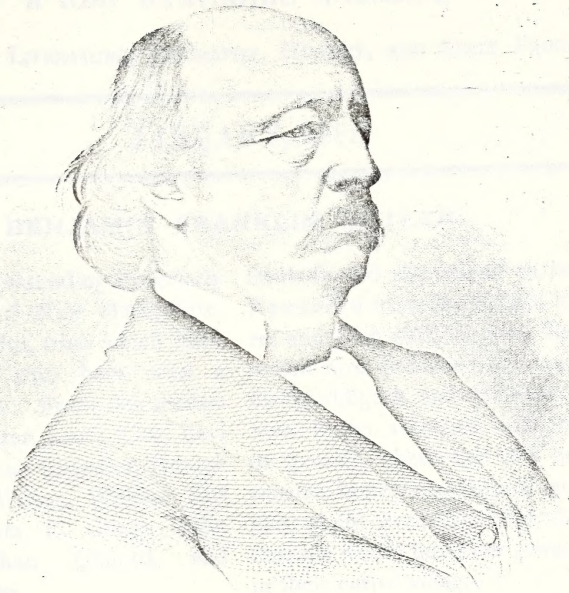
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CONTENTS OF VOL. VIII.

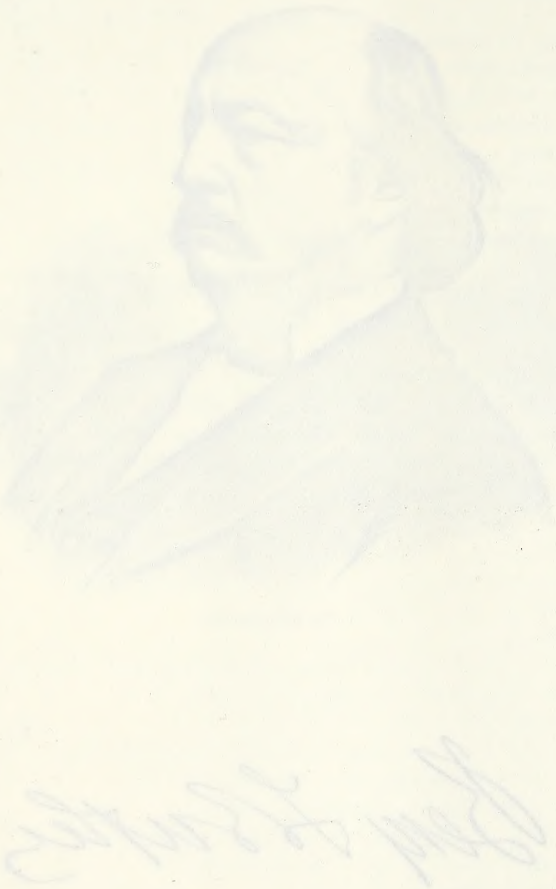
	PAGE
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN BUTLER	1
THE BOSTON HERALD	5
A GLIMPSE. Mary H. Wheeler	18
ROBERT ROGERS THE RANGER. Joseph B. Walker	19
ROUSED FROM DREAMS. Adelaide Cilley Waldron	33
PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT	34
HON. MARSHALL P. WILDER, PH.D. John Ward Dean, A.M.	35
THE MIDDLESEX CANAL. Loren L. Dame, A.M.	44
COL. FLETCHER WEBSTER. Charles Cowley, LL.D.	54
EARLY HARVARD. Rev. Josiah L. Seward, A.M.	60
EASY CHAIR. Elbridge H. Goss	65
HON. RODNEY WALLACE. Rev. S. Leroy Blake, D.D.	67
REMINISCENCES OF DANIEL WEBSTER. Hon. George W. Nesmith, LL.D.	81
THE DARK DAY. Elbridge H. Goss	83
NAMES AND NICKNAMES. Gilbert Nash	84
THE WEDDING IN YE DAYS LANG SYNE. Rev. Anson Titus	90
A REMINISCENCE OF COL. FLETCHER WEBSTER	92
DENMAN THOMPSON	93
NATIONAL BANKS: THE SURPLUS FUND AND NET PROFITS. George H. Wood,	95
NATIONAL BANK FAILURES. George H. Wood	97
CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN	99
EARLY HISTORY OF THE BERMUDA ISLANDS. James H. Stark	107
HEART AND I. Mary Helen Boodey. Reprint from Vol. I.	125
CONCORD, NEW HAMPSHIRE. Emile Pingault	126
SYLVESTER MARSH. Charles Carleton Coffin	127
BARNABAS BRADT DAVICE. Rev. J. G. Davis, D.D.	131
PROSPECT. Mary H. Wheeler	136
THE WHITE AND FRANCONIA MOUNTAINS. Fred Myron Colby	138
EARLY ENGLISH POETRY. Professor Edwin H. Sanborn, LL.D.	159
BOOK REVIEWS	170
ONE SUMMER: A REMINISCENCE. Annie Wentworth Baer	173
THE SIEGE OF BOSTON DEVELOPED. Henry B. Carrington, U.S.A., LL.D.	183
PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT	190
THE ARMSTRONG CLAN. — GEORGE W. ARMSTRONG (Steel-plate). Leonard A. Morrison, A.M.	191
COOS IN THE LEGISLATURE	200
ROLAND WORTHINGTON, COLLECTOR OF THE PORT OF BOSTON (Steel-plate)	201
MILFORD SPRINGS (Illustrated)	207

PAGE

TEN DAYS IN NANTUCKET (Map and Illustrations) 215
AN ELDER OF YE OLDEN TIME. E. C. Raynor 226
A NEW-ENGLAND VILLAGE QUILTING PARTY. Elias Nason, A.M. . . 235
COMMUNICATION: THOMAS JEFFERSON AND JOHN LELAND. E. C. Raynor . 240
STRANGER THAN FICTION. Henrietta E. Page 241
FORSYTH FAMILY IN NEW ENGLAND. Frederic Gregory Forsyth . . . 251
REV. LUCIAN HAYDEN 253
NOTES 254
A NEW-HAMPSHIRE PUBLISHER 255
CONCORD, NEW HAMPSHIRE 263
THE CANTERBURY SHAKERS 310
STRANGER THAN FICTION 312
THE THUNDER-STORM 314
NEW-HAMPTON INSTITUTE 315
COL. ENOCH Q. FELLOWS 315
TILTON, NEW HAMPSHIRE 319
GOVERNOR'S ISLAND 332
HON. JOSIAH QUINCY. Hon. J. Everett Sargent, LL.D. 334
NEW HAMPSHIRE'S LAMENT. Mary H. Wheeler 343
LITERARY NOTES 346
HISTORIC TREES. Loren L. Dame 347
THE RAILWAY MAIL SERVICE. Col. Thomas P. Cheney 352
REUBEN TRACY'S VACATION TRIPS. Elizabeth Porter Gould 366
THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH IN MASSACHUSETTS. Thomas W. Bicknell . 373
CHURCH SERVICES IN PURITAN TIMES 378



Benj F Butler



THE

GRANITE MONTHLY,

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, AND STATE PROGRESS.

VOL. VIII. JANUARY, 1885. No. I.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN BUTLER.

THERE is a belt extending irregularly across the State of New Hampshire, and varying in width, from which have gone forth men who have won a national reputation. From this section went Daniel Webster, Lewis Cass, Levi Woodbury, Zachariah Chandler, Horace Greeley, Henry Wilson, William Pitt Fessenden, Salmon P. Chase, John Wentworth, Nathan Clifford, and Benjamin F. Butler.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN BUTLER was born in the town of Deerfield, New Hampshire, November 5, 1818.

His father, Captain John Butler, was a commissioned officer in the War of 1812, and served with General Andrew Jackson at New Orleans. As merchant, supercargo, and master of the vessel, he was engaged for some years in the West India trade, in which he was fairly successful, until his death in March, 1819, while on a foreign voyage. In politics he was an ardent Democrat, an admirer of General Jackson, and a personal friend of Isaac Hill, of New Hampshire.

Left an orphan when an infant, the child was dependent for his early training upon his mother; and faithfully did she attend to her duties. Descended from the Scotch Covenanters and Irish patriots, Mrs. Butler possessed rare qualities: she was capable, thrifty, diligent, and devoted. In 1828, Mrs. Butler removed with her family to Lowell, where her two boys could receive better educational advantages, and where her efforts for their maintenance would be better rewarded, than in their native village.

As a boy young Butler was small, sickly, and averse to quarrels. He was very fond of books, and eagerly read all that came in his way. From his earliest youth he possessed a remarkably retentive memory, and was such a promising scholar that his mother determined to help him obtain a liberal education, hoping that he would be called to the Baptist ministry. With this end in view, he was fitted for college at the public schools of Lowell and at Exeter Academy, and at the early age of sixteen entered Waterville College. Here for four years, the formative period of his life, his mind received that bent and discipline which fitted him for his future active career.

He was a student who appreciated

his advantages, and acquired all the general information the course permitted outside of regular studies; but his rank was low in the class, as deportment and attention to college laws were taken into account. During the latter part of his course he was present at the trial of a suit at law, and was so impressed with the forensic battle he then witnessed, that he chose law as his profession. He was graduated from the college in 1838, in poor health, and in debt, but a fishing cruise to the coast of Labrador restored him, and in the fall he entered upon the study of the law at Lowell. While a student he practised in the police court, taught school, and devoted every energy to acquiring a practical knowledge of his profession.

MILITIA.

While yet a minor he joined the City Guards, a company of the fifth regiment of Massachusetts Militia. His service in the militia was honorable, and continued for many years; he rose gradually in the regular line of promotion through every grade, from a private to a brigadier-general.

LAW.

In 1840, Mr. Butler was admitted to the bar. He was soon brought into contact with the mill-owners, and was noted for his audacity and quickness. He won his way rapidly to a lucrative practice, at once important, leading, and conspicuous. He was bold, diligent, vehement, and an inexhaustible opponent. His memory was such, that he could retain the whole of the testimony of the longest trial without taking a note. His power of labor seemed unlimited. In fertility of expedient, and in the lightning quickness of his devices to snatch victory from the jaws of defeat, his equal has seldom lived.

For twenty years Mr. Butler devoted his whole energies to his profession. At the age of forty he was retained in over five hundred cases, enjoyed the most extensive and lucrative practice in New England, and could at that age have retired from active business with an independent fortune.

POLITICS.

Despite his enormous and incessant labors at the bar, Mr. Butler, since early manhood, has been a busy and eager politician, regularly for many years attending the national conventions of the Democratic party, and entering actively into every campaign.

Before the Rebellion he was twice elected to the Massachusetts Legislature: once to the House in 1853, and once to the Senate in 1859; and was a candidate for governor in 1856, receiving fifty thousand votes, the full support of his party.

In April, 1860, Mr. Butler was a delegate to the Democratic convention held at Charleston. There he won a national reputation. In June, at an adjourned session of the convention, at Baltimore, Mr. Butler went out with the delegates who were resolved to defeat the nomination of Stephen A. Douglas. The retiring body nominated Mr. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, for the Presidency, and Mr. Butler returned home to help his election. It may be here stated that Mr. Breckinridge was a Southern pro-slavery unionist. Mr. Butler was the Breckinridge candidate for the governorship of Massachusetts, and received only six thousand votes.

In December, 1860, after the election of Abraham Lincoln was an established fact, there was a gathering of politicians at Washington, Mr. Butler among the rest. South Carolina had passed the

ordinance of secession, and had sent commissioners or embassadors to negotiate a treaty with the general government. Mr. Butler told his Southern friends that they were hastening on a war; that the North would never consent to a disunion of the States, and that he should be among the first to offer to fight for the Union. He counselled the administration to receive the South Carolina commissioners, listen to their communication, arrest them, and try them for high treason. Mr. Butler foresaw a great war, and on his return to Massachusetts advised Governor Andrew to prepare the militia for the event. This was quietly done by dropping those who could not be depended upon to leave the State, and enlisting others in their stead. Arms and clothing were also prepared. On April 15, 1861, a telegram was received by Governor Andrew from Senator Henry Wilson asking for troops to defend the capital. A little before five o'clock, Mr. Butler was trying a case before a court in Boston, when Colonel Edward F. Jones, of the sixth regiment, brought to him for endorsement an order from Governor Andrew to muster his regiment forthwith on Boston Common, prepared to go to the defence of Washington. Two days later Mr. Butler received the order to take command of the troops.

IN THE WAR.

General Butler's command consisted of four regiments. The sixth was despatched immediately to Washington by the way of Baltimore, two regiments were sent in transports to garrison Fortress Monroe, while General Butler accompanied the eighth regiment in person. At Philadelphia, on the nineteenth of April, General Butler was apprised of the attack on the sixth regiment during their passage through Baltimore, and he resolved to open communication with the capital through Annapolis.

At Annapolis, General Butler's great executive qualities came into prominence. He was placed in command of the "Department of Annapolis," and systematically attended to the forwarding of troops and the formation of a great army. On May 13, with his command, he occupied the city of Baltimore, a strategic movement of great importance. On May 16, he was commissioned major-general, and on the twenty-second was saluted as the commander of Fortress Monroe. Two days later, he gave to the country the expressive phrase "contraband of war," which proved the deathblow of American slavery.

A skirmish at Great Bethel, June 10, was unimportant in its results except that it caused the loss of twenty-five Union soldiers, Major Theodore Winthrop among the number, and was a defeat for the Northern army. This was quickly followed by the disastrous battle of Bull Run, which fairly aroused the North to action.

On August 18, General Butler resigned the command of the department of Virginia to General Wool, and accepted a command under him. The first duty entrusted to General Butler was an expedition sent to reduce the forts at Hatteras Inlet, in which with a small force he was successful.

Early in September, he was authorized by the war department to raise and equip six regiments of volunteers from New England for the war. This task was easy for the energetic general.

Early in the year 1862, the capture of New Orleans was undertaken, and

General Butler was placed in command of the department of the Gulf, and fifteen thousand troops entrusted to him. After innumerable delays, the general with a part of his force arrived, March 20, 1862, at Ship Island, near the delta of the Mississippi River, at which rendezvous the rest of the troops had already been assembled. From this post the reduction of New Orleans was executed.

On the morning of April 24, the fleet under command of Captain Farragut succeeded in passing the forts, and a week later the transport Mississippi with General Butler and his troops was alongside the levee at New Orleans.

On December 16, 1862, General Butler formally surrendered the command of the department of the Gulf to General Banks. What General Butler did at New Orleans during the months he was in command in that city is a matter of history, and has been ably chronicled by James Parton. He there displayed those wonderful qualities of command which made him the most hated, as well as the most respected, Northern man who ever visited the South. He did more to subject the Southern people to the inevitable consequence of the war than a division of a hundred thousand soldiers. He even conquered that dread scourge, yellow fever, and demonstrated that lawlessness even in New Orleans could be suppressed.

The new channel for the James River, known as the Dutch Gap, planned by General Butler, and ridiculed by the press, but approved by the officers of the United States Engineer Corps, remains to this day the thoroughfare used by commerce.

The fame of General Butler's career at New Orleans, and his presence, quieted the fierce riots in New York City, occasioned by the drafts.

General Butler resigned his commission at the close of the war, and resumed the practice of his profession. He is now, and has been for many years, the senior major-general of all living men who have held that rank in the service of the United States.

IN CONGRESS.

In 1867, Mr. Butler was elected to the fortieth Congress from the fifth congressional district of Massachusetts, and in 1869 from the sixth district. He was re-elected in 1871, 1873, and in 1877. He was a recognized power in the House of Representatives, and with the administration. In 1882, he was elected Governor of Massachusetts, and gracefully retired in December, 1883, to the disappointment of more than one hundred and fifty thousand Massachusetts voters.

Mr. Butler is a man of vast intellectual ability — in every sense of the word a great man. He possesses a remarkable memory, great executive abilities, good judgment, immense energy, and withal a tender heart. He has always been a champion of fair play and equal rights.

As an orator he has great power to sway his hearers, for his words are wise. Had the Democratic party listened to Mr. Butler at the Charleston convention, its power would have continued; had the South listened to him, it would not have seceded. Mr. Butler is a man who arouses popular enthusiasm, and who has a great personal following of devoted friends and admirers.

Books have already been written about him — more will follow in the years to come. He is the personification of the old *ante bellum* Democratic

party of the Northern States — a party that believed in the aggrandizement of the country, at home and abroad; which placed the rights of an American citizen before the gains of commerce; which fostered that commerce until it whitened the seas; and which provided for the reception of millions, who were sure to come to these shores, by acquiring large areas of territory.

This hastily prepared sketch gives but a meagre outline of this remarkable man, whose history is yet by no means completed.

THE BOSTON HERALD.

THE newspapers of America have had their greatest growth within the past quarter-century. Their progress in commercial prosperity during this period has been remarkable. Before the Civil War the journals in this country which returned large profits on the capital invested could almost be numbered upon the fingers of one hand. Now they can be counted up into the hundreds, and a well-established and successful newspaper is rated as one of the most profitable of business ventures. This advance in financial value has accompanied, and for the most part is due to, the improvement in the character of the publications, which has been going on steadily year by year. There has been a constant increase of enterprise in all directions, especially in that of gathering news, and with this has come the exercise of greater care and better taste in presenting the intelligence collected to the reading public. The quality of the work of reporters and correspondents has been vastly bettered, and the number of special writers engaged has been gradually enlarged; subjects which were once relegated to the monthlies and quarterlies for discussion are now treated by the daily press in a style which, if less ponderous, is nevertheless lucid and not unbefitting their importance. In short, the tone of the American newspaper has been elevated without the loss of its popular characteristics, and the tastes of its readers have thereby — unconsciously, perhaps, but none the less surely — been refined. For at least the length of time mentioned at the beginning of this article, journalism has been regarded as worthy to rank beside, if not exactly to be classed with, the "learned professions." The newspaper writer has emerged from the confines of Bohemia, never to return, and has taken a recognized position in the literary world. His connection with a reputable journal gives him an unquestioned standing, of which his credentials are the diploma.

In view of these great changes in journalism, the record of the progress of a successful newspaper during the last four decades contains much matter of general interest, and if excuse were needed, this would warrant the publication here of a brief history of The Boston Herald.

Like most, if not all, of the leading journals of the country, The Boston Herald had a very humble origin. Forty years ago some journeymen printers on The Boston Daily Times began publishing a penny paper, called The American Eagle, in advocacy of the Native American or "Know-nothing" party.

Its publishers were "Baker, French, Harmon & Co." The full list of proprietors was Albert Baker, John A. French, George W. Harmon, George H. Campbell, Amos C. Clapp, J. W. Monroe, Justin Andrews, Augustus A. Wallace, and James D. Stowers, and W. H. Waldron was subsequently associated with them. The Eagle was successful at the outset, but its fortunes declined with those of the party of which it was the exponent, and in the summer of 1846 it was found to be moribund. The proprietors had lost money and labor in the failing enterprise, and now lost interest. After many protracted discussions they resolved to establish an evening edition under another name, which should be neutral in politics, and, if it proved successful, to let the Eagle die. The Herald, therefore, came into existence on August 31, 1846, and an edition of two thousand was printed of its first number. The editor of the new sheet was William O. Eaton, a Bostonian, then but twenty-two years of age, of little previous experience in journalism.

The Herald, it must be admitted, was not a handsome sheet at the outset. Its four pages contained but five columns each, and measured only nine by fourteen inches. But, unpromising as was its appearance, it was really the liveliest of the Boston dailies from the hour of its birth, and received praise on all hands for the quality of its matter.

The total force of brain-workers consisted of but two men, Mr. Eaton having the assistance, after the middle of September, of Thomas W. Tucker. David Leavitt joined the "staff" later on, in 1847, and made a specialty of local news. The editorial, composing, and press rooms were the same as those of the Eagle, in Wilson's Lane, now Devonshire Street.

"Running a newspaper" in Boston in 1846 was a different thing altogether from journalism at the present day. The telegraph was in operation between Boston and New York, but the tolls were high and the dailies could not afford to use it except upon the most important occasions. Moreover, readers had not been educated up to the point of expecting to see reports of events in all parts of the world printed on the same day of their occurrence or, at the latest, the day following.

For several years before the extension of the wires overland to Nova Scotia, the newsgatherers of Boston and New York resorted to various devices in order to obtain the earliest reports from Europe. From 1846 to 1850 the revolutionary movements in many of the countries on the continent were of a nature to be especially interesting to the people of the United States, and this stimulated enterprise among the American newspapers. Mr. D. H. Craig, afterward widely known as agent of the Associated Press, conceived the idea of

anticipating the news of each incoming ocean-steamer by means of a pigeon-express, which he put into successful operation in the year first named. He procured a number of carrier-pigeons, and several days before the expected arrival of every English mail-steamer took three of them to Halifax. There he boarded the vessels, procured the latest British papers, collated and summarized their news upon thin paper, secured the dispatches thus prepared to the pigeons, and fifty miles or so outside of Boston released the birds. The winged messengers, flying homeward, reached the city far in advance of the steamers, and the intelligence they brought was at once delivered to Mr. W. G. Blanchard, then connected with the Boston press, who had the brief dispatches "extended," put in type, and printed as an "extra" for all the papers subscribing to the enterprise. Sheets bearing the head "New York Herald Extra" were also printed in Boston and sent to the metropolis by the Sound steamers, thus anticipating the arrival of the regular mail.

It is interesting, in these days of lightning, to read an account of how the Herald beat its local rivals in getting out an account of the President's Message in 1849. A column synopsis was received by telegraph from New York, and published in the morning edition, and the second edition, issued a few hours later, contained the long document in full, and was put on the street at least a half-hour earlier than the other dailies. How the message was brought from Washington is thus described: J. F. Calhoun, of New Haven, was the messenger, and he started from the capital by rail at two o'clock on the morning of December 24; a steamtug in waiting conveyed him, on his arrival, from Jersey City to New York; a horse and chaise took him from the wharf to the New Haven dépôt, then in Thirty-second Street, where he mounted a special engine and at 10 P.M. started for Boston. He reached Boston at 6.20 the next morning, after an eventful journey, having lost a half-hour by a derailed tender and an hour and a half by the smashup of a freight-train.

The Herald, feeble as it was in many respects at first, managed to struggle through the financial diseases incident to newspaper infancy so stoutly that at the opening of 1847, when it had attained the age of four months, its sponsors were able to give it a New-Year dress of new type, to increase the size of its pages to seven columns, measuring twenty-one by seventeen inches, and to add a morning and a weekly edition. The paper in its new form, with a neat head in Roman letters replacing the former unsightly title, and printed on a new Adams press, presented a marked improvement.

Mr. Eaton continued in charge of the evening edition, while the new morning issue was placed in the hands of Mr. George W. Tyler. The Herald under this joint management presented its readers with from eight to ten columns of reading-matter daily. Two columns of editorials, four of local news, and two of clippings from "exchanges," were about the average. News by telegraph was not plenty, and, as has already been intimated, very little of it was printed during the first year. Yet, the Herald was a live and lively paper, and published nothing but "live matter." Much prominence was given to reports of affairs about home, and in consequence the circulation soon exhibited a marked improvement.

At this time the proprietors entered on a novel journalistic experiment. They allowed one editor to give "Whig" views and another to talk "Democracy." The public did not take kindly to this mixed diet, and Mr. Eaton, the purveyor of Democratic wisdom, was permitted to withdraw, leaving Mr. Tyler, the Whiggite, in possession of the field.

Meantime, Mr. French had bought out the original proprietors one by one, with the exception of Mr. Stowers, and in March their names appeared as publishers at the head of the paper. The publication-office was removed to more spacious quarters, and the press was thereafter run by steam-power rented from a neighboring manufactory. At the end of the month a statement of the circulation showed a total of eleven thousand two hundred and seventy.

In May, 1847, The American Eagle died peacefully. About this period Messrs. Tucker and Tyler left the Herald, and Mr. Stowers disposed of his interest to Samuel K. Head. The new editor of the paper was William Joseph Snelling, who acquired considerable local fame as a bold and fearless writer. He died in the December of the following year. Under a new manager, Mr. Samuel R. Glen, the Herald developed into a successful newsgatherer.

Special telegrams were regularly received from New York, a Washington correspondent was secured, and the paper covered a much broader field than it ever had before. Eight to ten columns of reading-matter were printed daily, and it was invariably bright and entertaining. The circulation showed a steady increase, and on August 17, 1848, was declared to be eighteen thousand seven hundred and fifteen daily, a figure from which it did not recede during the autumn and winter. After the death of Mr. Snelling, Mr. Tyler was recalled to the chief editorial chair, and heartily co-operated with Mr. Glen and the proprietors in keeping the paper abreast of the times. On April 2, 1849, the custom of printing four editions daily was inaugurated. The first was dated 5 o'clock, A.M., the second, 8, the third, 12 M., and the fourth, 2.30 P.M. That day the force of compositors was increased by four men, and the paper was for the first time printed on a Hoe double-cylinder press, run by steam-power, and capable of producing six thousand impressions an hour. Mr. Head withdrew from the firm about this time, and Mr. French was announced as sole proprietor throughout the remainder of the year. In October the announcement was made that the Herald had a larger circulation than any other paper published in Boston or elsewhere, and the publisher made a successful demand for the post-office advertising, which by law was to be given to the paper having the greatest circulation.

During this year (1849) the Herald distanced its competitors and accomplished a feat that was the talk of the town for a long time afterwards, by reporting in full the trial of Professor Webster for the murder of Dr. Parkman. Extras giving longhand reports of this extraordinary case were issued hourly during the day, and the morning edition contained a shorthand report of the testimony and proceedings of the day previous. The extras were issued in New York as well as in Boston, the report having been telegraphed sheet by sheet as fast as written, and printed there simultaneously with the Herald's. The type of the verbatim report was

kept standing, and within an hour after the verdict was rendered pamphlets containing a complete record of the trial were for sale on the street. The year 1850 found the Herald as prosperous as it had been during the previous twelvemonth. In September, the editorial, composing, and press rooms were transferred to No. 6 Williams Court, where they remained until abandoned for the new Herald Building, February 9, 1878, and the business-office was removed to No. 203 (now No. 241) Washington Street. Early in 1851, through some inexplicable cause, Mr. French suddenly found himself financially embarrassed. In July he disposed of the paper to John M. Barnard, and soon after retired to a farm in Maine. Mr. Tyler was retained in charge of the editorial department; but Mr. Glen resigned and was succeeded as managing editor by Mr. A. A. Wallace. During the remainder of the year the Herald did not display much enterprise in gathering news. Its special telegraphic reports were meagre and averaged no more than a "stickful" daily, and it was cut off from the privileges of the Associated Press dispatches. In 1852 there was a marked improvement in the paper, but it did not reach the standard it established in 1850. Two new presses, one of Hoe's and the other a Taylor's Napier, were this year put in use, which bettered the typography of the sheet. In 1853 the Herald was little more than a record of local events, its telegraphic reports being almost as brief and unsatisfactory as during the first year of its existence. But the circulation kept up wonderfully well, growing, according to the sworn statements of the proprietor, from sixteen thousand five hundred and five in January to twenty-three thousand two hundred and ten in December. The Herald of 1854 was a much better paper than that of the year previous, exerting far more energy in obtaining and printing news. On April 1 it was enlarged for the second time and came out with columns lengthened two inches, the pages measuring twenty-three by seventeen inches. The circulation continued to increase, and, by the sworn statements published, grew from twenty-five thousand two hundred and sixteen in January to thirty thousand eight hundred and fifty-eight in June. Success continued through the year 1855. In February, Mr. Barnard, while remaining proprietor, withdrew from active management, and Edwin C. Bailey and A. Milton Lawrence became the publishers. There were also some changes in the editorial and reportorial staff. Henry R. Tracy became assistant editor, and Charles H. Andrews (now one of the editors and proprietors) was engaged as a reporter. There were then engaged in the composing-room a foreman and eight compositors, one of whom, George G. Bailey, subsequently became foreman, and later one of the proprietors. Printers will be interested to know that the weekly composition bill averaged one hundred and seventy-five dollars. This year but one edition was published in the morning, while the first evening edition was dated 12 M., the second, 1.30 P.M., and a "postscript" was issued at 2.30 P.M., to contain the latest news for city circulation. Twelve to fourteen columns of reading-matter were printed daily, two of which were editorial, two news by telegraph, two gleanings from "exchanges," and the remainder local reports, correspondence, etc. The average daily circulation during 1855 was

claimed to have been thirty thousand, but was probably something less.

Early in 1856 a change took place in the proprietorship, Mr. Barnard selling out to Mr. Bailey, and Mr. Lawrence retiring.

Mr. Bailey brought to his new task a great deal of native energy and enterprise, and he was ably seconded by the other gentlemen connected with the paper, in his efforts to make the Herald a thoroughly live journal. He strengthened his staff by engaging as assistant editor, Justin Andrews, who had for some years held a similar position on The Daily Times, and who subsequently became one of the news-managers of the Herald, holding the office until, as one of the proprietors, he disposed of his interest in 1873.

During Mr. Bailey's first year as proprietor he enlarged the facilities for obtaining news, and paid particular attention to reporting the events of the political campaign when Frémont was run against Buchanan for the presidency. The result of the election was announced with a degree of detail never before displayed in the Herald's columns or in those of its contemporaries. The editorial course of the paper that year is perhaps best explained by the following paragraph, printed a few days after the election: "One of our contemporaries says the Herald has alternately pleased and displeased both parties during this campaign. That is our opinion. How could it be different if we told them the truth? And that was our only aim." The circulation during election week averaged forty-one thousand six hundred and ninety-three copies daily; throughout the year it was nearly thirty thousand — considerably larger than during the preceding year — and the boast that it was more than double that of any other paper in Boston undoubtedly was justified by the facts. Mechanically, the paper was well got up; in July the two presses which had been in use for a number of years were discarded, and a new four-cylinder Hoe press, having a capacity of ten thousand impressions an hour, was set up in their place. Ten compositors were employed, and the weekly composition bill averaged one hundred and sixty dollars. In 1857 the Herald was a much better paper than it had ever been, the Messrs. Andrews, upon whom the burden of its management devolved, sparing no effort to make it newsy and bright in every department. Beginning the year with a daily circulation of about thirty thousand, in April it reached forty-two thousand, and when on the twenty-third of that month the subscription list, carriers' routes, agencies, etc., of The Daily Times were acquired by purchase, there was another considerable increase, the issue of May 30 reaching forty-five thousand one hundred and twenty. In 1858 the Herald continued its prosperous career in the same general direction. Its telegraphic facilities were improved, and events in all parts of the country were well reported, while local news was most carefully attended to. The editors and reporters this year numbered eleven, and the force in the mechanical departments was correspondingly increased. A new six-cylinder Hoe press was put in use, alongside the four-cylinder machine, and both were frequently taxed to their utmost capacity to print the large editions demanded by the public. The bills for white paper during the year were upwards of seventy thousand dol-

lars, which, in those ante-war times, was a large sum. The circulation averaged over forty thousand per diem. In 1859 the system of keeping an accurate account of the circulation was inaugurated, and the actual figures of each day's issue were recorded and published. From this record it is learned that the Herald, from a circulation of forty-one thousand one hundred and ninety-three in January, rose to fifty-three thousand and twenty-six in December. Twelve compositors were regularly employed this year, and the weekly composition bill was two hundred dollars. The year 1860 brought the exciting presidential campaign which resulted in the election of Abraham Lincoln. Great pains were taken to keep the Herald's readers fully informed of the movements of all the political parties, and its long reports of the national conventions, meetings, speeches, etc., in all parts of the country, especially in New England, brought it to the notice of many new readers. The average daily circulation for the year was a little over fifty-four thousand, and the issue on the morning after the November election reached seventy-three thousand seven hundred and fifty-two, the largest edition since the Webster trial. E. B. Haskell, now one of the proprietors, entered the office as a reporter in 1860, and was soon promoted to an editorial position. A year later R. M. Pulsifer, another of the present proprietors, entered the business department.

The breaking out of the Civil War in the spring of 1861 created a great demand for news, and an increase in the circulation of all the daily papers was the immediate result. It is hardly necessary to say here that the Herald warmly espoused the cause of the Union, and that the events of that stirring period were faithfully chronicled in its columns. To meet a call for news on Sunday, a morning edition for that day was established on May 26; the new sheet was received with favor by the reading public, and from an issue of ten thousand at the outset its circulation has reached, at the present time, nearly one hundred thousand. The Herald's enterprise was appreciated all through the war, and as there were no essential changes in the methods of its management or in the members of its staff, a recapitulation of statistics taken from its books will suffice here as a record of its progress. In 1861 the average circulation was sixty thousand; the largest edition (reporting the attack on the sixth Massachusetts regiment in Baltimore), ninety-two thousand four hundred and forty-eight; the white paper bill, one hundred and eight thousand dollars; the salary list, forty thousand dollars; telegraph tolls, sixty-five hundred dollars. In 1862 the average circulation was sixty-five thousand one hundred and sixteen; the largest edition, eighty-four thousand; the white paper bill, ninety-three thousand five hundred dollars; the salary list, forty-three thousand dollars; telegraph tolls, eight thousand dollars. In 1863 the average circulation was thirty-six thousand one hundred and twenty-eight; the largest issue, seventy-four thousand; the paper bill, ninety-five thousand dollars; salaries, forty-six thousand five hundred dollars; telegraphing, eight thousand dollars. In July the four-cylinder Hoe press was replaced by one with six cylinders, from the same maker. In 1864 the average circulation was thirty-seven thousand and eighty-eight; largest issue, fifty thousand eight hundred and eighty; paper bill, one hundred and twenty-

eight thousand dollars; salaries, fifty-eight thousand dollars; telegraph, ten thousand five hundred dollars. The cost of white paper rose to such a figure that the proprietors of Boston dailies were compelled to increase the price of their journals, and a mutual agreement was made on August 15 whereby the Herald charged three cents a copy and the others five cents. On June 1, 1865, the price of the Herald was reduced to its former rate of two cents. The average circulation that year was thirty-seven thousand six hundred and seventeen; the largest day's issue, eighty-three thousand five hundred and twenty; the paper bill was about the same as in 1864, but the telegraphic expenses ran up to fifteen thousand dollars. The circulation in 1866 averaged forty-five thousand eight hundred and forty-eight, and on several occasions rose to seventy thousand and more. Twenty-one compositors were regularly employed, and the average weekly composition bill was five hundred dollars. Paper that year cost one hundred and fifty-two thousand dollars, and the telegraph bill was fifteen thousand five hundred dollars. In 1867 seventy persons were on the Herald's payroll, a larger number than ever before. The circulation showed a steady gain, and the average for the year was fifty-two thousand one hundred and eighteen. The paper bill was one hundred and fifty-six thousand dollars, and the expense of telegraphing, twenty-three thousand dollars. In 1868 the circulation continued to increase, and the daily average reached fifty-four thousand seven hundred and forty; white paper cost one hundred and fifty-three thousand dollars, and telegraphing, twenty-eight thousand dollars.

In 1869 occurred an important event in the Herald's history. Mr. Bailey, who had acquired an interest in 1855 and became sole proprietor a year later, decided to sell out, and on April 1 it was announced that he had disposed of the paper to Royal M. Pulsifer, Edwin B. Haskell, Charles H. Andrews, Justin Andrews, and George G. Bailey. All these gentlemen were at the time and had for some years previously been connected with the Herald: the first-named in the business department, the next three on the editorial staff, and the last as foreman of the composing-room. In announcing their purchase, the firm, which was then and ever since has been styled R. M. Pulsifer and Company, said in the editorial column: "We shall use our best endeavors to make the Herald strictly a newspaper, with the freshest and most trustworthy intelligence of all that is going on in this busy age; and to this end we shall spare no expense in any department. . . . The Herald will be in the future, as it has been in the past, essentially a people's paper, the organ of no clique or party, advocating at all proper times those measures which tend to promote the welfare of our country, and to secure the greatest good to the greatest number. It will exert its influence in favor of simplicity and economy in the administration of the government, and toleration and liberality in our social institutions. It will not hesitate to point out abuses or to commend good measures, from whatever source they come, and it will contain candid reports of all proceedings which go to make up the discussions of current topics. It will give its readers all the news, condensed when necessary and in an intelligible and readable form, with a free use of the telegraph by

reliable reporters and correspondents." That these promises have been sacredly fulfilled up to the present moment cannot be denied even by readers and contemporary sheets whose opinions have been in direct opposition to those expressed in the Herald's editorial columns. No pains or expense have been spared to obtain the news from all quarters of the globe, and the paper's most violent opponent will find it impossible to substantiate a charge that the intelligence collected with such care and thoroughness has in a single instance been distorted or colored in the publication to suit the editorial policy pursued at the time. The expression of opinions has always, under the present management, been confined to the editorial columns, and here a course of absolute independence has been followed.

The Herald, immediately upon coming under the control of the new proprietors, showed a marked accession of enterprise, and that this change for the better was appreciated by the reading public was proved by the fact that during the year 1869 the circulation rose from a daily average of fifty-three thousand four hundred and sixty-five in January to sixty thousand five hundred and thirty-five in December, the increase having been regular and permanent, and not caused by any "spurts" arising from extraordinary events. On New Year's day, 1870, the Herald was enlarged for the third time, to its present size, by the addition of another column and lengthening the pages to correspond. On September 3, of that year, the circulation for the first time passed above one hundred thousand, the issue containing an account of the battle of Sedan reaching a sale of over one hundred and five thousand copies. The average daily circulation for the year was more than seventy-three thousand. Finding it impossible, from the growing circulation of the paper, to supply the demand with the two six-cylinder presses printing from type, it was determined, early in the year, to stereotype the forms, so that duplicate plates could be used simultaneously on both. The requisite machinery was introduced therefor, and on June 8, 1870, was put in use for the first time. For nearly ten years the Herald was the only paper in Boston printed from stereotype plates. In 1871 the average daily circulatian was eighty-three thousand nine hundred, a gain of nearly eleven thousand over the previous year. On a number of occasions the edition reached as high as one hundred and twelve thousand. On October 1 George G. Bailey disposed of his interest in the paper to the other proprietors, and retired from the firm. In 1872 there was a further increase in the circulation, the daily average having been ninety-three thousand five hundred. One issue (after the Great Fire) reached two hundred and twenty thousand, and several were not much below that figure. The first Bullock perfecting-press ever used east of New York was put in operation in the Herald office in June, 1872; this press feeds itself from a continuous roll of paper, and prints both sides, cutting and delivering the papers complete. On January 1, 1873, Justin Andrews, who had been connected with the Herald, as one of its editors since 1856, and as one of the proprietors who succeeded Mr. Bailey in 1869, sold his interest to his partners, and retired from newspaper life altogether. Since that date, the ownership in the Herald has been vested in R. M. Pulsifer, E. B. Haskell,

and Charles H. Andrews. The circulation in 1873 exceeded one hundred and one thousand daily; in 1874 one hundred and seven thousand; in 1875 one hundred and twelve thousand; in 1876 one hundred and sixteen thousand five hundred. On November 8, of that year, the day after the presidential election, the issue was two hundred and twenty-three thousand two hundred and fifty-six. The two six-cylinder Hoe presses had given place, in 1874, to two more Bullock machines, and a Mayall press was added in 1876; the four were run to their utmost capacity on the occasion just mentioned, and the magnitude of the day's work will be better understood when it is stated that between 4 A.M. and 11 P.M. fourteen tons of paper were printed and sold, an amount which would make a continuous sheet the width of the Herald two hundred and fifty miles long. In 1877 a fourth Bullock press was put in use, and the Mayall was removed to Hawley Street, where type, stands for fifty compositors, a complete apparatus for stereotyping, and all the necessary machinery, materials, and implements are kept in readiness to "start up" at any moment, in case a fire or other disaster prevents the issue of the regular editions in the main office.

On February 9, 1878, the Herald was issued for the first time from the new building erected by its proprietors at No. 255 Washington Street. This structure has a lofty and ornate front of gray granite with trimmings of red granite; it covers an irregular shaped lot, something in the form of the letter L. From Washington Street, where it has a width of thirty-one feet nine inches, it extends back one hundred and seventy-nine feet, and from the rear a wing runs northward to Williams Court forty feet. This wing was originally twenty-five feet wide on the court; but in 1882 an adjoining lot, formerly occupied by the old Herald Building, was purchased and built upon, increasing the width of the wing and its frontage on the court to eighty-five feet. The structure forms one of the finest and most convenient newspaper-offices in the country. In the basement are the pressroom, where at the present time six Bullock perfecting-presses (two with folders attached) are run by two 45-horse-power engines; the stereotype-room, where the latest improvements in machinery have enabled the casting, finishing, and placing on the press of two plates in less than eight minutes after the receipt of a "form"; the two dynamos and the engine running them, which supply the electricity for the incandescent lights with which every room in the building is illuminated; and the storage-room for paper and other supplies. On the first floor are the business-office, a very handsome and spacious apartment facing Washington Street, and finished in mahogany, rare marbles, and brasswork; the delivery and mailing rooms, whence the editions are sent out for distribution at the Williams-court door. On the second floor are the reception-room, the library, and the apartments of the editor-in-chief, managing editor, and department editors. On the third floor are the general manager's office and the rooms of the news and city editors and the reporters. The entire fourth floor is used as a composing-room, where stand "frames" for ninety-six compositors; the foreman and his assistants have each a private office, and a private room is assigned to the proof-readers. All the editors' and reporters'

rooms are spacious, well lighted, and admirably ventilated; they are finished in native woods, varnished, and are handsomely furnished. Electric call-bells, speaking-tubes, and pneumatic-tubes furnish means of communication with all the departments, and no expense has been spared in supplying every convenience for facilitating work and the comfort of the employees.

With increased facilities came continued prosperity. The business depression in 1877 affected the circulation of the Herald, as it did that of every newspaper in the country, and the circulation that year was not so large as during the year previous; still, the daily average was one hundred and three thousand copies.

The army of men employed in the various departments of the Herald at the present time would astonish the founders of the paper. In 1846 the editorial and reportorial staff consisted of two men; now it comprises seventy-seven. Six compositors were employed then; now there are one hundred and forty-seven. One pressman and an assistant easily printed the Herald, and another daily paper as well, in those days, upon one small handpress; now forty men find constant employment in attending the engines and the six latest improved perfecting-presses required to issue the editions on time. The business department was then conducted with ease by one man, who generally found time to attend to the mailing and sale of papers; now twenty-one persons have plenty to do in the counting-room, and the delivery-room engages the services of twenty. Then stereotyping the forms of a daily newspaper was an unheard-of proceeding; now fourteen men are employed in the Herald's foundery. The salaries and bills for composition aggregated scarcely one hundred and fifty dollars a week then; now the weekly composition bill averages over three thousand dollars, and the payroll of the other departments reaches three thousand dollars every week, and frequently exceeds that sum. Then the Herald depended for outside news upon the meagre dispatches of telegraph agencies in New York (the Associated Press system was not inaugurated until 1848-49, and New England papers were not admitted to its privileges until some years later), and such occasional correspondence as its friends in this and other States sent in free of charge. Now it not only receives the full dispatches of the Associated Press, but has news bureaus of its own in London, Paris, New York, and Washington, and special correspondents in every city of any considerable size throughout the country. All these are in constant communication with the office and are instructed to use the telegraph without stint when the occasion demands. The Herald has grown from a little four-paged sheet, nine by fourteen inches in dimensions, to such an extent that daily supplements are required to do justice to readers as well as advertisers, and it is necessary to print an eight-paged edition as often as four times a week during the busy season of the year.

The Herald has achieved a great success; it has broadened from year to year since the present proprietors assumed control. It has been their steadily followed purpose gradually to elevate the tone of their paper, till it should reach the highest level of American journalism. They have done this, and, at the same time, they have retained their enormous constituency. The wonderful educating power of a

great newspaper cannot easily be overestimated. It is the popular university to which thousands upon thousands of readers resort daily for intelligent comment on the events of the world — the great wars, the suggestions of science, the achievements of the engineers, home and foreign politics, etc. That such a great newspaper as the Herald, wherein the elucidating comment is kept up from day to day by cultivated writers trained in journalism, must perform many of the functions of a university is clear. The news columns of the Herald are a perfect mirror of the great world's busy life. The ocean-cable is employed to an extent which would have seemed recklessly extravagant ten years ago. It has its news bureaus in the great capitals of civilization; its roving correspondents may be found, at the date of this writing, exploring the Panama Canal, the interior of Mexico, studying the railway system of Great Britain, investigating Mormon homelife, scouring the vast level stretches of Dakota, traversing the great Central States of the Union for presidential "pointers," making a tour of the Southern States to secure trustworthy data as to the progress achieved in education there, and journeying along the coast of hundred-harbored Maine for the latest information as to the growth of the newer summer resorts in that picturesque region. In large and quiet rooms in the home office a force of copy-readers is preparing the correspondence from all over the world for the compositors; at the news desks trained men are working day and night over telegrams flashed from far and near, eliminating useless words, punctuating, putting on "heads," and otherwise dressing copy for the typesetters. The enormous amount of detail work in a great paper is not easily to be conveyed to the non-professional reader. From the managing editor, whose brain is employed in inventing new ideas for his subordinates to carry into execution, to that very important functionary, the proof-reader, who corrects the errors of the types, there is a distracting amount of detail work performed every day. The Herald is managed with very little friction; the great machine runs as if oiled. With an abundance of capital, an ungrudging expenditure of money in the pursuit of news, a great working-force well disciplined and systematized, it goes on weekday after weekday, turning out nine editions daily, and on Sundays giving to the public sixteen closely-crowded pages, an intellectual bill-of-fare from which all may select according to individual preference.

The organization of the Herald force is almost ideally perfect. Its three proprietors, all of whom are still on the ascending grade of the hill of life, share in the daily duties of their vast establishment. Colonel Royal M. Pulsifer is the publisher of the paper, and has charge of the counting-room, the delivery, press, and composition rooms, the three last departments being under competent foremen. A large share of the wonderful business success of the Herald is due to his sagacity and liberality. He is a publisher who expends at long range, not expecting immediate returns. Under this generous and wisely prudent policy of spending liberally for large future returns the Herald has grown to its present proportions. The editor-in-chief of the paper is Mr. Edwin B. Haskell, who directs the political and general editorial policy of the paper. He has the courage of his independ-

ence, and is independent even of the Independents. Since he assumed the editorial chair, the Herald has fought consistently for honest money, for a reformed civil service, for the purification of municipal politics, for freer trade, and local self-government. The editor of the Herald writes strong Saxon-English, believing that in a daily newspaper the people should be addressed in a plain, understandable style. He has an unexpected way of putting things, his arguments are enlivened by a rare humor, and clinched frequently by some anecdote or popular allusion. The third partner, Mr. Charles H. Andrews, is one of those newspaper men who are born journalists. He has the gift of common sense. His judgment is always sound. The news end of the Herald establishment is under control of Mr. Andrews, and to no man more than to him is due the wonderful development of the Herald's news features. The executive officer of the Herald ship is the managing editor, Mr. John H. Holmes, who is known to newspaper workers all over the country as a man of great journalistic ability. He has the cosmopolitan mind; is free from local prejudices, and can take in the value of news three thousand miles away as quickly as if the happening were at the office door. An untiring, sleepless man, prodigal of his energies in the development of the Herald into a great world-paper, Mr. Holmes is a type of that distinctively modern development, the "newspaper man." Men of adventurous minds, of breadth of view, and delighting in positive achievements, take to journalism in these days as in the sixteenth century they became navigators of the globe, explorers of distant regions, and founders of new empires.

Years ago the Herald outgrew the provincial idea that the happenings of the streets must be of more importance, and, consequently, demanding more space, than events of universal interest in the chief centres of the world. The policy of the paper has been, while neglecting nothing of news value at home, and while photographing all events of local importance with fulness and accuracy, to keep its readers *au courant* with the world's progress. In all departments of sporting intelligence the Herald is an acknowledged authority; its dramatic news is fuller than that of any paper in the country; it "covers," to use a newspaper technicality, the world's metropolis on the banks of the Thames not with a single correspondent, but with a corps of able writers; during the recent troubles in Ireland one of its special correspondents traversed that distracted country, giving to his paper the most graphic picture of Irish distress and discontent, and he capped the climax of journalistic achievement by interviewing the leading British statesmen on the Irish theme, making a long letter, which was cabled to the Herald and recabled back the same day to the London press, which had to take, at second-hand, the enterprise of the great New-England daily. At Paris, the world's pleasure capital, the chief seat of science, it is ably represented, and its Italian correspondence has been ample and excellent. When public attention was first drawn to Mexico by the opening up of that land of mystery and revolutions by American railway-builders, the Herald put three correspondents into that field, and made Mexico an open book to the reading public. It is one of the characteristics of the paper's policy to take up and exhaust all topics

of great current interest, and then to pass quickly on to something new. In dealing with topics of interest of local importance, the paper has long been noted for exhaustive special articles by writers of accuracy and fitness for their task. Its New York City staff comprises a general correspondent, a political observer, a chronicler of business failures, an accomplished art critic, a fashion writer, a theatrical correspondent, and three general news correspondents, using the wires. The Herald is something more than a Boston paper. It has a wide reach, and employs electricity more freely than did the oldtime newspaper the post-horse.

In its closely-printed columns the Herald has, during the last decade, given to its readers a cyclopædia of the world's daily doings. Portraitures of men of affairs done by skilled writers, the fullest records of contemporaneous events, the gossip and news of the chief towns of the globe, — all this has made up a complete record to which the future historian may turn.

To manage such a paper requires a coördination of forces and an intellectual breadth of view deserving to be ranked with the work and attributes of a successful general. Not to wait for the slow processes of legislation, to be up and ahead of the government itself, to be alert and untiring — this is the newspaper ideal. How near the Herald has come to this, its enduring popularity, its great profits, and its wide fame and influence, best show.

A GLIMPSE.

By Mary H. Wheeler.

We met but once; 'twas many years ago.
I walked, with others, idly through the grounds
Where thou did'st minister in daily rounds.
I knew thee by thy garb, all I might know,
Sister of Charity, in hood like snow.
My heart was weary with the sight and sounds
Of sick and suffering soldiers in the wards below.
Disgusted with my thoughts of war and wounds.
'Twas then, by sudden chance, I met thine eyes.
What saw I there? A light from heaven above,
A gleam of calm, self-sacrificing love,
A smile that fill'd my heart with glad surprise,
Reflected in my breast an answering glow,
And haunts me still, wherever I may go.

Pittsfield, N. H.

ROBERT ROGERS, THE RANGER.

By JOSEPH B. WALKER.

No man has been universally great. Individuals who have made themselves prominent among their fellows have done so by achievements in special directions only, and confined to limited portions of their lives. Particularly true is this remark when applied to Major Robert Rogers, the Ranger, who, in our last French war, greatly distinguished himself as a partisan commander, and gained as wide fame as did any other soldier of equal rank and opportunity.

I do not introduce him here as a saint, for, as is well known, no quality of sanctity ever entered his composition; but rather, as the resolute commander of resolute men, in desperate encounters with a desperate foe; as a man eminently fitted for the rough work given him to do. And just here and now I am reminded of a remark made in his old age by the late Moody Kent, for a long period an able member of the New Hampshire bar, and there the associate of Governor Plummer, George Sullivan, and Judge Jeremiah Smith, as well as of Jeremiah Mason, and the two Websters, Ezekiel and Daniel, all of whom he survived. Said Mr. Kent, one day, evidently looking forward to the termination of his career, "Could Zeke Webster have been living at my decease he would have spoken as well of me, yes, as well of me as he could." If one can summon to his mind and heart the kindly charity attributed to Mr. Webster, he may, should he care for it, find a comfortable hour in the society of this famous Ranger. He was born of Scotch-Irish parents, in the good old Scotch-Irish town of Londonderry, New Hampshire, in the year 1727.* At the time of his birth, this was a frontier town, and its log houses were the last civilized abodes which the traveller passed as he went up the Merrimack valley on his way to Canada. It was the seed-town from which were afterwards planted the ten or a dozen other Scotch-Irish townships of New Hampshire.† It was the first to introduce and scatter abroad Presbyterian principles and Irish potatoes over considerable sections of this Province.

Parson McGregor and his people had been in their new homes but four years when they had ready for occupancy a log school-house, sixteen feet long and twelve feet wide. It was in this, or in one like it, that Robert Rogers acquired his scanty stock of "book-learning," as then termed. But education consists in much besides book-learning, and he supplemented his narrow stock of this by a wider and more practical knowledge, which he obtained amid the rocks and stumps upon his father's farm and in the hunter's camp.

The woods, at this day, were full of game. The deer, the bear, the moose, the beaver, the fox, the muskrat, and various other wild animals existed in great numbers. To a young man of hardy constitution, possessed of enterprise, energy, and a fondness for forest sports, hunting afforded not only an attractive, but a profitable employment. Young Rogers had all these characteristics, and as a hunter, tramped through large sections of the wilderness between the French and English settlements.

* Stark's History of Dunbarton, p. 178.
† Parker's History of Londonderry, p. 180.

On such excursions he mingled much with the Indians, and somewhat with the French, obtaining by such intercourse some knowledge of their languages, of their modes of hunting, and their habits of life. He also acquired a fondness for the woods and streams, tracing the latter well up towards their sources, learning the portages between their headwaters, many of the Indian trails and the general topography of the great area just mentioned.

During the French and Indian wars small bodies of soldiers were often employed to "watch and ward" the frontiers, and protect their defenceless communities from the barbarous assaults of Indians, turned upon them from St. Francis and Crown Point. Robert Rogers had in him just the stuff required in such a soldier. We shall not, therefore, be surprised to find him on scouting duty in the Merrimack Valley, under Captain Ladd, as early as 1746, when he was but nineteen years of age;* and, three years later, engaged in the same service, under Captain Ebenezer Eastman, of Pennycook.† Six years afterwards, in 1753, the muster rolls show him to have been a member of Captain John Goff's company, and doing like service.‡ Such was the training of a self-reliant mind and a hardy physique for the ranging service, in which they were soon to be employed.

I ought, perhaps, to mention, that in 1749, as Londonderry became filled to overflowing with repeated immigrations from the North of Ireland, James Rogers, the father of Robert, a proprietor, and one of the early settlers of the township, removed therefrom to the woods of Dunbarton, and settled anew in a section named Montelony, from an Irish place in which he had once lived.* This was before the settlement of the township, when its territory existed as an unseparated part only of the public domain. He may, quite likely, have been attracted hither by an extensive beaver meadow or pond, which would, with little improvement, afford grass for his cattle while he was engaged in clearing the rich uplands which surrounded it.

Six years only after his removal (1755), he was unintentionally shot by a neighbor whom he was going to visit; the latter mistaking him for a bear, as he indistinctly saw him passing through the woods. This incident was the foundation of the story said to have been told by his son, some years after, in a London tavern. The version given by Farmer and Moore is as follows, viz.:† "It is reported of Major Rogers, that while in London, after the French war, being in company with several persons, it was agreed, that the one who told the most improbable story, or the greatest falsehood, should have his fare paid by the others. When it came to his turn, he told the company that his father was shot in the woods of America by a person who supposed him to be a bear; and that his mother was followed several miles through the snow by hunters, who mistook her track for that of the same animal. It was acknowledged by the whole company that the Major had told the greatest lie, when in fact, he had related nothing but the truth.‡

* New Hampshire Adjutant General's Report, 1866, vol. 2, p. 95.

† Same, p. 99.

‡ Same, p. 118.

* New Hampshire Gazeteer, 1823, p. 121.

† Historical Collections, by Farmer and Moore, vol. 1, p. 240.

‡ The Great Meadow and the site of the elder Rogers' house is easily accessible to any person possessed of a curiosity to visit them. They are in the South-Easterly section of Dunbarton, some six or seven miles only from Concord. The whole town is of very uneven surface, and the visitor will smile when he reads upon the ground, in Farmer and Moore's New Hampshire Gazeteer, that he will find there but "few hills, nor any mountains." He soon learns that the declaration of its people is more correct when they assure him that its surface is a "pimply "one.

As the largest part of Roger's fame rests upon his achievements in the ranging service of our Seven Years' War, we must recall for a moment the condition of things in the British Colonies and in Canada at the beginning of this war.

The thirteen American Colonies had, at that time, all told, of both white and black, a population of about one million and a half of souls (1,425,000.)* The French people of Canada numbered less than one hundred thousand.†

The respective claims to the Central part of the North American Continent by England and France were conflicting and irreconcilable. The former, by right of discovery, claimed all the territory upon the Atlantic coast from New Foundland to Florida, and by virtue of numerous grants the right to all west of this to the Pacific Ocean. The latter, by right of occupation and exploration, claimed Canada, a portion of New England and New York, and the basins of the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, together with all the territory upon the streams tributary to these, or a large part of the indefinite West.

To maintain her claims France had erected a cordon of forts extending diagonally across the continent from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico. If one will follow, in thought, a line starting at Louisburg, and thence running up this great river to Quebec and Montreal, and thence up Lake Champlain to Crown Point and Ticonderoga, and on westward and south-westward to Frontenac, Niagara and Detroit, and thence down the Ohio and Mississippi to New Orleans, he will trace the line across which the two nations looked in defiance at each other, and see instantaneously that the claims of France were inadmissable, and that another war was inevitable. It mattered little that of the forty-five years immediately preceding the treaty of Aix La Chapelle, fourteen, or one-third of the whole number, had been years of war between these two neighbors. They were now, after a peace of only half a dozen years, as ready for a fresh contest as if they were to meet for the first time upon the battle field. In fact, another conflict was unavoidable; a conflict of the Teuton with the Gaul; of medievalism with daylight; of conservatism with progress; of the old Church with the new; of feudalism with democracy — a conflict which should settle the destiny of North America, making it English and Protestant, or French and Roman Catholic; a contest, too, in which the victor was to gain more than he knew, and the vanquished was to loose more than he ever dreamed of.

Hostilities may be said to have been commenced by the French, when, on the 18th day of April, 1754, they dispossessed the Ohio company of the fort which they were erecting at the forks of the Ohio River, afterwards named Fort Du Quesne.

The plan of a Colonial Confederation, formed at the Albany convention in July of that year, having failed of acceptance by the mother country and the Colonies both, the Home government was forced to meet the exigency by the use of British troops, aided by such others as the several Provinces were willing to furnish.

The campaign of the next year (1755) embraced:

1st. An expedition, under General Braddock, for the capture of Fort Du Quesne.

2d. A second, under General Shirley, for the reduction of Fort Niagara, which was not prosecuted.

* Bancroft's History of the United States, vol. 4, p. 127.

† Encyclopedia Brittanica.

3d. A third, under Colonel Moncton, against the French settlements on the Bay of Fundy, resulting in the capture and deportation of the Acadians.

4th. A fourth, under General William Johnson, against Crown Point, a strong fortification, erected by the French, in the very heart of New England and New York, whence innumerable bands of Indians had been dispatched by the French to murder the defenceless dwellers upon the English frontiers, particularly those of New Hampshire, to destroy their cattle and to burn their buildings and other property.

To the army of this latter expedition New Hampshire contributed, in the early part of this year, a regiment of ten companies, the first being a company of Rangers, whose Captain was Robert Rogers, and whose Second Lieutenant was John Stark.*

But a few words just here in explanation of the character of this ranging branch of the English army. It was a product of existing necessities in the military service of that time. Most of the country was covered with primeval forests and military operations were largely prosecuted in the woods or in limited clearings. The former were continually infested with Indians, lying in ambush for the perpetration of any mischief for which they might have opportunity.

It became necessary, therefore, in scouring the forests to drive these miscreants back to their lairs, as well as in making military reconnoissances, to have a class of soldiers acquainted with Indian life and warfare; prepared, not only to meet the Indian upon his own ground, but to fight him in his own fashion. The British Regular was good for nothing at such work. If sent into the woods he was quite sure, either not to return at all, or to come back without his scalp. And the ordinary Provincial was not very much better. From this necessity, therefore, was evolved the "Ranger."

He was a man of vigorous constitution, inured to the hardships of forest life. He was capable of long marches, day after day, upon scant rations, refreshed by short intervals of sleep while rolled in his blanket upon a pile of boughs, with no other shelter but the sky. He knew the trails of the Indians, as well as their ordinary haunts and likeliest places of ambush. He knew, also, all the courses of the streams and the carrying places between them. He understood Indian wiles and warfare, and was prepared to meet them.

Stand such a man in a pair of stout shoes or moccasins; cover his lower limbs with leggins and coarse small clothes; give him a close-fitting jacket and a warm cap; stick a small hatchet in his belt; hang a good-sized powder-horn by his side, and upon his back buckle a blanket and a knapsack stuffed with a moderate supply of bread and raw salt pork; to these furnishings add a good-sized hunting-knife, a trusty musket and a small flask of spirits, and you have an average New Hampshire Ranger of the Seven Year's war, ready for skirmish or pitched battle; or, for the more common duty of reconnoitering the enemy's force and movements, of capturing his scouts and provision trains, and getting now and then a prisoner, from whom all information possible would be extorted; and, in short, for annoying the French and Indian foe in every possible way.

If you will add three or four inches to the average height of such a soldier, give him consummate courage,

*New Hampshire Adjutant General's Report, vol. 2, 1866, p. 129.

coolness, readiness of resource in extremities, together with intuitive knowledge of the enemy's wiles, supplemented with a passable knowledge of French and Indian speech, you will have a tolerable portrait of Captain Robert Rogers at the beginning of our Seven Year's war.*

He received his first Captain's commission in the early part of 1755, and was employed by the New Hampshire government in building a fort at the mouth of the Ammonoosuc River and in guarding its Northern and Western frontiers until July, when he was ordered to Albany to join the army of Major General Johnson. His first service there was in furnishing escort, with a company of one hundred men, to a provision train from Albany to Fort Edward. From this latter point he was afterwards repeatedly despatched, with smaller bodies of men, up the Hudson River and down Lake George and Lake Champlain to reconnoiter the French forts. Some of these expeditions extended as far north as Crown Point and were enlivened with sharp skirmishes. He was absent up the Hudson upon one of these when the French were defeated at the battle of Lake George and Baron Dieskan was made prisoner.

The efficiency of the campaign of the next year (1756), which contemplated the taking of Crown Point, Niagara and Fort Du Quesne, was seriously impaired by the repeated changes of Commander-in-Chief; Major General Shirley being superceded in June by General Abercrombie while he, about a month later, yielded the command to the inefficient Lord Londown. The only occurrences of particular note during this campaign were the capture of our forts at Oswego by General Montcalm and the formal declarations of war by the two belligents.

Rogers and his men were stationed at Fort William Henry, and made repeated visits to Ticonderoga and Crown Point to ascertain the power of the enemy and to annoy him as they had opportunity. They went down Lake George, sometimes by land upon its shores, and sometimes by water and in boats. In the winter their land marches were frequently upon snow-shoes, and their boats were exchanged for skates. On such occasions each Ranger was generally his own commissary and carried his own supplies.

In his journal for this year (1756) Rogers notes thirteen of these expeditions as worthy of record. The first was down Lake George on the ice, in January, with seventeen men, resulting in the capture of two prisoners and two sledges laden with provisions.

The second was made in February with a party of fifty men to ascertain the strength and operations of the French at Crown Point. Having captured one prisoner at a little village near by the fort, they were discovered and obliged to retire before the sallying troops of the garrison. With very marked sang froid he closes his account of this reconnoissance by saying: "We employed ourselves while we dared stay in setting fire to the houses and barns in the village, with which were consumed large quantities of wheat, and other grain; we also killed about fifty cattle and then retired, leaving the whole village in flames."

There often appears a ludicrous kind of honesty in the simple narratives of this journal. He occasionally seized

*"An engraved full-length portrait of Rogers was published in London in 1776. He is represented as a tall, strong man, dressed in the costume of a Ranger, with a powder-horn strung at his side, a gun resting in the hollow of his arm, and a countenance by no means prepossessing. Behind him, at a little distance, stand his Indian followers."—[Parkman's Conspiracy of Pontiach, vol. 1, p. 164.

certain stores of the enemy which a Ranger could destroy only with regret. He naively remarks, in narrating the capture in June, of this same year, of two lighters upon Lake Champlain, manned by twelve men, four of whom they killed: "We sunk and destroyed their vessels and cargoes, which consisted chiefly of wheat and flour, wine, and brandy; some few casks of the latter we carefully concealed."

His commands on such occasions varied greatly in numbers, according to the exigency of the service, all the way from a squad of ten men to two whole companies; and the excursions just mentioned afford fair specimens of the work done by the Rangers under Rogers this year.

Rogers possessed a ready wit and an attractive bonhomie, which made him agreeable to his men, notwithstanding the necessary severity of his discipline. A story has come down to us which well illustrates this trait in his character. Two British Regulars, it seems, a good deal muddled, one night, by liberal potations, became greatly concerned lest their beloved country should suffer dishonor in consequence of inability to discharge its national debt, and their loyal forebodings had, at length, become painful. The good-natured Captain, encountering them in their distress, at once relieved them by the remark: "I appreciate the gravity of your trouble, my dear fellows. It is, indeed, a serious one. But, happily, I can remove it. I will, myself, discharge at once one-half the debt, and a friend of mine will shortly pay the other half." From this incident is said to have arisen the expression, at one time common, "We pay our debts as Rogers did that of the English nation."

But Captain Rogers had qualities of a higher order, which commended him to his superiors. His capacity as a Ranger Commander had attracted the notice of the officers on duty at Lake George. The importance of this branch of the service had also become apparent, and we shall not be surprised to learn that, in March, 1756, he was summoned to Boston by Major General Shirley and commissioned anew as Captain of an independent company of Rangers, to be paid by the King. This company formed the nucleus of the famous corps since known as "Roger's Rangers."

In July another company was raised, and again in December two more, thereby increasing the Ranger corps to four companies. To anticipate, in a little more than a year this was farther enlarged by the addition of five more, and Captain Rogers was promoted to the rank of Major of Rangers, becoming thus the commander of the whole corps.

The character of the service expected of this branch of the army was set forth in Major General Shirley's orders to its commander in 1756, as follows, viz.: "From time to time, to use your best endeavors to distress the French and allies by sacking, burning, and destroying their houses, barns, barracks, canoes, and battoes, and by killing their cattle of every kind; and at all times to endeavour to way-lay, attack and destroy their convoys of provisions by land and water in any part of the country where he could find them."*

On the fifteenth of January of the next year (1757) Captain Rogers, with seventy-four Rangers, started down Lake George to reconnoiter the French forts; travelling now for a time upon the ice, and by and by donning snow-shoes and following the land. On the twenty-first, at a point

* Roger's Journal (Hough's edition), p. 46.

half way between Ticonderoga and Crown Point, they discovered a train of provision sledges, three of which they captured, together with six horses and seven men. The others fled within the walls of Ticonderoga and alarmed the garrison. Feeling the insecurity of his situation he commenced at once his return. By two o'clock in the afternoon, his party was attacked by two hundred and fifty French and Indians, who endeavored to surround it. A vigorous fight was kept up until dark. Rogers was wounded twice and lost some twenty of his men. The French, as was subsequently ascertained, lost one hundred and sixteen. The proximity of Ticonderoga rendered vain the continuance of the contest, and he availed him of the shelter of the night to return to Fort William Henry.

For this exploit he was highly complimented by General Abercrombie, and, at a later period of this same year, was ordered by Lord Londown to instruct and train for the ranging service a company of British Regulars. To these he devoted much time and prepared for their use the manual of instruction now found in his journals. It is clearly drawn up in twenty-eight sections and gives very succinctly and lucidly the rules governing this mode of fighting.

The campaign of 1757 contemplated only the capture of Louisburg. To the requisite preparations Lord Londown directed all his energies. Having collected all the troops which could be spared for that purpose, he sailed for Halifax on the twentieth of June with six thousand soldiers, among them being four companies of Rangers under the command of Major Rogers. Upon arriving at Halifax his army was augmented by the addition of five thousand Regulars and a powerful naval armament. We have neither time nor inclination to consider the conduct of Lord Londown on this occassion farther than to say that his cowardice and imbecility seem wonderful. Finding that, in all probability, Louisburg could not be taken without some one getting hurt, he returned to New York without striking a blow. If about this time our heroic commander of the Rangers used some strong language far from sacred, it will become us to remember "Zeke Webster" and think as charitably of his patriotic expletives "as we can." He returned to New York three weeks after the surrender of Fort William Henry, where with his Rangers he might have done something, at least, to prevent the horrible massacre which has tarnished the fair fame of Montcalm indellibly.

England and America both were humbled in the dust by the events of 1757 and 1758. Failure, due to the want of sufficent resources is severe, but how utterly insufferable when, with abundant means, incompetency to use them brings defeat. Still, we are under greater obligation to Lord Londown than we are wont to think. His imbecility helped rouse the British nation and recall william Pitt to power, whose vigor of purpose animated anew the people of other countries and promised an early termination of French dominion in America.

Lord Londown was succeeded in the early part of 1758 by General Abercrombie and plans were matured for capturing the Lake forts, Louisburg and Fort Du Quesne. By the close of November, the two last, with the addition of Fort Frontenac, were ours. The movement against Crown Point and Ticonderoga did not succeed. In the assault upon the latter Rogers and his Rangers fought in the van and in the retreat brought up the rear.

In the spring of this year (1758) Rogers went down Lake George at the

head of about one hundred and eighty-men, and near the foot of it had a desperate battle with a superior body of French and Indians. He reported on his return one hundred and fourteen of his party as killed or missing. Why he was not annihilated is a wonder. General Montcalm, in a letter dated less than a month after the encounter, says: "Our Indians would give no quarter; they have brought back one hundred and forty-six scalps." For his intrepidity on this occasion he was presented by General Abercrombie with the commission of Major of Rangers, before alluded to.

The adroitness with which Rogers sometimes extricated himself from extreme peril is illustrated by his conduct on one occasion, when pursued by an overwhelming number of savages up the mountain, near the south end of Lake George, which now bears his name. Upon reaching the summit he advanced to the very verge of the precipice, on the east side, which descends 550 feet to the lake. Having here reversed his snow shoes he fled down the side opposite to that by which he had come up. Arriving soon after the Indians, upon seeing the tracks of two men, apparently, instead of one, and Rogers far below upon the ice, hastening towards Fort Edward, concluded that he had slid down the precipice aided by the Great Spirit, and that farther pursuit was vain.

Mr. Pitt proposed in the campaign of 1759 the entire conquest of Canada. Bold as was the undertaking it was substantially accomplished. Ticonderoga and Crown Point were abandoned in July, Fort Niagara capitulated the same month, and Quebec was surrendered in September.

Their violation of a flag of truce in this last month now called attention to the St. Francis Indians, who had been for a century the terror of the New England frontiers, swooping down upon them when least expected, burning their buildings, destroying their cattle, mercilessly murdering their men, women, and children, or cruelly hurrying them away into captivity. The time had now come for returning these bloody visits. The proffering of this delicate attention was assigned by Major General Amherst to Rogers. In his order, dated September 13, he says: "You are this night to set out with the detachment, as ordered yesterday, viz., of 200 men, which you will take under your command and proceed to Misisquey Bay, from whence you will march and attack the enemy's settlements on the south side of the river St. Lawrence in such a manner as you shall judge most effectual to disgrace the enemy, and for the success and honour of his majesty's arms.

* * * * *

"Take your revenge, but don't forget that tho' those villains have dastardly and promiscuously murdered the women and children of all ages, it is my orders that no women or children are killed or hurt."

In pursuance of these orders Major Rogers started the same day at evening. On the tenth day after he reached Missisquoi Bay. On the twenty-third, with one hundred and forty-two Rangers, he came, without being discovered, to the environs of the village of St. Francis. The Indians had a dance the evening following his arrival and slept heavily afterwards. The next morning, half an hour before sunrise, Rogers and his men fell upon them on all sides, and in a few minutes, ere they had time to arouse themselves and seize their arms, the warriors of that village were dead. A few, attempting to escape by the

river, were shot in their canoes. The women and children were not molested.

When light came it revealed to the Rangers lines of scalps, mostly English, to the number of six hundred, strung upon poles above the door-ways. Thereupon, every house except three containing supplies was fired, and their destruction brought death to a few who had before escaped it by concealing themselves in the cellars. Ere noon two hundred Indian braves had perished and their accursed village had been obliterated.

The operations of the next year (1760) ended this long and fierce struggle. The attempted re-capture of Quebec by the French was their final effort. The army of the Lakes embarked from Crown Point for Montreal on the sixteenth day of August. "Six hundred Rangers and seventy Indians in whale-boats, commanded by Major Rogers, all in a line abreast, formed the advance guard." He and his men encountered some fighting on the way from Isle a Mot to Montreal, but no serious obstacle retarded their progress. The day of their arrival Monsieur de Vaudveuil proposed to Major General Amherst a capitulation, which soon after terminated the French dominion in North America.

The English troops, as will be remembered, entered Montreal on the evening of the eighth of September. On the morning of the twelfth Major Rogers was ordered by General Amherst to proceed westward with two companies of Rangers and take possession of the western forts, still held by the French, which, by the terms of the capitulation, were to be surrendered.

He embarked about noon the next day with some two hundred Rangers in fifteen whale-boats, and advanced to the west by the St. Lawrence and the Lakes. On the seventh of November they reached the mouth of the Cuyahoga, where the beautiful city of Cleveland now stands. The cross of St. George had never penetrated the wilderness so far before. Here they encamped and were soon after waited upon by messengers from the great chieftain Pontiac, asking by what right they entered upon his territory and the object of their visit. Rogers informed them of the downfall of the French in America, and that he had been sent to take possession of the French forts surrendered to the English by the terms of the capitulation. Pontiac recieved his message remarking that he should stand in his path untill morning, when he would return to him his answer.

The next morning Pontiac came to the camp and the great chief of the Ottawas, haughty, shrewd, politic, ambitious, met face to face the bold, self-possessed, clear-headed Major of the British Rangers. It is interesting to note how calmly the astute ally of the French accepted the new order of things and prepared for an alliance with his former enemies. He and Rogers had several interviews and in the end smoked the pipe of peace. With dignified courtesy the politic Indian gave to his new friend free transit through his territory, provisions for his journey and an escort of Indian braves. Rogers broke camp on the twelfth and pushed onward towards Detroit. By messenger sent forward in advance he apprized Monsieur Belletre, Commandant of the fort, of his near approach and the object of it. The astonished officer received him cautiously. Soon satisfied, however, of the truth of the unwelcome news thus brought, he surrendered his garrison. On the twenty-ninth of November the British flag floated from the staff which ever before had borne only the lillies or France.

On the tenth of December, after disposing of the French force found in the fort, and having taken possession of the forts Miamie and Gatanois, with characteristic ardor Rogers pushed still farther westward for Michilimackinac. But it was a vain attempt. The season was far advanced. Indeed, the winter had already come, and while the ice prevented his progress by water, the snows rendered impracticable his advance by land. With reluctance he relinquished for the first time the completion of his mission. Turning eastward, after a tedious journey, he reached New York on the fourteenth of February, 1761.

From New York, there is reason to suppose, that he went this same year as Captain of one of the His Majesty's Independent Companies of Foot to South Carolina, and there aided Colonel Grant in subduing the Cherokees, who had for a year or two been committing depredations upon the Carolinian frontiers.

From this time onward for the next two years we lose sight of Major Rogers, but he re-appears at the siege of Detroit in 1763. Hither he went with twenty Rangers as part of a body of soldiers sent from Fort Niagara under the command of Captain Dalzell for the re-inforcement of the beleagured fort. He arrived on the twenty-ninth of July, and on the thirty-first took an active part in the fierce battle of Bloody Bridge. His valor was as useful as it was conspicuous on that occasion, and but for his daring efforts the retreat of the British troops would have been more disastrous even than it was. Having, for a time, in the house of the Frenchman, Campean, held at bay a throng of savages which surrounded it, his escape with a few followers at one door was hardly achieved ere these burst in at another.

The next glimpse we get of Major Rogers is at Rumford (now Concord) where he had a landed estate of some four or five hundred acres. Good old Parson Walker, who here kept open house, and for more than fifty years watched with solicitude the interests of his parish and his country, says, in his diary for 1764, against date of February 24: "Major Rogers dined with us" and again December 22: "Major Rogers and Mr. Scales, Jr., dined with me."

It is probable that his private affairs now occupied his attention. A year or so after the surrender of Montreal he was married to Elizabeth, daughter of Rev. Arthur Brown, Rector of St. John's Church, in Portsmonth, New Hampshire. He considered this town his residence, and in papers executed this very year (1764) sometimes designates himself "as of Portsmouth," and at others, as "now residing at Portsmouth."

For three or four years, between 1762 and 1765, he trafficked a good deal in lands, buying and selling numerous and some quite extensive tracts. Some twenty-five different conveyances to him are on record in the Recorder's office of Rockingham County, and half as many from him to other parties.

Some of these lands he seems to have purchased and some to have received in consideration of military services. In 1764 Benning Wentworth, as Governor of New Hampshire, conveyed to him as "a reduced officer" a tract of three thousand acres, lying in the southern part of Vermont.

*One conveyance made by him and

*The old "Rogers house," so called, is still standing upon the former estate of Major Rogers, on the east side and near the south end of Main Street, in Concord, New Hampshire. It must be at least a hundred years old, and faces the South, being two stories high on the front side and descending by a long sloping roof to one in the rear. It was occupied for many years by Captain and Mrs. Roach, and later by Arthur, son of Major Rogers, who was a lawyer by profession and died at Portsmouth, in 1841.

bearing date December 20, 1762, arrests our attention. By it he transferred to his father-in-law, Rev. Arthur Brown, before mentioned, some five hundred acres of land in Rumford (now Concord, New Hampshire) together with "one negro man, named Castro Dickerson, aged about twenty-eight; one negro woman, named Sylvia; one negro boy named Pomp, aged about twelve and one Indian boy, named Billy, aged about thirteen." For what reason this property was thus transferred I have no means of knowing. If the object of the conveyance was to secure it as a home to his wife and children against any liabilites he might incur in his irregular life, the end sought was subsequently attained, as the land descended even to his grand-children. *

And I may as well, perhaps, just here and now anticipate a little by saying that Major Rogers did not prove a good husband, and that seventeen years after their marriage his wife felt constrained, February 12, 1778, to petition the General Assembly of New Hampshire for a divorce from him on the ground of desertion and infidelity. An act granting the same passed the Assembly on the twenty-eighth day of February and the Council on the fourth of March following.†

I may, perhaps, here venture the irrelevant remark that "women sometimes do strange things," and cite the subsequent conduct of Mrs. Rogers in evidence of the declaration. After her divorce she married Captain John Roach, master of an English vessel in the fur trade. The tradition is that, having sailed from Quebec for London, he most unaccountably lost his reckoning and found himself in Portsmouth (New Hampshire) harbor. Here for reasons satisfactory to himself, he sold the cargo on his own account and quit sea life.* After his marriage he lived with his wife and her son by the former marriage on the estate in Concord, previously mentioned as having been conveyed by Rogers to her father. Captain Roach is said to have been most famous for his unholy expletives and his excessive potations.

The venerable Colonel William Kent, now living at Concord in his nineties, says that Captain Roach one day brought into the store where he was a clerk a friend who had offered to treat him and called for spirit. Having drawn from a barrel the usual quantity of two drinks the clerk set the measure containing it upon the counter, expecting the contents to be poured into two tumblers, as was then the custom. Without waiting for this division the thirsty Captain immediately seized the gill cup and drained it. Then, gracefully returning it to the board, he courteously remarked to his astonished friend that when one gentleman asks another to take refreshment the guest should be helped first, and should there be found lacking a sufficiency for both, the host should call for more.

Whether Mrs. Rogers gained by her exchange of husbands it would be hard to say. That in 1812 she went willing from this to a land where "they

* A portion of this estate was subsequently sold by his descendants to the late Governor Isaac Hill, of Concord, New Hampshire.

† "An act to dissolve the marriage between Robert Rogers and Elizabeth, his wife.

"Whereas, Elizabeth Rogers of Portsmouth, in the County of Rockingham, and State aforesaid, hath petitioned the General Assembly for said State, setting forth that she was married to the said Robert Rogers about seventeen years ago; for the greater part of which time he had absented himself from and totally neglected to support and maintain her—and had, in the most flagrant manner, in a variety of ways, violated the marriage contract—but especially by infidelity to her Bed; For which reasons praying that a divorce from said Rogers, a vinculo matrimonii, might be granted. The principal facts contained in said petition being made to appear, upon a full hearing thereof. Therefore,

"Be it enacted by the Council and House of Representatives for said State in General Assembly convened, That the Bonds of Matrimony between the said Robert and Elizabeth be and hereby are dissolved."—[New Hampshire State Papers, vol. 8, p. 776.

* Bouton's History of Concord, p. 351.

neither marry nor are given in marriage," it is easy to believe.*

In returning to Major Rogers, we must not forget that he was an author as well as soldier. He seems to have been in England in 1765, and to have there published two respectable volumes of his writings. One is entitled "Journals of Major Robert Rogers; containing an account of the several excursions he made under the Generals who commanded upon the continent of North America, during the late War," and embraces the period from September 24, 1755, to February 14, 1761. It is doubtless quite reliable and valuable as a contribution to the history of our Army of the Lakes during the old French war.†

The other is called "a concise view of North America," and contains much interesting information relative to the country at the time of its publication.‡

It is less reliable than the former, but is a readable book, and, when the author keeps within the bounds of his personal knowledge, is doubtless authentic.

Both works are a credit to Major Rogers. To the charge that he was an illiterate person and that these works were written by another's hand, it may be urged, as to the "journals," that the correspondence of their matter to the written reports of his expeditions made to his superior officers and now preserved in the New York State Library, convincingly show that this work is undoubtedly his. If revised before publication by a more practiced writer, this revision should not deprive him of the credit of their authorship.

Rogers laid no claims to fine writing, but his own manuscript reports, written mostly in camp and hastily, attest his possession of a fair chirography, a pretty good knowledge of grammar and spelling, together with a style of expression both lucid and simple; in short, these are such compositions as come naturally from a man, who, favored in youth with but a limited common school education, has in mature life mingled much with superiors and been often called upon to draft such writings as fall to the lot of a soldier or man of business. Mr. Parkman also attributes to Rogers a part authorship of a tragedy long forgotton, entitled "Ponteach, or the Savages in America," published in London in 1766. It is a work of little merit and very few copies of it have been preserved.*

On the tenth of June, 1766, at the King's comand, General Gage appointed Major Rogers Captain Commandant of the garrison of Michili-

* Captain Roach died at Concord in May, 1811.

†The full title is "Journals of Major Robert Rogers: containing an account of several excursions he made under the Generals who commanded upon the Continent of North America during the late war. From which may be collected the material circumstances of every campaign upon that continent from the commencement to the couclusion of the war. London: Printed for the Author, and sold by J. Millan, bookseller near Whitehall, MDCCLXV." 8vo., Introduction, pp. VIII; Journals, pp. 236.

An American edition of Roger's Journals, ably edited by Dr. F. B. Hough, was published at Albany in 1883, by J. Munsell's Sons. Besides a valuable introduction, it contains the whole text of the Journals, an appendix consisting largely of important official papers relating to Rogers, and a good index. It is by far the best edition of the Journals ever published.

‡The full title of this volume is "A Concise Account of North America; Containing a description of the several British Colonies on that Continent, including the islands of New Foundland, Cape Breton, &c., as to their Situation, Extent, Climate, Soil, Produce, Rise, Government, Religon, Present Boundaries and the number of Inhabitants supposed to be in each. Also of the Interior and Westerly Parts of the Country, upon the rivers St. Lawrence, the Mississippi, Christino and the Great Lakes. To which is subjoined, An account of the several Nations and Tribes of Indians residing in those Parts, as to their Customs, Manners, Government, Numbers, &c., Containing many useful and Entertaining Facts, never before treated of. By Major Robert Rogers. London: Printed for the Author, and sold by J. Millan, bookseller, near Whitehall. MDCCLXV." 8vo., Introduction and Advertisement, pp. VIII; Concise Account, pp. 264.

* The full title of this book is "Ponteach: or the Savages of America. A Tragedy. London. Printed for the Author, and sold by J. Millan, opposite the Admiralty, Whitehall, MDCCLXVI."

mackinac.* Sir William Johnson, then Superintendent of Indian Affairs, when apprized of it was filled with astonishment and disgust. He regarded Rogers as a vain man, spoiled by flattery, and inordinately ambitious, dishonest, untruthful, and incompetent to discharge properly the duties of this office.† But as the appointment had been made and could not be revoked, it was determined to accept the inevitable and restrict his power, thereby rendering him as little capable of mismanagement as possible. He was ordered by General Gage to act in all matters pertaining to the Indians under instructions of the Superintendent of Indian Affairs, and to report upon all other matters to the Commandant at Detroit, to whom he was made subordinate.‡

Commander Rogers probably reached Michilimackinac in August, 1766. He soon after demonstrated his entire unfitness for his position by clandestinely engaging in the Indian trade,§ and by involving the government in unnecessary expenses, which he sought to meet by drafts upon the Superintendent of Indian Affairs, which that officer was obliged to dishonor. To still further curtail his power, a Commissary was appointed to reside at the post and regulate the Indian trade. To this Rogers sullenly submitted, but quarrelled with the officer. As time went on matters grew worse. He engaged in foolish speculations; got deeply into debt to the Indian traders; chafed under his limitations; grew first discontented, and then desperate; entered into treasonable correspondence with a French officer;* and finally conceived a plan of seeking of the home government an independent governorship of Michilimackinac, and in case of failure to rob his post and the traders thereabout, and then desert to the French on the lower Mississippi.†

His mismanagement and plottings having grown insufferable he was arrested and conveyed in irons to Montreal in September, 1768, to be there tried by court-martial for high treason.† On some ground, probably a technical one, he escaped conviction, and at some date between May, 1769, and February, 1770, he sailed for England.

And there, strange as it may seem, the stalwart, cheeky, fine-looking, wily ex-Commandant was lionized. His acquittal had vindicated his innocence and established his claim to martyrdom. His books had advertised him as a hero. His creditors, to whom he owed considerable amounts, supported his claims in hopes thereby of getting their dues. He was gazed at by the commonalty. He was feted by the nobility. He was received by the king and allowed to kiss his hand. He claimed payment for arrears of salary and other expenses previously disallowed in England and at home, which was made. Encouraged by his successes he pushed boldly on and

*Journals, Hough's edition, p. 218.

† Sir William Johnson in a letter to General Thomas Gage, dated January 23, 1766, says of Rogers: "He was a soldier in my army in 1755, and, as we were in great want of active men at that time, his readiness recommended him so far to me that I made him an officer and got him continued in the Ranging service, where he soon became puffed up with pride and folly from the extravagant encomiums and notices of some of the Provinces. This spoiled a good Ranger, for he was fit for nothing else—neither has nature calculated him for a large command in that service."—[Journals, Hough's edition, p. 215.

The same to Captain Cochrane November 17, 1767, says: "I raised him (Rogers) in 1755 from the lowest station on account of his abilities as a Ranger, for which duty he seemed well calculated, but how people at home, or anywhere else, could think him fit for any other purpose must appear surprising to those acquainted with him. I believe he never confined himself within the *disagreeable bounds of truth*, as you mention, but I wonder much they did not see through him in time."—[Journals, p. 241.

‡ Journals, p. 217.

§ Same, p. 242.

* Journals, pp. 234, 235, 236.

† Same, p. 231.

asked to be made an English Baronet, with £600 a year, and in addition to that, a Major in the army.* One is in doubt which to wonder at the most, the audacity of the bold adventurer, or the stupidity of the British public. But vaulting ambition had at length overleaped itself. He failed of the coveted knighthood, and sank by degrees to his true level.

We see nothing more of Major Rogers until July, 1775, when he again appears in America as a Major of the British Army retired on half pay. The object of his visit to his native land just at the beginning of our Revolutionary war was not satisfactorily apparent. Some considered him a military adventurer, anxious to sell his services to the highest bidder. Others regarded him as a British spy. He wandered over the country all the way from Pennsylvania to New Hampshire with very little ostensible business. His improbable statements, his associations with persons hostile to the American cause, his visits to places of bad reputation, as well as his whole general conduct, rendered him a suspected person.

He was arrested on the twenty-second of September following his arrival by the Pennsylvania Committee of Safety, but was afterwards paroled upon his solemn declaration and promise that "on the honor of a soldier and a gentleman he would not bear arms against the American United Colonies, in any manner whatever, during the present contest between them and Great-Britain;" † yet, on the twenty-sixth of the next November, he makes a tender of his services to the British goverment, in a letter addressed to General Gage, and was encouraged to communicate more definitely his proposals.*

On the second day of December, a little more than a month later, in shabby garb he calls upon President Wheelock, at Hanover, New Hampshire. After speaking of his absence in Europe, during which, he said, he had fought two battles in Algiers, under the Dey, he officiously tendered his aid in a proposed effort to obtain a grant of land for Dartmouth College. The President distrusted him, but treated him civilly. At the close of the interview he returned to the tavern where he passed the night, and left the next morning without paying his reckoning. †

Again, on the nineteenth of the same month, at Medford, Massachusetts, he addresses a letter to General Washington, soliciting an interview, but his reputation was such that the Commander-in-Chief declined to see him.‡

Even this did not discourage him. With an effrontery truly wonderful, on the twenty-fifth of June, 1776, after he had been arrested in South Amboy and brought to New York, he expressed to the Commander-in-Chief his desire to pass on to Philadelphia, that he might there make a secret tender of his services to the American Congress. §

However, by this time, his duplicity had become so manifest that a few days after this interview (July 2, 1776) the New Hampshire House of Representatives passed a formal vote recommending his arrest,‖ which was supplemented two years later (November 19, 1778) by a decree of proscription.

* Benjamin Roberts in a letter to Sir William Johnson, dated February 19, 1770, says: "Kingston has a most extraordinary letter from London, which says that Major Rogers was presented to his majesty and kissed his hand—that he demanded redress and retaliation for his sufferings. The minister asked what would content him. He desired to be made a Baronet, with a pension of £600 sterling, and to be restored to his goverment at Michilimackinac, and have all his accounts paid. Mr. Fitzherbert is his particular friend."—[Journals, p. 256.

† Journals, p. 259.

* Journals, p. 261.

† Same, p. 118.

‡ Same, p. 263.

§ Same, p. 273.

‖ New Hampshire Prov. Papers vol. VIII, p. 185.

Finding hypocrisy no longer available, sometime in August, 1776, he accepted a commission of Lieutenant Colonel Commandant, signed by General Howe and empowering him to raise a battalion of Rangers for the British Army. To this work he now applied himself and with success.*

On the twenty-first of October, 1776, Rogers fought his last battle, so far as I have been able to discover, on American soil. His Regiment was attacked at Mamaronec, New York, and routed by a body of American troops. Contemporary accounts state that he did not display his usual valor in this action and personally withdrew before it was over.

The next year he returned to England,* where, after a disreputable life of some twenty-two or twenty-three years, of which little is known, he is said to have died in the year 1800.

Such are some of the more salient points in the career of Major Robert Rogers, the Ranger. When another century shall have buried in oblivion his frailties, the valor of the partizan commander will shine in undimmed lustre. When the historian gives place to the novelist and the poet, his desperate achievements portrayed by their pens will render as romantic the borders of Lake George, as have the daring deeds of Rob Roy McGregor, rehearsed by Walter Scott, made enchanting the Shores of Lock Lomond.

* Journals, p. 277.

* Parker's History of Londonderry, p. 238.

ROUSED FROM DREAMS.

By ADELAIDE CILLEY WALDRON.

Through the gorges leaps the pealing thunder;
Lurid flashes rend the sky asunder;
On my window-pane, making wild refrain,
Sharply strikes the rain.

Wind in furious gusts with angry railing
Follows the unhappy restless wailing
Of the sobbing sea, and drives ships a-lee
None to save nor see.

Dreaming souls are startled from their slumbers,
Though sleep still their trembling frames encumbers;
Helplessly they wait, fearing portent fate,
Shrieking prayers too late!

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

With this the January issue the GRANITE MONTHLY starts on its eighth annual voyage. We acknowledge the addition of many new names to our subscription list but regret the loss of the support of certain patrons, on whom we counted as surely as on the permanence of the Granite Hills of New Hampshire. Some of them have been with us from the first issue of the magazine. We do not so much mind the withdrawal of a patron who has given in his support for only one year, but when an old subscriber "sends in his resignation" we know that there is some fault of ours which the said act is supposed to chide or reprove. The mag azine has many faults; it is intensely local, which precludes a general circulation; it doubtless contains much chaff amongst the wheat. The way for its patrons to correct any fault of this nature is to keep the publisher well supplied with articles of historic, literary, and intrinsic value, and allow him a wide range for selection.

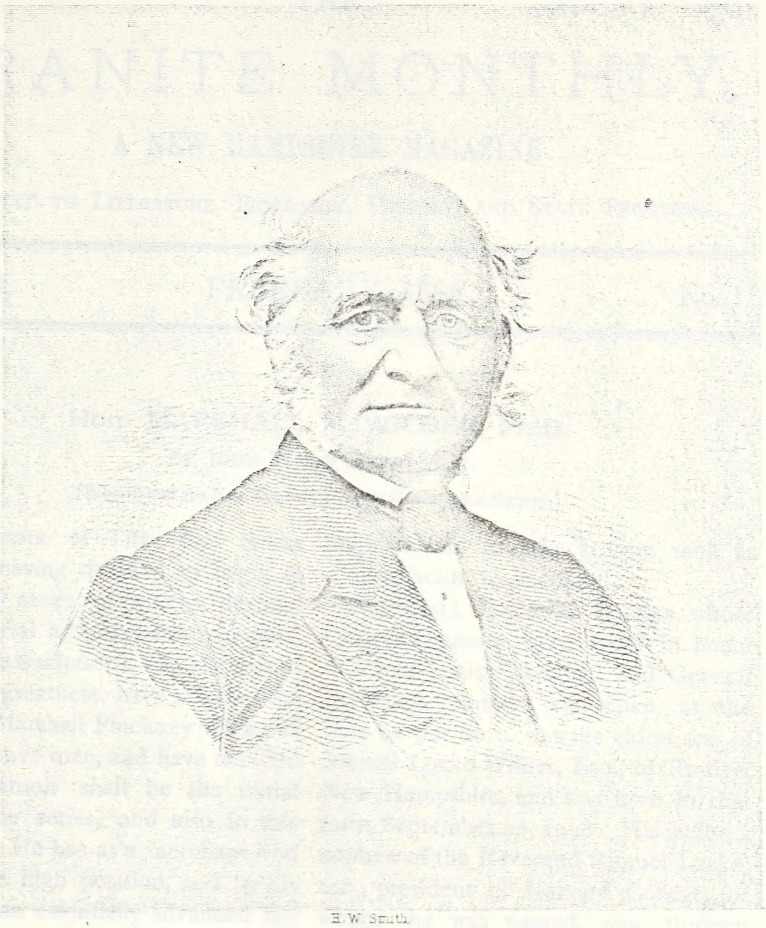
That the magazine has lived for seven years, and that it is almost impossible to obtain a full set of the publications, proves that there is a demand for such a periodical.

The past year has been a very severe one for nearly every class in the community; nearly every species of property has been shrinking in value; but the GRANITE MONTHLY has lived through it, while several more pretentious publications have gone to the wall. It is destined to live in the future at least as long as the publisher lives — and it needs the hearty support of the representative citizens of the State, whether at home, or in other communities.

When the reader feels inclined to write a censorious letter let him be sure to inclose his own subscription in his letter together with that of some friend and neighbor.

One disinterested friend sent the names of twenty subscribers, all from a distant city. A friend in California sent in the names of six subscribers.

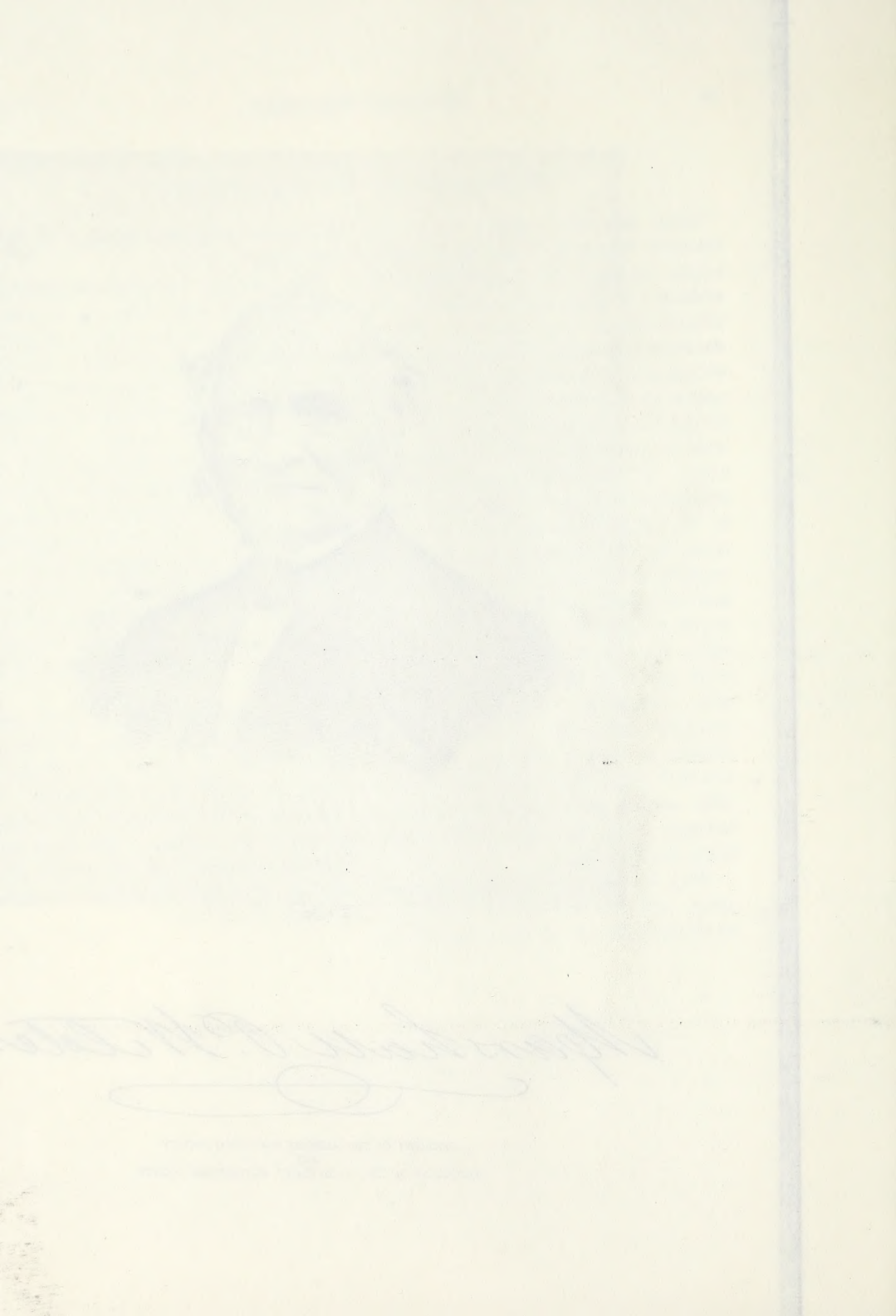
Just now the publisher needs one thousand new names. The labor divided among many will be trivial; devolving upon one individual the task becomes Herculean.



H. W. Smith.

Marshall P. Wilder

PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN POMOLOGICAL SOCIETY
AND
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.



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THE

GRANITE MONTHLY,

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, AND STATE PROGRESS.

VOL. VIII. FEBRUARY, 1885. No. II.

Hon. MARSHALL P. WILDER, Ph.D.

BY JOHN WARD DEAN, A.M.

[Librarian of the New England Historic Genealogical Society.]

THE editors of THE BAY STATE MONTHLY, having decided to begin in its pages a series of articles devoted to the material advancement and prosperity of Massachusetts, and the record of her past greatness, have selected the Honorable Marshall Pinckney Wilder as a representative man, and have decided that his memoir shall be the initial article in the series, and also in this periodical. He has as a merchant won for himself a high position, and by his enterprise has essentially advanced the business of the city and the State. He has also been active in developing our manufacturing industries, while his name is first on all lips when those who have increased the products of the soil are named. His life affords a striking example of what can be achieved by concentration of power and unconquerable perseverance. The bare enumeration of the important positions he has held and still holds, and the self-sacrificing labors he has performed, is abundant evidence of the extraordinary talent and ability, and the personal power and influence, which have enabled him to take a front rank as a benefactor to mankind.

MARSHALL PINCKNEY WILDER, whose Christian names were given in honor of Chief-Justice Marshall and General Pinckney, eminent statesmen at the time he was born, was the eldest son of Samuel Locke Wilder, Esq., of Rindge, New Hampshire, and was born in that town, September 22, 1798. His father, a nephew of the Reverend Samuel Locke, D.D., president of Harvard College, for whom he was named, was thirteen years a representative in the New Hampshire legislature, a member of the Congregational church in Rindge, and held important town offices there. His mother, Anna, daughter of Jonathan and Mary (Crombie) Sherwin (married May 2, 1797), a lady of great moral worth, was, as her son is, a warm admirer of the beauties of nature.

The Wilders are an ancient English family, which The Book of the Wilders, published a few years ago, traces to Nicholas Wilder, a military chieftain in the army of the Earl of Richmond at the battle of Bosworth,

1485. There is strong presumptive evidence that the American family is an offshoot from this. President Chadbourne, the author of The Book of the Wilders, in his life of Colonel Wilder, gives reasons for this opinion. The paternal ancestors of Colonel Wilder in this country performed meritorious services in the Indian wars, in the American Revolution, and in Shays' Rebellion. His grandfather was one of the seven delegates from the county of Worcester, in the Massachusetts convention of 1788, for ratifying the Constitution of the United States, who voted in favor of it. Isaac Goodwin, Esq., in The Worcester Magazine, vol. ii, page 45, bears this testimony: "Of all the ancient Lancaster families, there is no one that has sustained so many important offices as that of Wilder."

At the age of four, Marshall was sent to school, and at twelve he entered New Ipswich Academy, his father desiring to give him a collegiate education, with reference to a profession. When he reached the age of sixteen, his father gave him the choice, either to qualify himself for a farmer, or for a merchant, or to fit for college. He chose to be a farmer; and to this choice may we attribute in no small degree the mental and physical energy which has distinguished so many years of his life. But the business of his father increased so much that he was taken into the store. He there acquired such habits of industry that at the age of twenty-one he became a partner, and was appointed postmaster of Rindge.

In 1825, he sought a wider field of action and removed to Boston. Here he began business under the firm-name of Wilder and Payson, in Union Street; then as Wilder and Smith, in North Market Street; and next in his own name at No. 3 Central Wharf. In 1837, he became a partner in the commission house of Parker, Blanchard, and Wilder, Water Street; next Parker, Wilder, and Parker, Pearl Street; and since Parker, Wilder, and Company, Winthrop Square, having continued until this time in the same house for forty-seven years. Mr. Wilder has lived to be the oldest commission merchant in domestic fabrics in active business in Boston. He has passed through various crises of commercial embarrassments, and yet he has never failed to meet his obligations. He was an original director in the Hamilton (now Hamilton National) Bank and in the National Insurance Company. The former trust he has held for fifty-two years, and the latter for forty years. He has been a director in the New England Mutual Life Insurance Company for nearly forty years, and also a director in other similar institutions.

But trade and the acquisition of wealth have not been the all-engrossing pursuits of his life. His inherent love of rural pursuits led him, in 1832, to purchase his present estate in Dorchester, originally that of Governor Increase Sumner, where, after devoting a proper time to business, he has given his leisure to horticulture and agriculture. He has spared no expense, he has rested from no efforts, to instil into the public mind a love of an employment so honorable and useful. He has cultivated his own grounds, imported seeds, plants, and trees, and endeavored by his example to encourage labor and elevate the rank of the husbandman. His garden, greenhouses, and a forest of fruit-trees have occupied the time he could spare from business, and here he has prosecuted his favorite investigations, year

after year, for half a century, to the present day.

Soon after the Massachusetts Horticultural Society was formed, Mr. Wilder was associated with the late General Henry A. S. Dearborn, its first president, and from that time till now has been one of its most efficient members, constantly attending its meetings, taking part in its business and discussions, and contributing largely to its exhibitions. Four years since, he delivered the oration on the occasion of its semi-centennial. One of the most important acts of this society was the purchase of Mount Auburn for a cemetery and an ornamental garden. On the separation of the cemetery from the society, in 1835, through Mr. Wilder's influence committees were appointed by the two corporations, Judge Story being chairman of the cemetery committee, and Mr. Wilder of the society committee. The situation was fraught with great difficulties; but Mr. Wilder's conservative course, everywhere acknowledged, overcame them all and enabled the society to erect an elegant hall in School Street, and afterward the splendid building it now occupies in Tremont Street, the most magnificent horticultural hall in the world. It has a library which is everywhere acknowledged to be the best horticultural library anywhere. In 1840, he was chosen president, and held the office for eight successive years. During his presidency the hall in School Street was erected, and two triennial festivals were held in Faneuil Hall, which are particularly worthy of notice. The first was opened September 11, 1845, and the second on the fiftieth anniversary of his birth, September 22, 1848, when he retired from the office of president, and the society voted him a silver pitcher valued at one hundred and fifty dollars, and caused his portrait to be placed in its hall. As president of this association he headed a circular for a convention of fruit-growers, which was held in New York, October 10, 1848, when the American Pomological Society was formed. He was chosen its first president, and he still holds that office, being in his thirty-third year of service. Its biennial meetings have been held in New York, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Boston, Rochester, St. Louis, Richmond, Chicago, and Baltimore; and it will hold its next meeting in Detroit. On these occasions President Wilder has made appropriate addresses. The last meeting was held, September, 1883, in Philadelphia, when his last address was delivered. In this address, with his usual foresight, he proprosed a grand reform in the nomenclature of fruits for our country, and asked the co-operation of other nations in this reform.

In February, 1849, the Norfolk Agricultural Society was formed. Mr. Wilder was chosen president, and the Honorable Charles Francis Adams, vice-president. Before this society his first address on agricultural education was delivered. This was a memorable occasion. There were then present, George N. Briggs, the governor, and John Reed, the lieutenant-governor, of the State, Daniel Webster, Edward Everett, Horace Mann, Levi Lincoln, Josiah Quincy, president of Harvard University, General Henry A. S. Dearborn, Governor Isaac Hill, of New Hampshire, the Reverend John Pierpont, Josiah Quincy, Jr., Charles Francis Adams, and Robert C. Winthrop, — of which galaxy of eminent men, the last two only are now living. It was the first

general effort in that cause in this country. He was president twenty years, and on his retirement he was constituted honorary president, and a resolution was passed recognizing his eminent ability and usefulness in promoting the arts of horticulture and agriculture, and his personal excellence in every department of life. He next directed his efforts to establishing the Massachusetts board of agriculture, organized as the Massachusetts Central Board of Agriculture, at a meeting of delegates of agricultural societies in the State, held at the State House, September, 1851, in response to a circular issued by him as president of the Norfolk Agricultural Society. He was elected president, and held the office till 1852, when it became a department of the State, and he is now the senior member of that board. In 1858, the Massachusetts School of Agriculture was incorporated, and he was chosen president; but before the school was opened Congress granted land to the several States for agricultural colleges, and in 1865 the Legislature incorporated the Massachusetts Agricultural College. He was named the first trustee. In 1871, the first class was graduated, and in 1878 he had the honor of conferring the degree of Bachelor of Science on twenty young gentlemen graduates. He delivered addresses on both occasions. In 1852, he issued a circular in behalf of several States for a national meeting at Washington, which was fully attended, and where the United States Agricultural Society was organized. Daniel Webster and a host of distinguished men assisted in its formation. This society, of which he was president for the first six years, exercised a beneficial influence till the breaking out of the late Civil War. On Mr. Wilder's retirement he received the gold medal of honor and a service of silver plate. He is a member of many other horticultural and agricultural societies in this and foreign lands.

Colonel Wilder, at an early age, took an interest in military affairs. At sixteen he was enrolled in the New Hampshire militia, and at twenty-one he was commissioned adjutant. He organized and equipped the Rindge Light Infantry, and was chosen its captain. At twenty-five he was elected lieutenant-colonel, and at twenty-six was commissioned as colonel, of the Twelfth Regiment.

Soon after his removal to Boston he joined the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. In 1856, he was chosen commander of the corps, being the one hundred and fifty-fifth in command. He had four times previously declined nominations. He entered into correspondence with Prince Albert, commander of the Royal Artillery Company of London, founded in 1537, of which this corps, chartered in 1638, is the only offspring. This correspondence established a friendly intercourse between the two companies. In June, 1857, Prince Albert was chosen a special honorary member of our company, and twenty-one years later, in 1878, Colonel Wilder, who then celebrated the fiftieth or golden anniversary of his own membership, nominated the Prince of Wales, the present commander of the London company, as an honorary member. Both were commanders of the Honorable Artillery Company of London when chosen. The late elegantly illustrated history of the London company contains a portrait of Colonel Wilder as he appeared in full uniform on that occasion.

In 1839, he was induced to serve for a single term in the Massachusetts Legis-

lature, as a representative for the town of Dorchester. In 1849, he was elected a member of Governor Briggs's Council, and the year following a member of the senate and its president, and he is the oldest ex-president of the senate living. In 1860, he was the member for New England of the national committee of the "Constitutional Union Party," and attended, as chairman of the Massachusetts delegation, the national convention in Baltimore, where John Bell and Edward Everett were nominated for President and Vice-President of the United States.

He was initiated in Charity Lodge, No. 18, in Troy, New Hampshire, at the age of twenty-five, exalted to the Royal Arch Chapter, Cheshire No. 4, and knighted in the Boston Encampment. He was deputy grand master of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, and was one of the six thousand Masons who signed, December 31, 1831, the celebrated "Declaration of the Freemasons of Boston and Vicinity"; and at the fiftieth anniversary of that event, which was celebrated in Boston two years ago, Mr. Wilder responded for the survivors, six of the signers being present. He has received all the Masonic degrees, including the 33d, or highest and last honor of the fraternity. At the World's Masonic Convention, in 1867, at Paris, he was the only delegate from the United States who spoke at the banquet.

On the seventh of November, 1849, a festival of the Sons of New Hampshire was celebrated in Boston. The Honorable Daniel Webster presided, and Mr. Wilder was the first vice-president. Fifteen hundred sons of the Granite State were present. The association again met on the twenty-ninth of October, 1852, to participate in the obsequies of Mr. Webster at Faneuil Hall. On this occasion the legislature, and other citizens, of New Hampshire were received at the Lowell railway-station, and were addressed by Mr. Wilder in behalf of the sons of that State resident in Boston.

The Sons celebrated their second festival, November 2, 1853, at which Mr. Wilder occupied the chair as president, and delivered one of his most eloquent speeches. They assembled again, on June 20, 1861, to receive and welcome a New Hampshire regiment of volunteers, and escort them to the Music Hall, where Mr. Wilder addressed them in a patriotic speech on their departure for the field of battle.

The two hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of the settlement of Dorchester was celebrated on the Fourth of July, 1855. The oration was by Edward Everett; Mr. Wilder presided, and delivered an able address. On the central tablet of the great pavilion was this inscription: "Marshall P. Wilder, president of the day. Blessed is he that turneth the waste places into a garden, and maketh the wilderness to blossom as a rose."

In January, 1868, he was solicited to take the office of president of the New England Historic Genealogical Society, vacated by the death of Governor Andrew. He was unanimously elected, and is now serving the seventeenth year of his presidency. At every annual meeting he has delivered an appropriate address. In his first address he urged the importance of procuring a suitable building for the society. In 1870, he said: "The time has now arrived when absolute necessity, public sentiment, and personal obligations, demand that this work be done, and done quickly." Feeling himself pledged by this address, he, as chairman of the committee

then appointed, devoted three months entirely to the object of soliciting funds, during which time more than forty thousand dollars was generously contributed by friends of the association; and thus the handsome edifice at No. 18 Somerset Steeet was procured. This building was dedicated to the use of the society, March 18, 1871. He has since obtained donations, amounting to upward of twelve thousand dollars, as a fund for paying the salary of the librarian.

In 1859, he presided at the first public meeting called in Boston, in regard to the collocation of institutions on the Back Bay lands, where the splendid edifices of the Boston Society of Natural History and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology now stand. Of the latter institution he has been a vice-president, and the chairman of its Society of Arts, and a director from the beginning. General Francis A. Walker, the present president of the Institute, bore this testimony to his efforts in its behalf at the banquet to Mr. Wilder on his eighty-fifth anniversary: "Through all the early efforts to attract the attention of the legislature and the people to the importance of industrial and art education, and through the severe struggles which so painfully tried the courage and the faith even of those who most strongly and ardently believed in the mission of the Institute, as well as through the happier years of fruition, while the efforts put forth in the days of darkness and despondency were bearing their harvest of success and fame, Colonel Wilder was through all one of the most constant of the members of the government in his attendance; one of the most hopeful in his views of the future of the school; ever a wise counsellor and a steadfast ally."

He was one of the twelve representative men appointed to receive the Prince of Wales in 1860, at the banquet given him in Boston, Edward Everett being chairman of the committee; also one of the commissioners in behalf of the Universal Exposition in Paris, 1867, when he was placed at the head of the committee on horticulture and the cultivation and products of the vine, the report of which was published by act of Congress.

In 1869, he made a trip to the South, for the purpose of examining its resources; and in 1870, with a large party, he visited California. The result of Mr. Wilder's observations has been given to the public in a lecture before the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture, which was repeated before the Boston Mercantile Library Association, Amherst College, the Massachusetts Agricultural College, Dartmouth College, the Horticultural Society, the merchants of Philadelphia, and bodies in other places.

His published speeches and writings now amount to nearly one hundred in number. A list to the year 1873 is printed in the Cyclopædia of American Literature. Dartmouth College, as a testimonial to his services in science and literature, conferred upon him, in the year 1877, the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

The Honorable Paul A. Chadbourne, LL.D., late president of Williams College in a recent Memoir of Mr. Wilder remarks: "The interest which Colonel Wilder has always manifested in the progress of education, as well as the value and felicitous style of his numerous writings, would lead one to infer at once that his varied knowledge and culture are the results of college education. But he is only another illus-

trious example of the men who, with only small indebtedness to schools, have proved to the world that real men can make themselves known as such without the aid of the college, as we have abundantly learned that the college can never make a man of one who has not in him the elements of noble manhood before he enters its halls."

In 1820, Mr. Wilder married Miss Tryphosa Jewett, daughter of Dr. Stephen Jewett, of Rindge, a lady of great personal attractions. She died on a visit to that town, July 21, 1831, leaving four children. On the twenty-ninth of August, 1833, Mr. Wilder was united to Miss Abigail, daughter of Captain David Baker, of Franklin, Massachusetts, a lady of education, accomplishments, and piety, who died of consumption, April 4, 1854, leaving five children. He was married a third time on the eighth of September, 1855, to her sister, Miss Julia Baker, who was admirably qualified to console him and make his dwelling cheerful, and who has two sons, both living. No man has been more blessed in domestic life. We know not where there would be a more pleasing picture of peace and contentment exhibited than is found in this happy family. In all his pursuits and avocations, Mr. Wilder seems to have realized and practised that grand principle, which has such a bearing and influence on the whole course of life — the philosophy of habit, a power almost omnipotent for good or evil. His leisure hours he devotes to his pen, which already has filled several large volumes with descriptions and delineations of fruits and flowers, proved under his own inspection, and other matters pertaining to his various relations in life.

Colonel Wilder has shown us by his life what an individual may accomplish by industry, perseverance, and the concentration of the intellectual powers on grand objects. Without these, no talent, no mere good fortune could have placed him in the high position he has attained as a public benefactor. He has been pre-eminent in the establishment and development of institutions. Few gentlemen have been called upon so often, and upon such various occasions, to take the chair at public meetings or preside over constituted societies. Few have acquitted themselves so happily, whether dignity of presence, amenity of address, fluency of speech, or dispatch of business, be taken into consideration. As a presiding officer he seems "to the manner born." His personal influence has been able to magnetize a half-dying body into new and active life. This strong personal characteristic is especially remarked among his friends. No one can approach him in doubt, in despondency, or in embarrassment, and leave him without a higher hope, a stronger courage, and a manlier faith in himself. The energy which has impelled him to labor still exists.

Mr. Wilder is now president of the New England Historic Genealogical Society, the American Pomological Society, and the Massachusetts Agricultural Club. He is senior trustee of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, and senior member of the State Board of Agriculture, and of the executive committee of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society. He is senior director in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the Hamilton National Bank, the New England Mutual Life Insurance Company, and the Home Savings Bank. He is an honorary member of the Royal Historical Society of Great

Britain; a corresponding member of the Royal Horticultural Society of London, and the Société Centrale d' Horticulture of France; and a fellow of the Reale Accademia Araldica Italiana of Pisa.

Well did Governor Bullock on a public occasion speak of Mr. Wilder as "one who has applied the results of his well-earned commercial earnings so liberally that in every household and at every fireside in America, when the golden fruits of summer and autumn gladden the sideboard and the hearthstone, his name, his generosity, and his labors are known and honored." He is also known and honored abroad. The London Gardener's Chronicle, the leading agricultural paper in Europe, in April, 1872, gave his portrait and a sketch of his life, in which is introduced the following merited compliment: —

"We are glad to have the opportunity of laying before our readers the portrait of one of the most distinguished of transatlantic horticulturists, and one who, by his zeal, industry, and determination, has not only conferred lasting benefits on his native country, but has by his careful experiments in hybridization and fruit-culture laid the horticulturists of all nations under heavy obligations to him. The name and reputation of Marshall P. Wilder is as highly esteemed in Great Britain as they are in America."

In closing this sketch, we may remark that complimentary banquets were given him on the eightieth and the eighty-fifth anniversaries of his birth. On the former occasion, September 22, 1878, the Reverend James H. Means, D.D., his pastor for nearly thirty years, the Honorable Charles L. Flint, secretary of the Board of Agriculture, the Honorable John Phelps Putnam, judge of the Massachusetts Superior Court, and others, paid tributes to the high moral character, the benevolent disposition, and the eminent services, of the honored guest of the evening.

The last banquet, September 22, 1883, on his completing the ripe age of eighty-five, was a much more important occasion. The banquet was held, as the former was, at the Parker House, in Boston, and over one hundred gentlemen participated, among whom were some of the most distinguished persons in this and other States. Charles H. B. Breck, Esq., vice-president of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society presided, and the venerable Reverend Dr. George W. Blagden invoked a blessing. Mr. Breck addressed Mr. Wilder, who responded. Addresses were then made by a number of Mr. Wilder's friends, among them the Honorable Alexander H. Rice and the Honorable Nathaniel P. Banks, ex-governors of Massachusetts, his Honor Oliver Ames, lieutenant-governor of the State, his Honor Albert Palmer, mayor of Boston, General Joshua L. Chamberlain, ex-governor of Maine, the Honorable Frederick Smyth, ex-governor of New Hampshire, Professor J. C. Greenough, president of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, General Francis A. Walker, president of the Institute of Technology, the Honorable Francis B. Hayes, president of the Horticultural Society, the Reverend Edmund F. Slafter, corresponding secretary of the New England Historic Genealogical Society, John E. Russell, secretary of the State Board of Agriculture, and Major Ben: Perley Poore, secretary of the United States Agricultural Society, and ex-commander of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. Other

societies with which Mr. Wilder is connected were also represented, as the Massachusetts Society for the Promotion of Agriculture, the New England Agricultural Society, the New England Life Insurance Company, the Hamilton Bank, the Home Savings Bank, the Grand Lodge of Masons, and the Second Church of Dorchester. Letters were received from the Honorable Robert C. Winthrop, president of the Massachusetts Historical Society, his Excellency Benjamin F. Butler, governor, and the Honorables John D. Long, William Claflin, and Thomas Talbot, ex-governors of the State, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, the Honorable Dr. George B. Loring, United States Commissioner of Agriculture, and the Honorable Francis W. Bird, president of the Bird Club. The addresses and letters are to be printed in full. A few extracts follow:

Dr. Holmes referred to Mr. Wilder as: "The venerable and venerated friend who has outlived the fruits of fourscore seasons, and is still ripening as if his life were all summer."

Mr. Winthrop wrote: "No other man has done so much for our fields and gardens and orchards. He has distinguished himself in many other lines of life, and his relations to the Legislature of Massachusetts and to the Historic Genealogical Society will not soon be forgotten. But his name will have its most enduring and most enviable association with the flowers and fruits for whose culture he was foremost in striving, both by precept and example. He deserves a grateful remembrance as long as a fine pear is relished or a brilliant bouquet admired."

Governor Rice said: "There is hardly a public enterprise of the last three generations, scarcely a pursuit in life, or an institution of patriotism, discipline, or charity, that does not bear the signet of his touch and feel the vigor of his co-operation. Why, sir, it may be said, almost with literal truth, that the trees which this great arborist has planted and cultivated and loved are not more numerous than the evidences of his handiwork in all the useful and beneficent departments of life; and all the flowers that shall grow to the end of time ought to bear fragrance to his memory."

Mayor Palmer said: "Time would fail me to recount his great and honorable services to society and the State. It must suffice to say that no name of this century is written more imperishably in the affection and esteem of Boston and Massachusetts than the name of him, our honored guest."

Dr. Loring wrote: "It is with pride and satisfaction that the business associations of the city of Boston can point to him as a representative of that mercantile integrity which gives that city its distinguished position among the great commercial centres of the world."

Governor Banks said: "I can scarcely enumerate, much less analyze, the numerous and important social and national enterprises which make the character and career of our distinguished guest illustrious."

Governor Chamberlain said: "We rejoice in this honored old age,—this youth, rounded, beautified, and sweetened into supreme manhood; and we rejoice also that it shall remain for after times an example and inspiration for all who would live true lives, and win the honor that comes here and hereafter to noble character."

President Greenough thus spoke:— "The line of buildings which to-day at Amherst graces one of the fairest landscapes in New England, and the sound

and practical education which they were built to secure, are to be a lasting monument to his foresight, his patriotism, and his eloquent persuasion."

Mr. Russell said: "To him the agriculture of the Commonwealth owes a debt that can never be paid; the records of our board are a monument of his good works more enduring than brass. And, sir, in view of his venerable years, so lightly borne, his interest in all the active affairs of men, and his continued powers of social enjoyment, I may well repeat the wish of the poet Horace, expressed in one of his invocations to the Emperor Augustus: 'Serus in cœlum redeas.'"

Major Poore said: "Mr. President, I am confident that the distinguished gentlemen around these tables will long remember to-night, and recall with pleasure its varied homages to Colonel Wilder, thankful that we have so pure a shrine, so bright an oracle, as the common property of all who reverence virtue, admire manhood, or aspire to noble deeds. Succeeding years will not dim the freshness of Colonel Wilder's fame; and the more frequently we drink at this fountain, the sweeter we shall find its waters.

'You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.'"

THE MIDDLESEX CANAL.

By Lorin L. Dame, A.M.

The curious traveller may still trace with little difficulty the line of the old Middlesex canal, with here and there a break, from the basin at Charlestown to its junction with the Merrimac at Middlesex village. Like an accusing ghost, it never strays far from the Boston & Lowell Railroad, to which it owes its untimely end.

At Medford, the Woburn sewer runs along one portion of its bed, the Spot pond water-pipes another. The tow-path, at one point, marks the course of the defunct Mystic Valley Railroad; at others, it has been metamorphosed into sections of the highway; at others, it survives as a cow-path or woodland lane; at Wilmington, the stone sides of a lock have become the lateral walls of a dwelling-house cellar.

Judging the canal by the pecuniary recompense it brought its projectors, it must be admitted a dismal failure; yet its inception was none the less a comprehensive, far-reaching scheme, which seemed to assure a future of ample profits and great public usefulness. Inconsiderable as this work may appear compared with the modern achievements of engineering, it was, for the times, a gigantic undertaking, beset with difficulties scarcely conceivable to-day. Boston was a small town of about twenty thousand inhabitants; Medford, Woburn, and Chelmsford were insignificant villages; and Lowell was as yet unborn, while the valley of the Merrimac, northward into New Hampshire, supported a sparse agricultural population. But the outlook was encouraging. It was a period of rapid growth and marked improvements. The subject of closer communication with the interior early became a vital question. Turnpikes,

controlled by corporations, were the principal avenues over which country produce, lumber, firewood, and building-stone found their way to the little metropolis. The cost of entertainment at the various country inns, the frequent tolls, and the inevitable wear and tear of teaming, enhanced very materially the price of all these articles. The Middlesex canal was the first step towards the solution of the problem of cheap transportation. The plan originated with the Hon. James Sullivan, who was for six years a judge of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, attorney-general from 1790 to 1807, and governor in 1807 and 1808, dying while holding the latter office.

A brief glance at the map of the New England States will bring out in bold relief the full significance of Sullivan's scheme. It will be seen that the Merrimac river, after pursuing a southerly course as far as Middlesex village, turns abruptly to the north-east. A canal from Charlestown mill-pond to this bend of the river, a distance of 27¼ miles, would open a continuous water-route of eighty miles to Concord, N.H. From this point, taking advantage of Lake Sunapee, a canal could easily be run in a north-westerly direction to the Connecticut at Windsor, Vt.; and thence, making use of intermediate streams, communication could be opened with the St. Lawrence. The speculative mind of Sullivan dwelt upon the pregnant results that must follow the connection of Boston with New Hampshire and possibly Vermont and Canada. He consulted his friend, Col. Baldwin, sheriff of Middlesex, who had a natural taste for engineering, and they came to the conclusion that the plan was feasible. Should the undertaking succeed between Concord and Boston, the gradual increase in population and traffic would in time warrant the completion of the programme. Even should communication never be established beyond Concord, the commercial advantages of opening to the market the undeveloped resources of upper New Hampshire would be a sufficient justification. Accordingly, James Sullivan, Loammi Baldwin, Jonathan Porter, Samuel Swan, and five members of the Hall family at Medford, petitioned the General Court for an act of incorporation. A charter was granted, bearing date of June 22, 1793, "incorporating James Sullivan, Esq., and others, by the name of the Proprietors of the Middlesex Canal," and on the same day was signed by His Excellency John Hancock, Governor of the Commonwealth. By this charter the proprietors were authorized to lay such assessments from time to time as might be required for the construction of the canal.

At their first meeting the proprietors intrusted the management of the corporation to a board of thirteen members, who were to choose a president and vice-presidents from their own number, the entire board subject to annual election. Boston capitalists subscribed freely, and Russell, Gore, Barrell, Craigie, and Brooks appear among the earliest directors. This board organized on the 11th of October by the choice of James Sullivan as president, and Col. Baldwin and John Brooks (afterwards Gov. Brooks) as vice-presidents. The first step was to make the necessary

surveys between the Charlestown basin and the Merrimac at Chelmsford; but the science of engineering was in its infancy, and it was difficult to find a competent person to undertake the task. At length Samuel Thompson, of Woburn, was engaged to make a preliminary survey; but the directors, not wholly satisfied with his report, afterwards secured the services of Samuel Weston, an eminent English engineer, then employed in Pennsylvania on the Potomac canals. His report, made Aug. 2, 1794, was favorable; and it is interesting to compare his figures with those of Mr. Thompson. As calculated by Thompson, the ascent from Medford bridge to the Concord river, at Billerica, was found to be 68½ ft.; the actual difference in level, as found by Weston, was 104 ft. By Thompson's survey there was a further ascent of 16½ ft. to the Merrimac; when, in fact, the water at Billerica bridge is almost 25 ft. above the Merrimac at Chelmsford.

Col. Baldwin, who superintended the construction of the canal, removed the first turf, Sept. 10, 1794. The progress was slow and attended with many embarrassments. The purchase of land from more than one hundred proprietors demanded skilful diplomacy. Most of the lands used for the canal were acquired by voluntary sale, and conveyed in fee-simple to the corporation. Sixteen lots were taken under authority of the Court of Sessions; while for thirteen neither deed nor record could be found when the corporation came to an end. Some of the land was never paid for, as the owner refused to accept the sum awarded. The compensation ranged from about $150 an acre in Medford to $25 in Billerica. The numerous conveyances are all in Sullivan's handwriting.

Labor was not easily procured, probably from the scarcity of laborers, as the wages paid, $10 a month and board, were presumably as much as could be earned in manual labor elsewhere. "An order was sent to England for a levelling instrument made by S. & W. Jones, of London, and this was the only instrument used for engineering purposes after the first survey by Weston." Two routes were considered; the rejected route was forty years later selected for the Lowell Railroad. The canal, 30 ft. wide, 4 ft. deep, with 20 locks, 7 aqueducts, and crossed by 50 bridges, was, in 1802, sufficiently completed for the admission of water, and the following year was opened to public navigation from the Merrimac to the Charles. Its cost, about $500,000, of which one-third was for land damages, was but little more than the estimate. Commencing at Charlestown mill-pond, it passed through Medford, crossing the Mystic by a wooden aqueduct of 100 ft., to Horn pond in Woburn. Traversing Woburn and Wilmington it crossed the Shawshine by an aqueduct of 137 ft., and struck the Concord, from which it receives its water, at Billerica Mills. Entering the Concord by a stone guard-lock, it crossed, with a floating tow-path, and passed out on the northern side through another stone guard-lock; thence it descended 27 ft., in a course of 5¼ miles, through Chelmsford to the Merrimac, making its entire length 27¼ m.

The proprietors made Charlestown bridge the eastern terminus for their boats, but ultimately communication

was opened with the markets and wharves upon the harbor, through Mill Creek, over a section of which Blackstone street now extends.

As the enterprise had the confidence of the business community, money for prosecuting the work had been procured with comparative ease. The stock was divided into 800 shares, and among the original stockholders appear the names of Ebenezer and Dudley Hall, Oliver Wendall, John Adams of Quincy, Peter C. Brooks of Medford, and Andrew Craigie of Cambridge. The stock had steadily advanced from $25 a share in the autumn of 1794 to $473 in 1803, the year the canal was opened, touching $500 in 1804. Then a decline set in, a few dollars at a time, till 1816, when its market value was $300 with few takers, although the canal was in successful operation, and, in 1814, the obstructions in the Merrimac had been surmounted, so that canal boats, locking into the river at Chelmsford, had been poled up stream as far as Concord.

Firewood and lumber always formed a very considerable item in the business of the canal. The navy-yard at Charlestown and the ship-yards on the Mystic form any years relied upon the canal for the greater part of the timber used in shipbuilding; and work was sometimes seriously retarded by low water in the Merrimac, which interfered with transportation. The supply of oak and pine about Lake Winnipiseogee, and along the Merrimac and its tributaries, was thought to be practically inexhaustible. In the opinion of Daniel Webster, the value of this timber had been increased $5,000,000 by the canal. Granite from Tyngsborough, and agricultural products from a great extent of fertile country, found their way along this channel to Boston; while the return boats supplied taverns and country stores with their annual stock of goods. The receipts from tolls, rents, etc. were steadily increasing, amounting,

in 1812 to $12,600,
" 1813 " 16,800,
" 1814 " 25,700,
" 1815 " 29,200,
" 1816 " 32,600,

Yet, valuable, useful, and productive as the canal had proved itself, it had lost the confidence of the public, and, with a few exceptions, of the proprietors themselves. The reason for this state of sentiment can easily be shown. The general depression of business on account of the embargo and the war of 1812 had its effect upon the canal. In the deaths of Gov. Sullivan and Col. Baldwin, in the same year, 1808, the enterprise was deprived of the wise and energetic counsellors to whom it owed its existence.

The aqueducts and most of the locks, being built of wood, required large sums for annual repairs; the expenses arising from imperfections in the banks, and from the erection of toll-houses and public houses for the accommodation of the boatmen, were considerable; but the heaviest expenses were incurred in opening the Merrimac for navigation. From Concord, N.H., to the head of the canal the river has a fall of 123 ft., necessitating various locks and canals. The Middlesex Canal Corporation contributed to the building of the Wiccasee locks and canals, $12,000; Union locks and canals, $49,932; Hookset canal, $6,750; Bow canal

and locks, $14,115, making a sum total of $82,797 to be paid from the income of the Middlesex canal.

The constant demand for money in excess of the incomes had proved demoralizing. Funds had been raised from time to time by lotteries. In the Columbian "Centinel & Massachusetts Federalist" of Aug. 15, 1804, appears an advertisement of the Amoskeag Canal Lottery, 6,000 tickets at $5, with an enumeration of prizes. The committee, consisting of Phillips Payson, Samuel Swan, Jr., and Loammi Baldwin, Jr., appealed to the public for support, assuring the subscribers that all who did not draw prizes would get the full value of their money in the reduced price of fuel.

In 1816 the Legislature of Massachusetts granted the proprietors of the canal, in consideration of its usefulness to the public, two townships of land in the district of Maine, near Moosehead lake. This State aid, however, proved of no immediate service, as purchasers could not be found for several years for property so remote. Appeals to capitalists, lotteries, and State aid proved insufficient; the main burden fell upon the stockholders. In accordance with the provisions of the charter, assessments had been levied, as occasion required, up to 1816, 99 in number, amounting to $670 per share; and the corporation was still staggering under a debt of $64,000. Of course, during all this time, no dividends could be declared.

Under these unpromising conditions a committee, consisting of Josiah Quincy, Joseph Hall, and Joseph Coolidge, Jr., was appointed to devise the appropriate remedy. "In the opinion of your committee," the report reads, "the real value of the property, at this moment, greatly exceeds the market value, and many years will not elapse before it will be considered among the best of all practicable monied investments. The Directors contemplate no further extension of the canal. *The work is done*, both the original and subsidiary canals. . . . Let the actual incomes of the canal be as great as they may, so long as they are consumed in payment of debts and interest on loans, the aspect of the whole is that of embarrassment and mortgage. The present rates of income, if continued, and there is every rational prospect, not only of its continuance, but of its great and rapid increase, will enable the corporation — when relieved of its present liabilities, — at once to commence a series of certain, regular, and satisfactory dividends." They accordingly recommended a final assessment of $80 per share, completely to extinguish all liabilities. This assessment, the 100th since the commencement, was levied in 1817, making a sum total of $600,000, extorted from the long-suffering stockholders. If to this sum the interest of the various assessments be added, computed to Feb. 1, 1819, the date of the first dividend, the actual cost of each share is found to have been $1,455.25.

The prosperity of the canal property now seemed fully assured. The first dividend, though only $15, was the promise of golden showers in the near future, and the stock once more took an upward flight. From 1819 to 1836 were the palmy days of the canal, unvexed with debts, and subject to very moderate

expenses for annual repairs and management.

It is difficult to ascertain the whole number of boats employed at any one time. Many were owned and run by the proprietors of the canal; and many were constructed and run by private parties who paid the regular tolls for whatever merchandise they transported. Boats belonging to the same parties were conspicuously numbered, like railway cars to-day. From "Regulations relative to the Navigation of the Middlesex Canal," a pamphlet published in 1830, it appears that boats were required to be not less than 40 ft. nor more than 75 ft. in length and not less than 9 ft. nor more than 9½ ft. in width. Two men, a driver and steersman, usually made up the working force; the boats, however, that went up the Merrimac required three men, one to steer, and two to pole. The Lowell boats carried 20 tons of coal; 15 tons were sufficient freight for Concord; when the water in the Merrimac was low, not more than 6 or 7 tons could be taken up the river. About 1830 the boatmen received $15 per month.

Lumber was transported in rafts of about 75 ft. long and 9 ft. wide; and these rafts, not exceeding ten in number, were often united in "bands." A band of seven to ten rafts required the services of five men, including the driver. Boats were drawn by horses, and lumber by oxen; and "luggage boats" were required to make two and a half miles an hour, while "passage boats" attained a speed of four miles. Boats of the same class, and going the same way, were not allowed to pass each other, thus making "racing" impossible on the staid waters of the old canal. Whenever a boat approached a lock, the conductor sounded his horn to secure the prompt attention of the lock-tender; but due regard was paid to the religious sentiment of New England. Travelling in the canal being permitted on Sundays, "in consideration of the distance from home at which those persons using it generally are, it may be reasonably expected that they should not disturb those places of public worship near which they pass, nor occasion any noise to interrupt the tranquillity of the day. Therefore, it is established that no *Signal-Horn* shall be used or blown on Sundays."

The tariff varied greatly from year to year. In 1827 the rate from Lowell to Boston was $2.00 the gross ton; but many articles were carried on much lower terms.

On account of liability of damage to the banks of the canal, all navigation ceased at dark; hence, at every lock, or series of locks, a tavern was established. These were all owned by the corporation, and were often let to the lock-tender, who eked out his income by the accommodation of boatmen and horses. The Bunker Hill Tavern, in Charlestown, situated so as to accommodate both county and canal travel, was leased, in 1830, for $350; in 1838, it let for $500. The Horn Pond House, at Woburn, in 1838, was leased for $700. In 1825, a two-story dwelling-house, 36×18, built at a cost of $1,400, for the accommodation of boatmen and raftsmen, at Charlestown, rented, with stable attached, for $140. In all these cases, the real estate was supposed to pay ten per cent.

Some of these canal-taverns established a wide reputation for good

cheer, and boatmen contrived to be overtaken by night in their vicinity. Sometimes fifteen or twenty boats would be detained at one of these favorite resorts, and a jolly crowd fraternized in the primitive bar-room. The temperance sentiment had not yet taken a firm hold in New England. "Flip" was the high-toned beverage of those days; but "black-strap," a compound of rum and molasses, sold at three cents a glass, was the particular "vanity" of the boatmen. In the smaller taverns, a barrel of old Medford, surmounted by a pitcher of molasses, scorning the flimsy subterfuges of modern times, boldly invited its patrons to draw and mix at their own sweet will. "Plenty of drunkenness, Uncle Joe, in those days?" we queried of an ancient boatman who was dilating upon the good old times. "Bless your heart, no!" was the answer. "Mr. Eddy didn't put up with no drunkards on the canal. They could drink all night, sir, and be steady as an eight-day clock in the morning."

When the feverish haste born of the locomotive and telegraph had not yet infected society, a trip over the canal in the passenger-packet, the "Governor Sullivan," must have been an enjoyable experience. Protected by iron rules from the dangers of collision; undaunted by squalls of wind, realizing, should the craft be capsized, that he had nothing to do but walk ashore, the traveller, speeding along at the leisurely pace of four miles per hour, had ample time for observation and reflection. Seated, in summer, under a capacious awning, he traversed the valley of the Mystic skirting the picturesque shores of Mystic pond. Instead of a foreground of blurred landscape, vanishing, ghostlike, ere its features could be fairly distinguished, soft bits of characteristic New England scenery, clear cut as cameos, lingered caressingly on his vision; green meadows, fields riotous with blossomed clover, fragrant orchards, and quaint old farmhouses, with a background of low hills wooded to their summits.

Passing under bridges, over rivers, between high embankments, and through deep cuttings, floated up hill by a series of locks, he marvelled at this triumph of engineering, and, if he were a director, pictured the manufactories that were to spring up along this great thoroughfare, swelling its revenues for all time.

The tow-path of the canal was a famous promenade. Upon Sunday afternoons, especially, numerous pedestrians from the dusty city strolled along the canal for a breath of fresh air and a glimpse of the open country, through the Royal estate in Medford, past the substantial old-fashioned mansion-house of Peter C. Brooks, as far, perhaps, as the Baldwin estate, and the birthplace of Count Rumford, in Woburn. "I love that old tow-path," said Uncle Joe. "'Twas there I courted my wife; and every time the boat went by she came tripping out to walk a piece with me! Bless you, sir the horses knew her step, and it wan't so heavy, nuther."

Meanwhile, under the direction of Caleb Eddy, who assumed the agency of the corporation in 1825, bringing great business ability and unquenchable zeal to his task, the perishable wooden locks were gradually replaced with stone, a new stone dam was built at Billerica, and the service brought to a high state of efficiency.

The new dam was the occasion of a lawsuit brought by the proprietors of the Sudbury meadows, claiming damages to the extent of $10,000 for flooding their meadows. The defendants secured the services of Samuel Hoar, Esq., of Concord, assisted by the Hon. Daniel Webster, who accepted a retaining fee of $100 to "manage and argue the case in conjunction with Mr. Hoar. The cause was to have been tried November, 1833. Mr. Webster was called on by me and promised to examine the evidence and hold himself in readiness for the trial, but for some time before he was not to be found in Boston, at one time at New York, at another in Philadelphia, and so on from place to place so that I am satisfied no dependance can be placed with certainty upon his assistance, and," plaintively concludes the agent, "our $100 has gone to profit and loss account."

On the other side was the Hon. Jeremiah Mason, assisted by Franklin Dexter, Esq. This case was decided the following year adversely to the plaintiffs.

With the accession of business brought by the corporations at Lowell, the prospect for increased dividends in the future was extremely encouraging. The golden age of the canal appeared close at hand; but the fond hopes of the proprietors were once more destined to disappointment. Even the genius of James Sullivan had not foreseen the railway locomotive. In 1829 a petition was presented to the Legislature for the survey of a railroad from Boston to Lowell. The interests of the canal were seriously involved. A committee was promptly chosen to draw up for presentation to the General Court "a remonstrance of the Proprietors of Middlesex Canal, against the grant of a charter to build a railroad from Boston to Lowell." This remonstrance, signed by William Sullivan, Joseph Coolidge, and George Hallett, bears date of Boston, Feb. 12, 1830, and conclusively shows how little the business men of fifty years ago anticipated the enormous development of our resources consequent upon the application of steam to transportation: —

> The remonstrants take pleasure in declaring, that they join in the common sentiment of surprise and commendation, that any intelligence and enterprise should have raised so rapidly and so permanently, such establishments as are seen at Lowell. The proprietors of these works have availed themselves of *the canal*, for their transportation for all articles, except in the winter months . . . . and every effort has been made by this corporation to afford every facility, it was hoped and believed, to the entire satisfaction of the Lowell proprietors. The average annual amount of tolls paid by these proprietors has been only about four thousand dollars. It is believed no safer or cheaper mode of conveyance can ever be established, nor any so well adapted for carrying heavy and bulky articles. To establish therefore a *substitute* for the canal alongside of it, and in many places within a few rods of it, and to do that which the canal was made to do, seems to be a measure not called for by any exigency, nor one which the Legislature can permit, without implicitly declaring that all investments of money in public enterprises must be subjected to the will of any applicants who think that they may benefit themselves without regard to older enterprises, which have a claim to protection from public authority. With regard, then, to transportation of tonnage goods, the means exist for all but the winter months, as effectually as any that can be provided.

There is a supposed source of revenue

to a railroad, *from carrying passengers*. As to this, the remonstrants venture no opinion, except to say, that passengers are now carried, at all hours, as rapidly and safely as they are anywhere else in the world. . . . . To this, the remonstrants would add, that the use of a railroad, *for passengers only*, has been tested by experience, nowhere, hitherto; and that it remains to be known, whether this is a mode which will command general confidence and approbation, and that, therefore, no facts are now before the public, which furnish the conclusion, that the grant of a railroad is a public exigency even for such a purpose. The Remonstrants would also add, that so far as they know and believe, *there never can be a sufficient inducement to extend a railroad from Lowell westwardly and northwestwardly, to the Connecticut, so as to make it the great avenue to and from the interior, but that its termination must be at Lowell*" (italics our own), "and, consequently that it is to be a substitute for the modes of transportation now in use between that place and Boston, *and cannot deserve patronage from the supposition that it is to be more extensively useful*. . . . .

The Remonstrants, therefore, respectfully submit: First, that there be no such exigency as will warrant the granting of the prayer for a railroad to and from Lowell.

Secondly, that, if that prayer be granted, provision should be made as a condition for granting it, that the Remonstrants shall be indemnified for the losses which will be thereby occasioned to them.

This may seem the wilful blindness of self-interest; but the utterances of the press and the legislative debates of the period are similar in tone. In relation to another railroad, the "Boston Transcript" of Sept. 1, 1830, remarks: "It is not astonishing that so much reluctance exists against plunging into doubtful speculations. . . . . The public itself is divided as to the practicability of the Rail Road. If they expect the assistance of capitalists, they must stand ready to guarantee the *percentum per annum;* without this, all hopes of Rail Roads are visionary and chimerical." In a report of legislative proceedings published in the "Boston Courier," of Jan. 25, 1830, Mr. Cogswell, of Ipswich, remarked: "Railways, Mr. Speaker, may do well enough in old countries, but will never be the thing for so young a country as this. When you can make the rivers run back, it will be time enough to make a railway." Notwithstanding the pathetic remonstrances and strange vaticinations of the canal proprietors, the Legislature incorporated the road and refused compensation to the canal. Even while the railroad was in process of construction, the canal directors do not seem to have realized the full gravity of the situation. They continued the policy of replacing wood with stone, and made every effort to perfect the service in all its details; as late as 1836 the agent recommended improvements. The amount of tonnage continued to increase — the very sleepers used in the construction of the railway were boated, it is said, to points convenient for the workmen.

In 1832 the canal declared a dividend of $22 per share; from 1834 to 1837, inclusive, a yearly dividend of $30.

The disastrous competition of the Lowell Railroad was now beginning to be felt. In 1835 the Lowell goods conveyed by canal paid tonnage dues of $11,975.51; in 1836 the income from this source had dwindled to

$6,195.77. The canal dividends had been kept up to their highest mark by the sale of its townships in Maine and other real estate: but now they began to drop. The year the Lowell road went into full operation the receipts of the canal were reduced one-third; and when the Nashua & Lowell road went into full operation, in 1840, they were reduced another third. The board of directors waged a plucky warfare with the railroads, reducing the tariff on all articles, and almost abolishing it on some, till the expenditures of the canal outran its income; but steam came out triumphant. Even sanguine Caleb Eddy became satisfied that longer competition was vain, and set himself to the difficult task of saving fragments from the inevitable wreck.

At this time (1843) Boston numbered about 100,000 inhabitants, and was dependent for water upon cisterns and wells. The supply of water in the wells had been steadily diminishing for years, and what remained was necessarily subject to contamination from numberless sources. "One specimen which I analyzed," said Dr. Jackson, "which gave three per cent. of animal and vegetable putrescent matter, was publicly sold as a mineral water; it was believed that water having such a remarkable fetid odor and nauseous taste, could be no other than that of a sulphur spring; but its medicinal powers vanished with the discovery that the spring arose from a neighboring drain." Here was a golden opportunity. Eddy proposed to abandon the canal as a means of transportation, and convert it into an aqueduct for supplying the City of Boston with wholesome water. The sections between the Merrimac and Concord at one extremity, and Charlestown mill-pond and Woburn at the other, were to be wholly discontinued. Flowing along the open channel of the canal from the Concord river to Horn-pond locks in Woburn, from thence it was to be conducted in iron pipes to a reservoir upon Mount Benedict in Charlestown, a hill eighty feet above the sea-level.

The good quality of the Concord-river water was vouched for by the "analysis of four able and practical chemists, Dr. Charles T. Jackson, of Boston; John W. Webster, of Cambridge University; S. L. Dana, of Lowell, and A. A. Hayes, Esq., of the chemical works at Roxbury." The various legal questions involved were submitted to the Hon. Jeremiah Mason, who gave an opinion, dated Dec. 21, 1842, favorable to the project. The form for an act of incorporation was drawn up; and a pamphlet was published, in 1843, by Caleb Eddy, entitled an "Historical sketch of the Middlesex Canal, with remarks for the consideration of the Proprietors," setting forth the new scheme in glowing colors.

But despite the feasibility of the plan proposed, and the energy with which it was pushed, the agitation came to naught; and Eddy, despairing of the future, resigned his position as agent in 1845. Among the directors during these later years were Ebenezer Chadwick, Wm. Appleton, Wm. Sturgis, Charles F. Adams, A. A. Lawrence, and Abbott Lawrence; but no business ability could long avert the catastrophe. Stock fell to $150, and finally the canal was discontinued, according to Amory's Life of Sullivan, in 1846.

It would seem, however, that a revival of business was deemed within the range of possibilities, for in conveyances made in 1852 the company reserved the right to use the land "for canalling purposes"; and the directors annually went through with the form of electing an agent and collector as late as 1853.

"Its vocation gone, and valueless for any other service," says Amory, "the canal property was sold for $130,000. After the final dividends, little more than the original assessments had been returned to the stockholders." Oct. 3, 1859, the Supreme Court issued a decree, declaring that the proprietors had "forfeited all their franchises and privileges, by reason of non-feasance, non-user, misfeasance and neglect." Thus was the corporation forever extinguished.

COLONEL FLETCHER WEBSTER.

By Charles Cowley, LL.D.

Fletcher Webster, son of Daniel and Grace (Fletcher) Webster, was born in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, July 23, 1813. He was but three years old when his father removed to Boston, where he was fitted for college in the Public Latin School, — the nursery of so many eminent men.

On the seventeenth of June, 1825, when Lafayette laid the corner-stone of the monument on Bunker Hill, when Daniel Webster delivered one of the most famous of his orations, Fletcher Webster, then twelve years old, was present. "The vast procession, impatient of unavoidable delay, broke the line of march, and, in a tumultuous crowd, rushed towards the orator's platform," which was in imminent danger of being crushed to the earth. Fletcher Webster was only saved from being trampled under foot, by the thoughtful care of George Sullivan, who lifted the boy upon his own shoulders, shouting, "Don't kill the orator's son!" and bore him through the crowd, and placed him upon the staging at his father's feet. It required the utmost efforts of Daniel Webster to control that multitudinous throng. "Stand back, gentlemen!" he repeatedly shouted with his double-bass voice; "you must stand back!" "We can't stand back, Mr. Webster; it is impossible!" cried a voice in the crowd. Mr. Webster replied, in tones of thunder: "On Bunker Hill nothing is impossible." And the crowd stood back.

At the age of sixteen, he lost his mother by death. This was the greatest of all the calamities that happened to his father, and it was not less unfortunate for himself, for it deprived him of the best influence that ever contributed to mould his career.

In 1829, Fletcher Webster entered Harvard College, and was graduated in the class of 1833, when he delivered the class oration, which Charles Sumner, who was present, said "was characterized by judgment, sense, and great directness and plainness of speech."

While at college, he was distinguished for his fine social qualities, for his

exquisite humor, and peculiar "Yankee wit." When participating in amateur theatrical exhibitions, he always preferred to play the rôle of the typical Yankee, — a character now extinct, — which he played to perfection.

As the son of Daniel Webster, he might almost be said to have inherited the profession of the law, and in 1836 he was admitted to the bar. In the same year he married the wife who survives him — a grandniece of Captain White, who was so atrociously murdered at Salem, six years before, and whose murderers might have escaped the gallows but for the genius and astuteness of Daniel Webster.

The Western States, which are now Central States, were then attracting millions of the young and the enterprising from New England; and Fletcher Webster began the practice of the law at Detroit, Michigan. But at the close of the year 1837, he removed to Peru, Illinois, where he remained three years. During that period, he made the acquaintance of Abraham Lincoln, then a struggling lawyer at the Sangamon County bar. No man upon this planet had then less thought of becoming President of the United States than Abraham Lincoln; and no man had greater expectations of attaining that distinction than Mr. Webster's father; yet a master-stroke of the irony of destiny lifted the obscure Western attorney, not into the presidency merely, but into the highest place in the pantheon of American history, while it balked and mocked all the aspirations of New England's greatest son. Pondering on events like these, well did Horace Greeley exclaim: "Fame is a vapor; popularity an accident; riches take wings: the only thing certain is oblivion."

In 1841, when his father became Secretary of State under President Harrison, Fletcher Webster relinquished his professional prospects in the West, and removed to Washington, where he acted as his father's assistant. From his father's verbal suggestions, he prepared diplomatic papers of the first importance; and no man could perform that delicate service more satisfactorily to his father than he. It is understood that the famous Hulseman Letter, which, more than anything else, distinguished Daniel Webster's second term of service in the department of State, was thus prepared.

Whether he or some one else prepared that extraordinary letter which was to introduce Caleb Cushing to the Emperor of China, which assumed that the Chinese were a nation of children, and which Chinese scholars treated as conclusive evidence that the Americans had not emerged from barbarism, — we know not. But if he did, he doubtless laughed at it afterward as a childish performance.

On the seventeenth of June, 1843, Fletcher Webster witnessed the laying of the capstone of the monument on Bunker Hill, and listened, with affectionate interest, to the oration which was then delivered by his father, — an oration which, if inferior to that delivered at the laying of the corner-stone, was nevertheless every way worthy of the man and the occasion, — simple, massive, and splendid. A few weeks later, he sailed from Boston for China, and watched, as he tells us, "while light and eyesight lasted, till the summit of that monument faded, at last, from view." Many a departing, many a returning, sailor and traveler, has given his "last, long, lingering look" to that towering obelisk, but

none with deeper feeling than Fletcher Webster.

As secretary to Commissioner Cushing, he assisted in negotiating the first treaty between the United States and China, which involved an absence of eighteen months from the United States. Neither the outward nor the homeward voyage was made in company with Mr. Cushing. Mr. Webster left Boston, August 8, 1843, in the brig Antelope, built by Captain R. B. Forbes, touched at Bombay, November 12, 1843, and arrived at Canton, February 4, 1844. He returned in the ship Paul Jones, in January, 1845, the voyage from Canton to New York being made in one hundred and eleven days. It deserves to be stated, as illustrating the admiration with which the merchant princes of Boston regarded Daniel Webster, that the house of Russell and Company, which owned both the Antelope and the Paul Jones, refused to accept any passage-money from his son, who was entertained, not as a passenger, but as an honored guest.

By his voyage to China and by his experiences there, Mr. Webster acquired, not only rich stores of curious information and a great enlargement of his intellectual horizon, but — what is particularly to be noted — a better appreciation of the splendid destiny of his native land. Unlike many foolish Americans, who waste their time in foreign capitals, he never harbored the slightest regret that he had not been born something other than an American; he never desired to be anything but a free citizen of the great republic of the West.

He prepared a lecture on China, which he delivered in many of the cities and large towns. Mr. Cushing had already entered the lecture field with a discourse on China, and some thought Mr. Webster presumptuous in thus inviting comparison between his own discourse and Mr. Cushing's. But competent critics, who heard both these efforts, expressed a preference for that of Mr. Webster. Vast as was Mr. Cushing's learning, his oratorical style was never one of the best; while Fletcher Webster's style, for clearness, simplicity, strength, and majesty, was little inferior to that of his illustrious father. He afterward expanded this lecture to the dimensions of a book, but never published it; and, in 1878, this manuscript, and all others left by him, perished by the fire which destroyed the Webster House at Marshfield. One of the few scraps which have survived this fire is a Latin epitaph which he wrote for his father's horse, Steamboat, — a horse of great speed and endurance, — and which seldom lay down at night unless he had been overdriven. In English, it ran thus: "Stop, traveler, for a greater traveler than thou stops here."

On the Fourth of July, 1845, Charles Sumner delivered, before the municipal authorities of Boston, an oration on Peace, which provoked much hostile criticism; and on the next succeeding anniversary of American Independence, Fletcher Webster delivered an oration on War, which was designed to show that there are cases "where war, with all its woes, must be endured."

It is probably the only elaborate discourse of his, which has been preserved entire. It contains many quotable passages; but we must content ourselves with the following, which are quite in his father's style: —

"We meet to brighten the memories of a glorious past, to strengthen our-

selves in our onward progress, to remember great enterprises, to look forward to a great career."

"We celebrate no single triumph, but the result of a long series of victories; we celebrate the memory of no mere successful battle, but the great triumph of a people; the victory of liberty over oppression, won by suffering and struggle and death; the fruit of high sentiment, of resolute patriotism, of consummate wisdom, of unshaken faith and trust in God, — a victory and a triumph not for us only, but for all the oppressed, everywhere, and for every age to come, . . . a victory whose future results to us and to others no imagination can foresee, and which are yet but commencing to unfold themselves."

"And does any one believe that these results [to wit, the winning of American independence, and the building of the American nation] could have been attained in any other method than by arms and successful physical resistance."

In 1847, he held the only political office to which he was ever elected by popular suffrage, — that of representative in the Legislature. In 1850, he was appointed surveyor of the port of Boston by President Taylor, and he was reappointed to the same office by Presidents Pierce and Buchanan successively. There were many who would have been glad to see him in a larger sphere, but "the mark which he made upon his times," as Mr. Hillard observes, was less than his friends had anticipated. Occasionally he appeared as an orator in political campaigns, notably in 1856, at Exeter, in his native State, where he spoke with laudable pride of having "sat at the feet of a great statesman now no more." The son of Martin Van Buren and the son of Levi Woodbury united their voices on that occasion with the voice of the son of Webster. A striking remark then made by him is well remembered. Referring to the speech of Senator Sumner, which excited the assault of Mr. Brooks, Mr. Webster said, "If I had been going to make such a speech, I should have worn an iron pot upon my head."

In 1857, he published two volumes of the Private Correspondence of Daniel Webster. In editing the papers of such a man, it is not difficult to make a "spicy" book. Witness McVey Napier's Edinburgh Review correspondence and Mr. Froude's Carlyle correspondence. They have spared no one's feelings. They have paraded hasty expressions of transient spleen, which the authors would blush to read, except, perhaps, at the moment of writing. Mr. Webster has shown us a more excellent way, though it may be less profitable. "With charity for all, with malice for none," he carefully excised from his father's correspondence every passage tending to rekindle the fire of any former personal controversy in which his father had engaged. In this, perhaps, he followed the behests of his father, who evinced, as he approached the tomb, an earnest desire for reconciliation with all with whom he had had differences, illustrating the Scottish proverb, "The evening brings all home."

When the disruption of the Union came to be attempted, none of us who knew Fletcher Webster doubted for a moment what position he would take. The same "passionate and exultant nationality," which had nerved him to bear the loss of friends at the North, and to forego the chance of a public

career, rather than countenance any measure calculated to excite ill-will at the South, now prompted him to advocate military coercion for the preservation of the Union. Notwithstanding President Lincoln had just deprived him of the office upon which he depended for the maintenance of his family, he did not hesitate to tender to the administration his personal support in the field.

In the oration already quoted, he had said: "There are certain ultimate rights which must be maintained; and when force is brought to overthrow them, it must be resisted by force." Among the rights which must thus be maintained, in his view, was the right of the United States to maintain, forever, the union of these States. The policy of coercion, bitterly as he bewailed its necessity, was not new to him. His father had advocated the Force Bill almost thirty years before. The time had come, when, in the words of Jefferson (words spoken when only the Articles of Confederation held the States in union): "Some of the States must see the rod; perhaps some of them must feel it." Accordingly, on the twentieth of April, 1861, while the bombardment of Fort Sumter and the attack on the Sixth Regiment were firing the Northern heart, Fletcher Webster called that memorable Sunday-morning meeting in State Street, which resulted in the organization of the Twelfth Regiment of Massachusetts Infantry. Referring to that occasion, George S. Hillard said it recalled to the minds of those present, Colonel Webster's father, who had then been but nine years in the grave. "To the mind's eye, that majestic form and grand countenance seemed standing by the side of his son; and in the mind's ear, they heard again the deep music of that voice which had so often charmed and instructed them."

Colonel Webster said: "He whose name I bear had the good fortune to defend the Union and the Constitution in the forum. That I cannot do, but I am ready to defend them in the field." Like other national men, he refused to listen to the "sixty-day" prattle by which others were deceived. He saw that by no "summer excursion to Moscow" could the Southern Confederacy be suppressed; that immense forces would be marshalled in aid of that Confederacy; and that the war for the Union, like the war for Independence, would be won only by suffering, and struggle, and death.

Ten years earlier, it seemed to Rufus Choate as if the hoarded-up resentments and revenges of a thousand years were about to unsheath the sword for a conflict, "in which the blood should flow, as in the Apocalyptic vision, to the bridles of the horses; in which a whole age of men should pass away; in which the great bell of time should sound out another hour; in which society itself should be tried by fire and steel, whether it were of Nature and of Nature's God, or not."

Such a conflict was indeed impending, and Fletcher Webster appreciated its extreme gravity, when, from the balcony of the Old State House, on that Sunday morning, he made his stirring appeal: "Let us show the world that the patriotism of '61 is not less than that of '76; that the noble impulses of those patriot hearts have descended to us."

On the eighteenth of July, 1861, Edward Everett presented to Colonel Webster a splendid regimental flag, the gift of the ladies of Boston to the

Twelfth Regiment.* It need not be said that the presentation speech of Mr. Everett, and the reception speech of Colonel Webster, were of the first order. But not even the words of a Webster or an Everett could adequately express the profound emotion of the vast concourse of people then assembled. For it was one of those occasions when, as the elder Webster said, "Words have lost their power, rhetoric is vain, and all elaborate oratory contemptible."

History will transmit the fact that on that day the simple, homely, stirring, and inspiring melody of Old John Brown was heard for the first time by the people of Boston. It was a surprising and a gladsome spectacle — a regiment bearing Daniel Webster's talismanic name, commanded by his only surviving son, carrying a banner prepared by the fairest daughters of Massachusetts, carrying also the benediction of Edward Everett, and of "the solid men of Boston," and marching to the tune of Old John Brown! Did the weird prophet-orator who spoke of "carrying the flag and keeping step to the music of the Union" ever dream of such a strange combination?

On the seventeenth of June, 1861, by invitation of Governor Andrew, Colonel Webster spoke on Bunker Hill: "From this spot I take my departure, like the mariner commencing his voyage, and wherever my eyes close, they will be turned hitherward towards this North; and, in whatever event, grateful will be the reflection, that this monument still stands — still, still is glided by the earliest beams of the rising sun, and that still departing day lingers and plays upon its summit."

* This banner now hangs in the Doric Hall at the State House, where its mute eloquence has often started tears, and "thoughts too deep for tears," in many a casual visitor.

After referring to the two former occasions when he had visited that historic shaft, when his father had spoken there, he added, "I now stand again at its base, and renew once more, on this national altar, vows, not for the first time made, of devotion to my country, its Constitution and Union."

With these words upon his lips, with these sentiments in his heart, and in the hearts of the thousand brave men of his command, Colonel Webster went forth, the dauntless champion and willing martyr of the Union. Except that the death of a beloved daughter brought him back for a few days to his family in the following summer, the people of Massachusetts saw his living face no more.

On the thirtieth of August, 1862, the second day of the second battle of Bull Run, late in the afternoon, while gallantly directing the movements of his regiment, and giving his orders in those clear, firm, ringing tones, which, in the tumult of battle, fall so gratefully on the soldier's ear, Colonel Webster was shot through the body; and the Federal forces being closely pressed at the time, he was left to die on the field in Confederate hands. As the event became known through the country, thousands of generous hearts, in the South as well as in the North, recalled the peroration of his father's reply to Hayne, and bitterly regretted that, when his eyes were turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, it had been his unhappy lot to "see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union, on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent, on a land rent with internal feuds, and drenched [as then it was] with fraternal blood."

In the time-honored song of Roland, we are told, "Count Roland lay under

a pine-tree dying, and many things came to his remembrance." As it was with Count Roland in Spain, so it was with Colonel Webster in Virginia. In the multitude of memories which rushed upon him as he lay dying on that ill-starred battle-field, we may be sure that Boston, Bunker Hill, and the home and grave of Marshfield, were not forgotten.

The body of Colonel Webster was willingly given up by the Confederates, and after lying in state in Faneuil Hall, and adding another to the immortal recollections which ennoble "the cradle of liberty," it was buried near his father's grave by the sea.

The Grand Army Post at Brockton, containing survivors of the Webster Regiment, has adopted Colonel Webster's name; and on each Memorial Day, members of this Post make a pilgrimage to Marshfield to decorate his grave. His life is remarkable for its apparent possibilities rather than for its actual achievements, — for the capabilities which were recognized in him, rather than for what he accomplished, either in public or professional life. His military career was cut short by a Confederate bullet before opportunity demonstrated that capacity for high command, which his superior officers, as well as his soldiers, believed him to possess. The instincts of the soldier are often as trustworthy as the judgment of the commander. All his soldiers loved him, —

> — "honored him, followed him,
> Dwelt in his mild and magnificent eye,
> Heard his great language, caught his clear accents,
> Made him their pattern to do and to die."

While the regret still lingers, that he was not permitted to witness, and to contribute further effort to secure, the triumph, which he predicted, of the cause for which he died — that regret is mitigated by the reflection, that he could never have died more honorably than in a war which could only have been avoided by the sacrifice of the Constitution and the Union.

EARLY HARVARD.

By the Rev. Josiah Lafayette Seward, A.M.

The valuable histories of Harvard University, by Quincy, Peirce, and Eliot, and the wonderfully full and accurate sketches of the early graduates, by John Langdon Sibley, the venerable librarian emeritus, are treasuries of interesting information in regard to the early customs and the first presidents and pupils of that institution. From these various works we have gathered the following items of interest, which we will give, without stopping at every step to indicate the authorities. Mr. Sibley has preserved the ancient spelling, which is so quaint, that we shall attempt to reproduce it.

October 28, 1636, the General Court of Massachusetts "agreed to give 400 (pounds) toward a schoale or colledge, whearof 200 (pounds) to be paid the next yeare, & 200 when the worke is finished, & the next Court to appoint wheare & what building." On November 15, 1637, the "Colledg is ordered to be at Newtowne." On November 20, 1637, occurs the following record of the General Court: "The Governor Mr. Winthrope, the Deputy

Mr. Dudley, the Treasurer Mr. Bellingham, Mr. Humfrey, Mr. Herlakenden, Mr. Staughton, Mr. Cotton, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Damport, Mr. Wells, Mr. Sheopard, & Mr. Peters, these, or the greater part of them, whereof Mr. Winthrope, Mr. Dudley, or Mr. Bellingham, to bee alway one, to take order for a colledge at Newtowne."

May 2, 1638, the General Court changed the name of Newtowne to Cambridge, and, on March 13, 1639, "It is ordered that the Colledge agreed upon formerly to be built at Cambridge shallbee called Harvard Colledge." It appears that before this time there had been a school; but the name of college was not assumed until the above date. The teacher of this school was Mr. Nathaniel Eaton, who has left an unenviable reputation, and made an inauspicious beginning of that institution which was to attain to such distinction. He finally got into serious trouble, in consequence of his brutal conduct and for one act in particular, which led to his leaving the school and town. Governor Winthrop, in his History of New England has given a graphic description of the event, which Mr. Sibley has also reproduced, in a note, and which will interest more readers than would ever have the privilege of reading either work. I will therefore give the extract in full. Speaking of Eaton and the pupil whom he punished, Winthrop says: "The occasion was this: He was a schoolmaster and had many scholars, the sons of gentlemen and others of best note in the country, and had entertained one Nathaniel Briscoe, a gentleman born, to be his usher, and to do some other things for him, which might not be unfit for a scholar. He had not been with him above three days but he fell out with him for a very small occasion, and, with reproachful terms, discharged him, and turned him out of his doors; but, it being then about eight of the clock after the Sabbath, he told him he should stay till next morning, and, some words growing between them, he struck him and pulled him into his house. Briscoe defended himself and closed with him, and, being parted, he came in and went up to his chamber to lodge there. Mr. Eaton sent for the constable, who advised him first to admonish him, etc., and if he could not, by the power of a master, reform him, then he should complain to the magistrate. But he caused his man to fetch him a cudgel, which was a walnut tree plant, big enough to have killed a horse, and a yard in length, and, taking his two men with him, he went up to Briscoe, and caused his men to hold him till he had given him two hundred stripes about the head and shoulders, etc., and so kept him under blows (with some two or three short intermissions) about the space of two hours, about which time Mr. Shepherd (the clergyman) and some others of the town came in at the outcry, and so he gave over. In this distress Briscoe gate out his knife, and struck at the man that held him, but hurt him not. He also fell to prayer, (supposing he should have been murdered), and then Mr. Eaton beat him for taking the name of God in Vain."

He was charged in open court with these cruelties to Briscoe, and it was there proved that he had been unusually cruel on other occasions, often punishing pupils with from twenty to thirty stripes, and never leaving them until they had confessed what he required. He was also charged with furnishing a scant diet to his pupil boarders, keeping them on porridge and pudding,

though their parents were paying for better fare. He appears to have admitted the evil, but threw the blame upon his wife. The court found him guilty. At first he denied his guilt. He was put in care of a marshal for safe keeping, and, on the following day, the court was informed that he had repented in tears. In the open court "he made a very solid, wise, eloquent, and serious (seeming) confession." The court was so much moved and pleased by this act of contrition that they only censured him and fined him twenty pounds and ordered the same amount to be paid to Briscoe. The church intended to "deal with him," but he fled to the Piscataqua settlements. He was apprehended, and promised to return to Cambridge, but finally escaped and fled, on a boat, to Virginia.

The college was named for the Reverend John Harvard, who came to this country from England in 1637, settled in Charlestown, and died the following year. He left a legacy, including his library, to the new institution of learning, which was a princely benefaction for the time. As a suitable recognition for this first large donation, the institution was called Harvard College. The exact place of Mr. Harvard's burial is unknown. It was somewhere "about the foot of Town Hill." It was in the old burial-ground near the old prison in Charlestown, in all probability, and the monument to his memory, if not over his grave, is likely very near it. The inscriptions on this monument explain the time and cause of its erection. On the eastern side of the shaft, looking toward the land of his birth and education, we read: —

"On the twenty-sixth day of September, A.D. 1828, this Stone was erected by the Graduates of the University of Cambridge in honor of its founder, who died at Charlestown, on the twenty-sixth day of September, A.D. 1638."

This is in his mother-tongue. On the side looking toward the seat of learning which bears his name is the following inscription, in classic Latin:

"In piam et perpetuam memoriam Johannis Harvardii, annis fere ducentis post obitum ejus peractis, Academiae quae est Cantabrigiae Nov-Anglorum alumni, ne diutius vir de literis nostris optime meritus sine monumento quamvis humili jaceret, hunc lapidem ponendum curaverunt." The following is a literal translation: —

"In pious and perpetual remembrance of John Harvard, nearly two hundred years after his death, the alumni of the University at Cambridge, in New England, have erected this stone, that one who deserves the highest honors from our literary men may be no longer without a monument, however humble."

Edward Everett delivered the address at the dedication of the monument. The closing passage of his oration is as follows: —

"While the College which he founded shall continue to the latest posterity, a monument not unworthy of the most honored name, we trust that this plain memorial also will endure; and, while it guides the dutiful votary to the spot where his ashes are deposited, will teach to those who survey it the supremacy of intellectual and moral desert, and encourage them, too, by a like munificence, to aspire to a name as bright as that which stands engraven on its shaft, —

'Clarum et venerabile nomen
Gentibus, et multum nostrae quod proderat urbi.'"

The citizens of New England entered most heartily into the idea of establishing this college and contributed whatever they could; utensils from their homes, stock from their farms, their goods, merchandise, anything, in fine, which they had to give, so anxious were they to educate their youth, and especially to provide for an educated ministry. Peirce, in his History of the college, says: —

"When we read of a number of sheep bequeathed by one man, of a quantity of cotton cloth worth nine shillings presented by another, of a pewter flagon worth ten shillings by a third, of a fruit-dish, a sugar-spoon, a silver-tipt jug, one great salt, and one small trencher salt, by others; and of presents or legacies, amounting severally to five shillings, one pound, two pounds, &c., all faithfully recorded with the names of the donors, we are at first tempted to smile; but a little reflection will soon change this disposition into a feeling of respect and even of admiration."

"How just," says President Quincy, "is the remark of this historian! How forcible and full of noble example is the picture exhibited by these records? The poor emigrant, struggling for subsistence, almost houseless, in a manner defenceless, is seen selecting from the few remnants of his former prosperity, plucked by him out of the flames of persecution, and rescued from the perils of the Atlantic, the valued pride of his table, or the precious delight of his domestic hearth; — 'his heart stirred and his spirit willing' to give according to his means, toward establishing for learning a resting-place, and for science a fixed habitation, on the borders of the wilderness!"

Mr. Sibley gives an extract from New England's First Fruits, a work printed in London, not long after the first class was graduated. It gives us the feelings of the emigrants about their new institution. It says: —

"After God had carried us safe to New England, and wee had builded our houses, provided necessaries for our liveli-hood, rear'd convenient places for God's worship, and settled the Civill Government: One of the next things we longed for, and looked after, was to advance LEARNING and to perpetuate it to Posterity; dreading to leave an illiterate ministry to the Churches, when our present Ministers shall lie in the dust. And as wee were thinking and consulting how to effect this great Work, it pleased God to stir up the heart of one Mr. HARVARD (a godly Gentleman, and a lover of learning, there living amongst us) to give the one halfe of his Estate (it being in all about 1700 pounds) toward the erecting of a Colledge, and all his Library." The edifice is described as "faire and comely within and without, having in it a spacious Hall, where they daily meet at Commons, Lectures, Exercises, and a large Library, with some books to it."

The rules and regulations of Harvard in early times are interesting to us of later generations. The following are specimens: —

"When any scholar is able to read Tully, or such like classical Latin author EXTEMPORE, and make and speak true Latin in verse and prose suo (ut aiunt) Marte, and decline perfectly the paradigms of nouns and verbs in the Greek tongue, then may he be admitted into the College, nor shall any claim admission before such qualifications."

"Every one shall consider the main end of his life and studies, to know God and Jesus Christ, which is eternal life."

"Every one shall so exercise himself in reading the Scriptures twice a day, that they be ready to give an account of their proficiency therein, both in theoretical observations of language and logic, and in practical and spiritual truths, as their Tutor shall require."

"They shall honor as their parents, magistrates, elders, tutors, and aged persons, by being silent in their presence (except they be called on to answer)."

"None shall pragmatically intrude or intermeddle in other men's affairs."

"No scholar shall buy, sell, or exchange any thing, to the value of sixpence, without the allowance of his parents, guardians or tutors."

"The scholars shall never use their mother tongue, except that in public exercise of oratory, or such like, they be called to make them in English."

"Every scholar, that on proof is found able to read the original of the Old and New Testament into the Latin tongue, and to resolve them logically, withal being of honest life and conversation, and at any public act hath the approbation of the Overseers and Master of the College, may be invested with his first degree."

"No scholar whatever, without the foreacquaintance and leave of the President and his Tutor, or, in the absence of either of them, two of the Fellows, shall be present at or in any of the public civil meetings, or concourse of people, as courts of justice, elections, fairs, or at military exercise, in the time or hours of the College exercise, public or private. Neither shall any scholar exercise himself in any military band, unless of known gravity, and of approved sober and virtuous conversation, and that with the leave of the President and his Tutor."

"No scholar shall take tobacco, unless permitted by the President, with the consent of their parents or guardians, and on good reason first given by a physician, and then in a sober and private manner."

"No Freshman shall wear his hat in the College yard, unless it rains, hails, or snows, provided he be on foot and have not both hands full."

"Freshemen are to consider all the other classes as their Seniors."

"No Freshman shall speak to a Senior with his hat on; or have it on in a Senior's chamber, or in his own if a Senior be there."

"All Freshmen shall be obliged to go on any errand, for any of his Seniors, Graduates or Undergraduates, at any time, except in studying hours, or after nine o'clock in the evening."

The faculty, if they were knowing to it, could stop the performance of an improper errand. They would have been likely to know little about them.

Pages might be quoted of these curious and interesting rules and customs. But these must suffice. Enough has been given to show the immense progress which has been made from the time of the cruel Eaton to that of the dignified, able, and judicious President Eliot, under whose fortunate administration, the University has wonderfully increased, materially and in every way.

The first President was Henry Dunster, a man of learning and cultivation. He entered upon his office, August 27, 1640, and left it, October 24, 1654. It was during his administration that most of those unique rules

were established which I have quoted. We can see in them the evident origin or occasion of hazing the Freshmen, which would naturally follow such rules. At the present day, be it known, the custom has entirely ceased. The Freshmen of to-day are treated like gentlemen by all classes. All the students are placed on their honor, in every way, save only in some necessary particulars. Hazing has passed into history as a barbarous custom of the past, and the deportment of the students to-day is that of gentlemen, with very rare exceptions, such as might be expected among so large a number. In the great Memorial Hall, where they eat, the best of deportment is always to be seen, and everywhere there is now a pride, in all departments of the University, in observing the proprieties of good conduct. Indeed this has always been the rule. The hazing has never been so extensively practised as many have supposed ; and no body of men can anywhere be found, in Congress, legislatures, schools, academies, or colleges, whose deportment excels in excellence that of the students of Harvard University. This observation is demanded from the fact that many parents, some of whom are known the writer, have decided to send sons to other institutions, on the very ground of the influence of college customs and habits.

EASY CHAIR.

By Elbridge H. Goss.

This is an age of magazines. Every guild, every issue, has its monthly or quarterly. If a new athletic exercise should be evolved to-morrow, a new magazine, in its interest, would follow ; and there seems to be a field for every new venture.

Among our older magazines, Harper's "New Monthly" still pursues its popular course. In June, 1850, I bought the first number, and from that day to this it has been one of my household treasures. A complete set, sixty nine (69) volumes, forms a most excellent library in itself ; a fair compendium of the world's history for the last thirty odd years. Story, essay, and event, has filled these sixty thousand pages. In October, 1851, the department called the "Editor's Easy Chair," was established by Donald G. Mitchell, the genial "Ik : Marvel." Here are his first words :

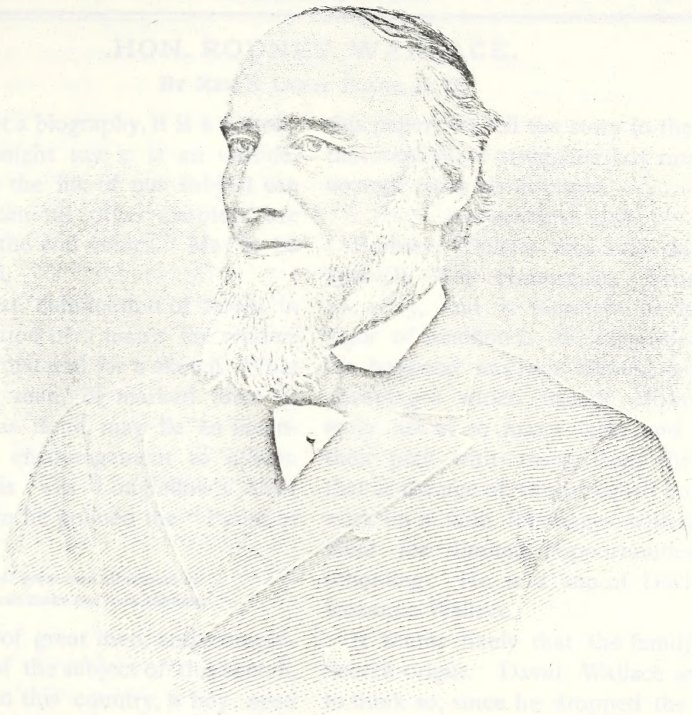
"After our more severe Editorial work is done — the scissors laid in our drawer, and the monthly record, made as full as our pages will bear, of history — we have a way of throwing ourselves back into an old red-back *Easy Chair,* that has long been an ornament of our dingy office, and indulging in an easy, and careless overlook of the gossiping papers of the day, and in such chit chat

with chance visitors, as keeps us informed of the drift of the towntalk, while it relieves greatly the monotony of our office hours." Here is the well remembered flavor of the "Reveries of a Bachelor" and "Dream-Life"!

A year or so afterward, George William Curtis became a co-writer of a part of the articles for this department, and soon after he became the sole occupant of the now famous "Easy Chair;" and each month, as regularly as the appearance of the magazine itself, these very interesting, most readable, and instructive notelets upon the current topics of the time have appeared. Their pure style, graceful and delicate humor, and the vast range of culture and observation, give them a distinctively personal characteristic. He would have made one of our first novelists; but he has chosen to give the strength of his powers to journalism, and the study of political affairs.

It is safe to say that each number of the magazine has had an average of at least five pages of "Easy Chair," making very nearly or quite two thousand (2,000) pages in all; or a quantity more than sufficient to fill two and a half volumes of the sixty nine (69) thus far issued, each volume containing eight hundred and sixty four (864) pages. Before beginning to write these delectable tid-bits, he had published "Nile notes of a Howadji," "The Howadji in Syria," and "Lotus Eating;" soon after appeared "Potiphar Papers," "Prue and I," and "Trumps." For twenty years he was constantly on the lecture platform; and for twenty one years he has been the political editor of "Harper's Weekly." Although offered missions to the courts of England and Germany, and other positions of trust and honor, he never accepted; his nearest approach to the holding of any political office was the accepting of an appointment, for a while, of the chairmanship of the "Civil Service Advisory Board." As has been well said by George Parsons Lathrop, "The idea often occurs to one that he, more than any one else, continues the example which Washington Irving set: an example of kindliness and good nature blended with indestructible dignity, and a delicately imaginative mind consecrating much of its energy to public service."

As for the "Easy Chair," with me, its leaves are first cut in each fresh number; and while enjoying the last one, I wondered why some deft hand had not culled some of the choicest specimens, and that the Harpers had not given them to the world in a volume by themselves. They are most certainly worthy of it. A few passages taken here and there, from these rich fields, will prove this assertion. The subjects treated in the whole "Easy Chair" number nearly or quite twenty-five hundred (2,500),— reminiscences of Emerson and Longfellow — first presentation of a new Oratorios — a celebrated painting — the visit of a Lord Chief Justice of England,— a vast range of topics. Consult the nine closely printed octavo pages of their titles in the "Index to the first Sixty Volumes" — from "Abbott, Commodore, xiii. 271," to "Zurich, University of, xlviii. 443," and one will be amazed at the great number and variety of themes upon which the "Easy Chair" has had its say. And it would seem that its occupant has had some similar thoughts to these, for, in a recent number there is a retrospective glance — a wondering as to what future generations may have to say, and wish to know regarding matters and things of this generation about which it has discoursed.



Rodney Wallace



THE
GRANITE MONTHLY,
A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE
DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, AND STATE PROGRESS.

VOL. VIII. MARCH, 1885. No. III.

HON. RODNEY WALLACE.

BY REV. S. LEROY BLAKE, D. D.

This is not a biography, it is a sketch; possibly I might say it is an outline. At any rate the life of our subject can not be written till other chapters are added, and the end comes. May it be long delayed.

The intense culmination of forces in the busy period of a man's life renders it fruitful in material for a sketch. What a successful man, of marked force of character, has done, may be an incentive and an encouragement to others. Perhaps this was Longfellow's chief thought when he penned the "Psalm of Life:"

> Lives of great men all remind us
> We can make our lives sublime.

The lives of great men, and conspicuously that of the subject of this sketch, prove that, in this country, a boy need not be born with a silver spoon in his mouth, nor with a brilliant speech on his lips, to reach eminent success, and be held in high honor; but that the noblest results of a life of industry and frugality, and the highest honors any worthy ambition can crave, are within reach of the boy who has energy, courage, integrity of purpose, and purity of character. By their native energy some of the most conspicuous men of our time have made their way against obstacles which would have been too much for less sturdy wills. Whatever deficiences there may have been in their early training were largely atoned for by native energy and force of character. Because this is all true of the subject of this paper, we tell the story in the hope that some other struggling boy may take courage from his example.

HIS START IN LIFE.

Rodney Wallace was born in New Ipswich, New Hampshire, December 21, 1823, and is therefore in the full vigor of manhood. We may infer that his boyhood was not blessed with the advantages which usually crown the early life of so many lads, and strew their path with roses, from the fact that at the age of twelve he left home to work on a farm for wages, with agreement for limited opportunities for schooling. He is a son of David and Roxanna Wallace.

It seems likely that the family is of Scotch origin. David Wallace seemed to think so, since he dropped the spelling Wallis, and adopted the form in which the name is now written. In 1639, Robert Wallis was living in Ipswich, Massachusetts. Benoni Wallis, of this family, removed to Lunenburg and there married Rebecca Morse, of Lynn, July 2, 1755. She died in Lunenburg August 25, 1790, and he died March 15, 1792. David, son of Benoni and Rebecca Wallis, was born October 16, 1760. He married Susannah Conn, and lived in Ashburnham where he died January 14, 1842. David, son of David and Susannah Wallis, was born at Ashburnham July 14, 1797. He married July 8, 1821, Roxanna Gowen of New Ipswich, where he lived till he removed to Rindge, New Hampshire, in 1846. He

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> "Lives of great men all remind us
> We can make our lives sublime,
> And, departing, leave behind us
> Footprints on the sands of time."

The lives of great men, and especially that of the subject of this sketch, prove that, in this country, a boy need not be born with a silver spoon in his mouth, nor with a brilliant speech on his lips, to reach constant success, and be held in high honor; but that the noblest results of a life of industry and frugality, and the highest honors any worthy ambition can crave, are within reach of the boy who has energy, courage, integrity of purpose, and purity of character. By their native energy some of the most conspicuous men of our time have made their way against obstacles which would have been too much for less sturdy wills. Whatever deficiencies there may have been in their early training were largely atoned for by native energy and force of character. Because this is all true of the subject of

died at Rindge, May 29, 1857; and his wife died at Fitchburg, February 27, 1876. He was the first of his family in this country to adopt the spelling Wallace, instead of Wallis. He had eight children, of whom the subject of this sketch was the second.

As we have said, at the age of twelve, when most lads are comfortably cared for at home, young Wallace started out in life for himself. He let himself to a farmer for forty dollars for the first year, with the privilege of attending school eight weeks in the winter. It turns out that the first forty dollars he earned were the beginning of a large fortune, without a dishonest dollar in it, and that the eight weeks of schooling of that winter on the farm, was the beginning of a knowledge, gleaned here and there as opportunity offered, which fits him for prominent positions of trust and responsibility.

At an early age, sixteen I think, he was charged with the responsibility of driving freight teams from Rindge to Boston, returning with loads of merchandise. In the discharge of this trust he displayed the energy, tact, and trustworthiness which were prophecies of the man. He was taking his first lessons in the school of business, and proved himself an apt scholar.

Dr. Stephen Jewett was a somewhat notable physician of Rindge. His fame in the cure of chronic and acute diseases was wide spread. He was frequently called upon to make professional visits in Boston and other New England cities and towns. His medicines attained a wide celebrity. Their manufacture and sale became a large and lucrative business, and was carried on after the death of Dr. Jewett, by his son, Stephen Jewett, Jr. The energy which young Wallace had already shown induced Mr. Jewett to put the whole business of selling these medicines into his hands. He entered into this employment in 1843, at the age of twenty, and continued in it till he came to Fitchburg in 1853. In selling these medicines he travelled over five of the New England States. He said to the writer that this was a good school in geography for him, for he became acquainted with the topography of these states, and the location of all their important places.

Such were the beginnings of a business career of great prosperity. It was in these ways that he got his start in life, and in these lesser employments he proved himself worthy of and equal to the greater tasks yet before him. Here he showed the same judgment and far-sighted wisdom, which have marked his career in the larger, more conspicuous circles of the business world, and won him a name which is everywhere repeated with respect, and a reputation for integrity and honest dealing which any man might covet.

HIS BUSINESS LIFE.

In 1853 Mr. Wallace came to Fitchburg and entered upon that period which, for convenience, I have named his business life. He formed a co-partnership with Stephen Shepley, known as Shepley and Wallace. They were wholesale dealers in books, stationery, paper-stock, and cotton-waste. This firm continued under the name of Shepley and Wallace, and R. Wallace and Co. till July 1, 1865. On this day the firm dissolved, and the business was divided. Mr. Wallace took the department of paper-stock and cotton-waste, which he still carries on. To what proportions it has grown, under his management, may be judged from the fact that the business done amounts at least to $200,000 a year.

December 31, 1864, Stephen Shepley, Benjamin Snow, and Rodney Wallace bought the Lyon Paper Mill and the

Kimball Scythe Shops at West Fitchburg, and began the manufacture of paper under the name of the Fitchburg Paper Company. Stephen E. Denton was taken into the firm as a partner soon after. He had charge of the business at the mill. In July, 1865, Rodney Wallace and Benjamin Snow bought the interest of Stephen Shepley; and the Fitchburg Paper Company was then Wallace, Snow, and Denton. Mr. Denton died in June, 1868. January 7, 1869, Mr. Wallace bought the interest of Benjamin Snow. January 23 of the same year he bought the interest of Mr. Denton's estate of his widow, who was at that time residing in New York. From that date till the present the Fitchburg Paper Company is Rodney Wallace. He retains the old firm name.

Since becoming sole owner, he has added largely to the original property. A neat village of dwellings has grown up around his mills, which deserves a name of its own. Wallaceville would be an appropriate name. He has put in a substantial stone dam at great expense. In 1878 he erected a new brick mill, with all the modern improvements, doubling the capacity of the establishment. It is now capable of producing from 15,000 to 18,000 pounds of paper every twenty-four hours. Just across the Nashua River is the Fitchburg Railroad. He has a freight station of his own, where he receives all his freight and ships all his paper.

Mr. Wallace has conducted his business with rare sagacity, with unblemished integrity, and with an eye to the welfare of his employees, as well as to his own personal interests. If it were not like praising a man to his face, since he still lives, many instances might be cited to prove that it has not been his policy to get the most out of his employees for the least possible return. But it is enough to say that he has no difficulty in keeping men in his employ. Somehow he has hit upon a plan by which he has kept the irrepressible conflict between capital and labor at a distance.

Aside from his own business, which makes large drafts upon his time, strength, and thought, he has been closely identified with numerous other corporate and monetary interests. He has thus had a large share in contributing to the growth and prosperity of the enterprising city in which he lives. Its business interests, to a large degree, have enjoyed his wisdom, and profited by his sagacity. Since 1864 he has been President and Director of the Fitchburg Gas Company; a Director of Putnam Machine Company since the same year; a Director of the Fitchburg National Bank since 1866; a partner in the Fitchburg Woolen Mills since 1877; a Trustee of Smith College since 1878. He is a Director of the Fitchburg Mutual Fire Insurance Company; a Trustee of the Fitchburg Savings Bank; a Director of the Fitchburg Railroad; a partner of the Parkhill Manufacturing Company. Besides these, he has had the settlement of large and important estates, demanding time, good judgment, and unbending integrity. We would especially note the large estate of the late Ephraim Murdock, Jr., of Winchendon, and that of the late Hon. Wm. H. Vose of Fitchburg. These facts speak for themselves, and show the esteem in which Mr. Wallace is held by his fellow citizens, as a wise counsellor, and as a man of integrity and uprightness of character, as well as of rare good judgment in all matters pertaining to the transaction of business. Another says, "In whatever enterprise Mr. Wallace has been engaged, he has not only been fortunate in its pecuniary interests, but also in the speedy command of the confidence and

respect of his associates. True moral principles have been united with unquestioned probity, business tact, and liberal, intelligent management." He has won a large fortune, without parting with his honesty in earning a single dollar. As his property has increased, his generous spirit has seen larger opportunities and at once embraced them. He has not been among those who withhold more than is meet and tend to poverty. Property in such hands is not a grinding monopoly, but a wide blessing. Such men can afford to be wealthy. They represent the true socialistic spirit, which is, that private capital should be held as a public good.

Largely through the influence of Mr. Wallace various improvements have been made in Fitchburg, which contribute to its attractiveness. The business of the city is in no small degree indebted to him for facilities with which communication can be had with the world outside. Prominent mention may be made of the beautiful Union Railway station at Fitchburg in securing whose erection, and in planning which, Mr. Wallace was largely instrumental.

MR. WALLACE IN POLITICS.

Mr. Wallace has had no ambitious longings for political life. And yet his fellow citizens would not be likely to let such a man remain wholly out of public life. So it is true to say that whatever office Mr. Wallace has held, has sought him. He was selectman of the town during the years 1864, 1865, and 1867. In 1873 he was representative to the Genral Court, to which office he was elected in the fall of 1872 by nearly every ballot cast. He was re-nominated the next year without dissent or opposition, but declined a re-election on account of ill health. While a member of the Legislature he was on the Committee on Manufactures, a position which his ability and experience fitted him to fill.

The most conspicuous political office he has held is that of Councillor. While holding that position he represented one of the largest and most important districts of the State. In it are included the thriving city of Worcester and the sister city of Fitchburg, which, with their varied industries, needed a man of large and ripe judgment to represent them. He served three terms, during the years 1880, 1881, and 1882, or throughout the entire administration of Governor Long. His election was so entirely unanimous that for the last two years he had no competitor in the field, Democrats as well as Republicans supporting him. While on the Council he was a member of the following important committees: on Pardons, on Harbors and Public Lands, on Millitary Affairs, and on Warrants.

At the close of Governor Long's administration he refused to allow furthur use of his name for the office he had so ably filled for three years. He celebrated his retirement from this position as a servant of the public by a brilliant reception tendered to Governor Long in the City Hall, Fitchburg, December 7, 1882. He thus gave his fellow citizens and constituents an opportunity to look Massachusett's popular Governor in the face and take him by the hand.

The following account of the reception, appeared in the *Fitchburg Sentinel* of Friday, December 8, which I quote:

"The reception tendered to Governor Long in City Hall, Thursday evening, by Councillor Rodney Wallace and wife, was the most enjoyable and brilliant entertainment ever given in this city, and will be long remembered with pleasure by all who participated. The reception was given by Mr. and Mrs. Wallace as a compliment to Governor Long, with whom Mr. Wallace has been

associated as Councilor for three years, and to give their friends here an opportunity to spend an evening socially with His Excellency. Some 450 cards of invitaton were sent out, including about 700 persons, and nearly 600 were present on Thursday evening. The storm and blizzard-like weather that reached this city early in the afternoon prevented the attendance of some of Mr. Wallace's business associates from abroad. The intention was to give all a pleasant, social evening, and the result was a full realization of the pleasure anticipated for some days.

* * * *

Guests were received at the west entrance over which a canopy was erected. The steps, hall-ways and stairs were all carpeted. The Common Council room was used as a dressing room for the ladies, the Aldermen's room for the gentlemen, and the Mayor's office was reserved for Governor Long and Councilor Wallace. On entering the hall the guests were presented to Councilor Wallace, Mrs. Wallace and Governor Long, who stood in the centre on the east side — Messrs. Herbert I. Wallace, George R. Wallace, Charles E. Ware, Jr., Harris C. Hartwell, James Phillips, Jr., B. D. Dwinnell, Dr. E. P. Miller and M. L. Cate officiating as ushers. After the greetings the time was spent socially, listening to the excellent music furnished by Russell's Orchestra, fourteen pieces stationed on the stage, and many enjoyed dancing from 10.30 till about 1 o'clock.

* * * *

Among the distinguished guests were the following from out of town: Councilor Joseph Davis and wife of Lynn, Councilor Matthew W. Cushing of Middleboro, Councilor Nathaniel Wales of Stoughton, Councilor Rufus D. Woods of Enfield, Congressman-elect William Whiting of Holyoke, Councilor-elect Eben A. Hall of the Greenfield Gazette and Courier, Secretary of State Henry B. Peirce of Abington, Rev. E. A. Horton of Boston (formerly of Leominster), Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Edwards and Prof Henry M. Tyler and wife (formerly of this city) of Northampton, Dr. F. A. Harris, wife and Miss Gage, Mrs. Glover (Governor Long's mother-in-law), William B. Wood and wife, Superintendent John Adams (of the Fitchburg Railroad) and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Shepley, all of Boston; N. D. White and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph M. White of Winchendon, John S. Baldwin of the Worcester Spy, J. B. Hall of the Worcester Gazette, Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Merriam and daughter of Leominster.

An attempt to describe the hall as it appeared on this occasion cannot be otherwise than unsatisfactory. To appreciate the brilliant scene one must see not only the gay decorations and the beautiful flowers and plants, but also the happy people and the elegant and tasty dresses of the ladies, in the full light of the extra burners placed in the centre of the hall for this reception.

* * * *

The entire floor was carpeted, and the hall was divided into two sections — reception room and dining room — by pink and white bunting. The walls of the entire hall were decorated with draperies, cottons, pink and white buntings, etc., and festooned with two thousand yards of laurel and hanging baskets of flowers, while a splendid collection of pot plants, orange and lemon trees, and growing grapes, from Mr. Wallace's private conservatory added much to the grand effect of the designs.

The most elaborate work was in the front of the stage, at the right of the stage and on the right and left centres of the hall. Above all, over the stage was a gilt carved eagle surmounting the State coat of arms. On either side flags were festooned and ornamented with sprays of holly. In the rear of the platform were palm trees, while in front dracinas, and laurel, with a beautiful orange tree in each corner, each bearing nearly twenty oranges. On the right wall of the hall, the draperies were surmounted by four medallions representing the elements — Air, Earth, Fire, and Water. In the right centre was the large painting representing Crete, above which was the motto "Amicus inter

Amicos." In the foreground was a pedestal surmounted by a bust of Ariadne, flanked on each side by growing grapes, with two Roman altars burning incense through the entire evening.

On the left centre wall was a large painting representing Antium, the home of Nero and Temple of Fortuna, with the Appollo Belvidere on a pedestal in the foreground, flanked with two standing vases with burning incense. Above the painting was the motto "Gaudeamus Igitur," resting on a gilt lyre and torch. Medallions representing Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter surmounted the draperies on this side of the hall.

One of the most admired features of the decorations was the design on the floor at the right of the stage. A pedestal, some ten feet high, was surmounted by a beautiful specimen of the American eagle. On either side of the eagle was a perfect flag made of natural flowers — violets, carnations and tube roses — with a shield of similar flowers in the centre. The entire pedestal was banked by pots of growing plants — including palms, dracinas, ponisettas in full bloom, etc.

The dining room was also handsomely decorated with flags, draperies and flowers, while the table itself was elegantly laid with exquisitely decorated china and silver, and ornamented by beautiful bouquets, candelabra, and epergnes. Supper was served through the entire evening, guests entering at the right from the reception apartment and passing through to the west side of the hall."

The completeness of all these arrangements were largely due to the taste and energy of his son, Mr. Herbert I. Wallace, who had the whole matter in charge.

In 1884 Mr. Wallace was chosen delegate from this district to the Republican Convention held at Chicago in June, which resulted in the nomination of James G. Blaine and John A. Logan. Like most of the delegates from Massachusetts, Mr. Wallace was in favor of Senator Edmunds of Vermont. But when he saw that Mr. Blaine's nomination was inevitable, he joined in making it unanimous. He did not go with those who bolted the nomination, because it was not his first choice, but he supported it with his purse, his voice, and his vote, as appears from the following synopsis of a brief address which he made at a ratification meeting, held in the City Hall, Fitchburg, July 11, 1884, which I clip from the *Fitchburg Sentinel* of the next day:

"Ex-Mayor Merriam, Chairman of the committee, called the meeting to order, and said the audience had assembled to hear the report of the two delegates to the Republican national convention. The Chairman then introduced Rodney Wallace, who was most heartily applauded as he arose to speak.

Mr. Wallace, who was one of the delegates from this district to the Republican convention, said his first choice for President was the able statesman from Vermont, Senator Edmunds, and his second choice was President Arthur, who has given us such an excellent administration. The Massachusetts delegation, almost without exception, worked hard to secure the nomination for Mr. Edmunds, but it was impossible for that convention to nominate anybody but James G. Blaine. Nobody can describe the enthusiasm through the entire convention for Blaine. The California delegation bore a banner inscribed "From Maine to California, through Iowa, all for Blaine," and, in my opinion now, Mr. Blaine is the strongest man in the Republican party. When the motion was made to make the nomination unanimous, not a voice was raised against it. I believe he will be elected in November and will give us a strong and safe administration."

The writer does not know whether Mr. Wallace considers his political life ended. He certainly has no longing,

desires, and ambitions in the direction of public office. It is equally certain that any office which he will consent to hold, and which the people who know him can give, he can have without opposition.

MR. WALLACE AS A CITIZEN.

I come now to a part of my story which it is exceedingly pleasant to relate and of which I am able to speak, to no little extent, from personal knowledge. It is, after all, what one is as a man among men, which speaks most for his honor, or his dishonor. What greater significance generous deeds have, when you know that behind them is no calculating, grasping spirit, which is figuring out how much it can get in return, but a noble, generous, self-forgetful manhood. We have a conviction that the conflict between labor and capital, which just now has reached a threatening pitch of violence, might have been avoided if employers had not in so many cases endeavored to reduce men to mere money-making machines. As a rule strikes do not occur where laboring men are treated with the consideration due them as free citizens. The freedom of Fitchburg from strikes is due to the intelligence of the workmen, and the fairness of the employers. Another says, "nothing does more to destroy the spirit of socialism and communism and to disipate envy than to see wealthy men devoting a part of their wealth to public uses."

This introduces us to the most conspicuous act by which the subject of our sketch has proved his public spirit and generosity of purpose as a citizen. I refer to his gift to the city of Fitchburg of a beautiful public library, which, by vote of the city government, is to be called by his name. This act of beneficence reaches farther than appears to a casual observer. It secures to the city, for all coming time, a "Peoples' College," where the child of the poorest, as well as of the richest, the toiler as well as the man of leisure, may get a very important education. This building is to be devoted to art as well as to literature, and we look to see it exert a refining and cultivating, as well as an educating influence over the rising generations of our city. Its very presence, in a most conspicuous position, in the very heart of the city, will be educational. It will prove itself a most valuable adjunct to the excellent course of instruction given in our public schools.

For some years it had been in Mr. Wallace's mind to do something of this sort. In 1881 he purchased what was known as the Ruggles property, opposite Monument Park. In the spring of 1884, when he left for his annual tour in the South, he placed in the hands of Judge Ware, Chairman of the Trustees of the Public Library, a genuine surprise to his fellow citizens. I clip from the *Fitchburg Sentinel* of March 26, 1884, the following account of the matter:

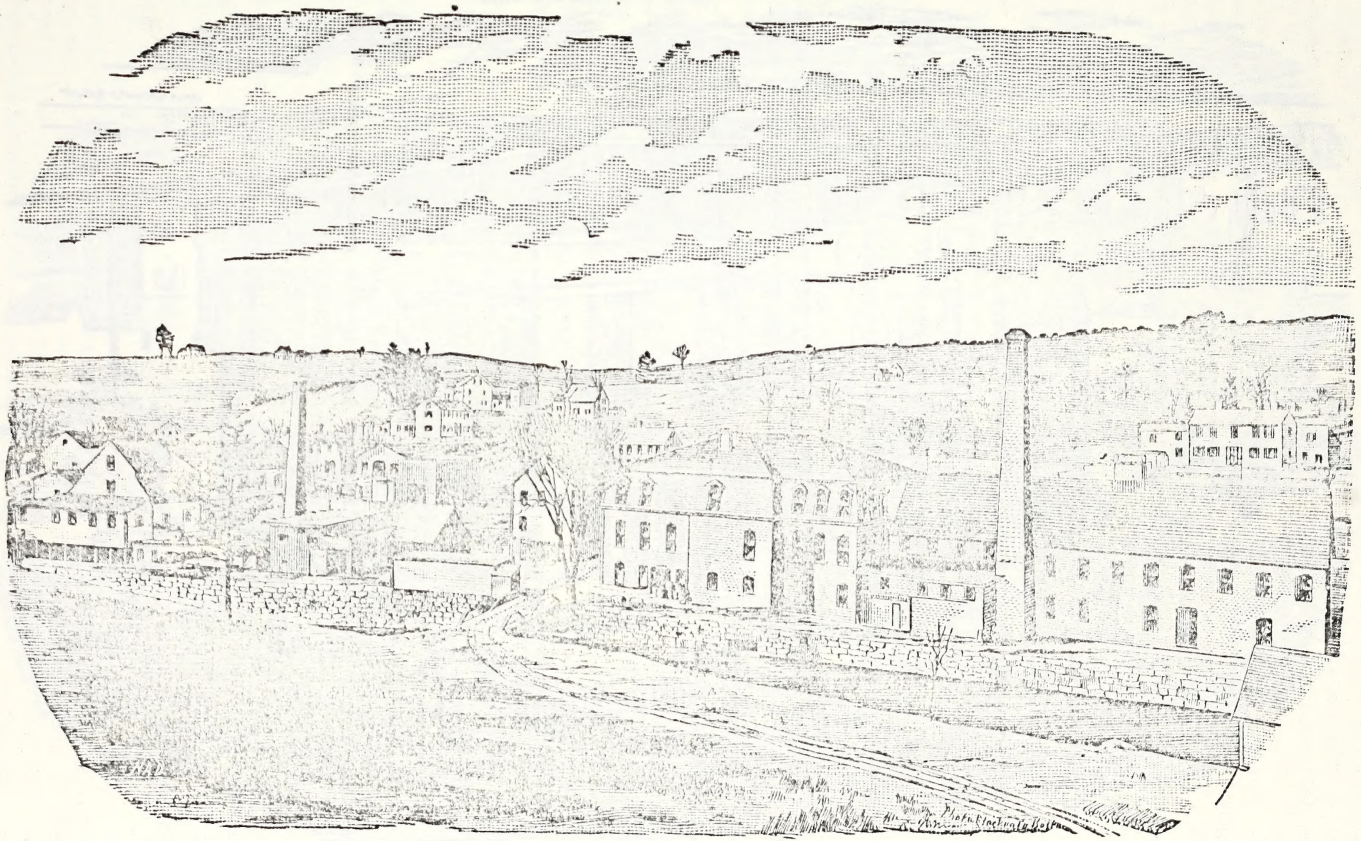
"Both branches of the City Council met on Tuesday evening and transacted the following business:

The principal business was

IN JOINT CONVENTION

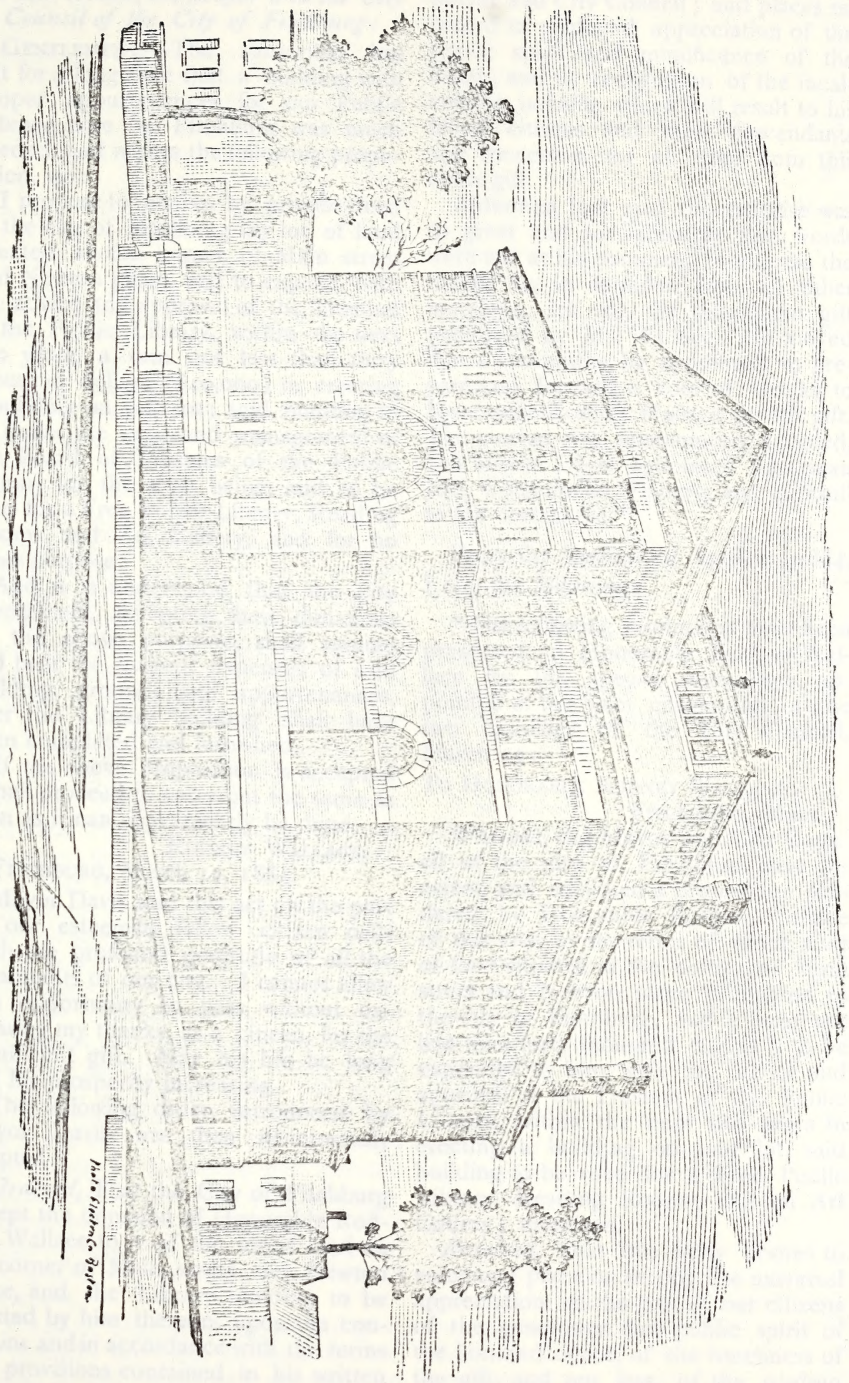
Major Davis presided and announced that Judge T. K. Ware, Chairman of the Trustees of the Public Library, had a communication to present to the City Council.

Judge Ware said that he appeared before the Council at the request of Honorable Rodney Wallace, who, previous to his departure for the South, left with him the following communication which gave him pleasure and gratification to be able to present to the City Council:



MILLS OF THE FITCHBURG PAPER COMPANY.





THE WALLACE LIBRARY AND ART BUILDING.



To His Honor, the Mayor and the City Council of the City of Fitchburg:

GENTLEMEN:—The subscriber has felt for a long time that a building with proper appurtenances for our Public Library here in Fitchburg was much needed, and makes the following proposition, viz:

I propose to convey by proper deed to the city of Fitchburg my lot of land situated at the corner of Main street and Newton place, and to expend, with the advice and approval of the Trustees of the Public Library, within the next two years, a sum not less than forty thousand dollars ($40,000) in erecting a building on said lot; said building to be under the care and management of the Board of Trustees of the Public Library for the time being, and to be used for a Free Public Library, Reading Rooms and Art Gallery, and for no other purpose.

And it is understood that the city government, accepting these donations for the above purposes, shall assume and bear the current expenses of said building, grounds and appurtenances, after the Library building shall have been completed and furnished.

If the above proposition is accepted I shall proceed to carry out the same as soon as it can conveniently be done.

RODNEY WALLACE.

FITCHBURG, March 17, 1884.

Mayor Davis said this act on the part of our esteemed fellow citizen calls forth the profound gratitude of all the inhabitants of our city. I cannot allow this opportunity to pass without expressing my thanks, as a citizen, for the munificent gift. May his life be long and his prosperity increasing.

The following order, introduced by Mayor Davis, was then unanimously adopted:

Ordered, That the City of Fitchburg accept the donation of Honorable Rodney Wallace to it of the lot of land on the corner of Main street and Newton place, and the Library building to be erected by him thereon, upon the conditions and in accordance with the terms and provisions contained in his written communication and proposal to the Mayor and City Council; and places on record its profound appreciation of the public spirit and munificence of the donor, and its recognition of the incalculable benefits which will result to his fellow citizens and their descendants and successors for all time from this noble gift.

Alderman Joel said the surprise was so great and so agreeable that words were not at his command to express the thanks he, in common with all other members, felt for the munificent gift presented by Mr. Wallace. He moved that a committee be appointed to prepare and forward a vote of thanks to Honorable Rodney Wallace for his gift. The motion was unanimously adopted, and Mayor Davis appointed Alderman Joel, Councilmen Flaherty and Parkhill as the committee."

From the *Sentinel* of April 10, 1884, I clip the following:

"The following resolutions have been presented to Honorable Rodney Wallace by the special committee appointed at the joint convention of the two branches of the City Council, March 25:

TO HONORABLE RODNEY WALLACE:

FITCHBURG, Mass.

Whereas, the Mayor and City Council of the city of Fitchburg have received and accepted a proposition tendered by Honorable Rodney Wallace of this city, by the terms of which a lot of land situated at the corner of Main street and Newton place is donated to the city of Fitchburg, and a sum not less than forty thousand dollars is to be expended by him, with the advice and approval of the Trustees of the Public Library, within the next two years in erecting a building on said lot, said building to be used for a Free Public Library, Reading Rooms, and an Art Gallery; therefore,

Resolved, That this body desires to voice and place on record the universal appreciation on the part of our citizens of the generosity and public spirit of the honored donor, of the timeliness of the gift, and not less, of the wisdom and foresight manifested in the particu-

lar mode by which the city is made the recipient of the munificent present.

Resolved, That we recognize the fact that a gift of this nature will result in incalculable benefits to the community so fortunate as to receive it, enlarging and intensifying, as it does, all the privileges of acquiring information and securing culture which a public library affords; providing in a most accessible and useful form the means by which our young people and those whose daily toil leaves them little leisure for study, may draw to themselves the results of all past experience; and rendering both attractive and easy to all classes of our people opportunities of turning their thoughts from the sterner features of their daily occupations to the amenities of life as presented by specimens of artistic and literary merit.

Resolved, That while sharing in the delight of our citizens in view of the valuable gift thus unexpectedly placed at their service, we congratulate them even more upon the presence among them of men whom Providence has blessed in three-fold measure — with hearts abounding in philanthropic instincts, with material resources ample for the gratification of such impulses, and with that rarer gift than either, the judgment requisite to secure for their donations the widest and most permanent range of influence.

Resolved, That we cannot resist the inclination to felicitate our honored benefactor upon the deep and abiding joy which must be the most adequate reward for this expression of his good will toward our city — the joy arising from the knowledge that every home within our corporate limits will enter into the enjoyment of his gift and that not a few of our youth will be allured from scenes of degrading and immoral pleasure by the presence in a most convenient location of a beautiful edifice within which are at their disposal the graces of art and the riches of literature.

Resolved, That the distinguished giver by this gift, the most valuable ever received by this community at one time from a single citizen, has "erected a monument more enduring than bronze and loftier than the regal structure of the pyramids" in the establishment of a lasting sense of gratitude within the hearts of his appreciative fellow citizens.

ALONZO DAVIS,
JOEL JOEL,
BERNARD H. FLAHERTY,
JOHN PARKHILL,
} *Committee.*

FITCHBURG, April 1, 1884."

Although $40,000 is the lowest limit named, it should be said that the cost of the noble pile will far exceed that sum. It was a generous and princely act for which he will be held in lasting and greatful memory. He will leave behind him a monument which will forever identify his name with the intellectual and moral culture of all classes of the citizens of Fitchburg.

On the seventh of April, the Trustees of the Public Library took appropriate action on the gift of Mr. Wallace. The following account appeared in the *Sentinel* of April 8:

"At a meeting of the Trustees of the Public Library, Monday evening, the board adopted the following resolution, offered by Henry A. Willis, and on motion of Rev. P. J. Garrigan it was voted to enter the same on their records, request the daily papers of the city to publish the same, and that Rev. P. J. Garrigan, Henry A. Willis and L. H. Bradford be appointed a committee to present the action of the board to Mr. Wallace:

Resolved, That we have heard with great satisfaction of the proposed gift by Honorable Rodney Wallace of land and a building for the use of the Public Library, thus providing for a want long felt by the Trustees, viz: facilities for making the Library fully available to the people of the city, which it never could be in its present confined quarters; that we will fully co-operate with the generous donor in any manner desired

by him in carrying out the details of his proposed undertaking; and that we desire here to place upon our records our keen appreciation of the generous spirit which has moved him to tender this munificent gift."

The new library building fronts on Main street, and looks out upon Monument Park and the beautiful Court House of North Worcester County. It is of Greek classic style, and is built of Trenton pressed brick. It has sandstone trimmings. It has a frontage of seventy-four feet on Main street, and is sixty-five feet deep, The basement is ten feet in height. It is two stories above the basement. The library floor is sixteen feet high. The second story, which contains the picture gallery, is ten feet high on the outside, and thirty-two in the centre. The extreme height is therefore fifty-eight feet. The front of the building is especially imposing. It has a projection in the centre, twenty-five feet wide and six feet deep, which extends the whole height of the structure and terminates in a gable, which is surrounded by a decorated pediment. The main entrance is approached by massive steps of granite, twelve feet wide, flanked by heavy buttresses. At the top of the steps is the entrance porch, eleven feet wide, six feet deep, and arched overhead. Polished granite columns with carved capitals on either side support the archway above. In the belt of sandstone above this arch is cut the legend "Library and Art Building." Above this belt is a row of windows separated by columns of brick. Above these is a sandstone belt in which is cut the name of the donor, by vote of the City Government. The title of the structure is therefore "Wallace Library and Art Building." Above is a row of circular windows separated by sandstone columns with carved capitals. The hip roof of the building is crowned by a monitor top, which admits light into the art room below. Over the entrance is to be the city seal, in antique and Venetian glass. The whole structure is amply lighted by a large number of windows.

The basement provides for a storeroom, a work-room, and reading-room, which opens off Newton lane. The public will have full access to this room. It will specially accommodate the workingmen. The late Honorable Wm. H. Vose left $1,000, the income of which is to be used in supplying suitable papers for this room. There are also in the basement a coal room, and the boiler which heats the whole building. On entering the building one stands in a large hall, on the right of which is a reading-room for magazines, and on the left is a large reference room, and a winding stairway by which the second story is reached. Across the whole rear of the building is the library room, which is high enough to admit of galleries. Ample provisions are thus made for all the possible future needs of the city. In the second story is the art gallery. Around it are five other rooms, which can be devoted to any of the uses such an institution may require. When completed the inside will be finished in hard woods, and according to modern ideas of taste and elegance. The art gallery will be a model of its kind.

With a collection of books and of works of art to match the thought of the donor expressed in the building the library will be a lasting blessing to our city. A gift so timely, and so well adapted to the needs of a city like Fitchburg, with its population of young people, could not fail to commend itself, and win the gratitude of every right-minded citizen. Therefore, any one who will stand in front of this building for an hour, and

listen to the remarks made by those who look up to it as they pass, will readily learn how deep a hold on the esteem of all classes of the citizens of Fitchburg this generous act has given Mr. Wallace.

Lest my estimate of Mr. Wallace may seem extravagant to those who do not know him, I add the following from the pen of Professor H. M. Tyler of Smith College, Northampton, formerly Mr. Wallace's pastor. He writes: —

"It gives me great pleasure to send a few lines in answer to your note, though it would be easy for a critic to say that I have long since passed the point where I could give a cold-blooded opinion of Mr. Wallace. I can write only from the stand-point of warm friendship and cannot be cold in my respect and admiration for my friend. Mr. Wallace is pre-eminently a business man; to this the chief energy of his life has been directed. It seems an impertinence for me to pass judgment upon his career, but I have loved to study him in his buisness habits. By his affability, correctness, and fairness in all his work he has succeeded marvellously in attaching every one to himself. All instinctively gravitate toward him, and never wish to break off their association with him. I never knew a man so master of his own ways and yet so universally popular. People love to be influenced or even controlled by him. His office would be the centre of any community in which he should be placed. All men love to fasten to him their faith. He has everywhere learned to gather friends by showing himself friendly. His interest in the people of his own community has been shown not merely by his public benefactions. Every one in want of help has turned to him, and all have had a patient hearing and generous response.

He has been associated with people of every position and among all has been a favorite companion. Everyone has felt at home with him. It is rarely true that a man has gained success with so thorough a desire that his friends should enjoy what he has gathered with him. He is thus remarkable for his prosperity, for the use which he is making of his prosperity, for his delight in giving pleasure to others, and for the disposition and temper which finds its enjoyment in such rational and kindly ways.

It is not that one never disagrees with Mr. Wallace. He would scorn the flattery which yields convictions to attempt to please. Even when we differ he is none the less congenial. If I have ever had the feeling that in any respect I should like to make him over it has generally yielded to the conviction that on the whole I could not hope to do better than has been done. Among all the men with whom I have come in contact in places of business responsibility and honor I do not know another to whom I give more unqualified respect and esteem than I do to Mr. Wallace. Cordially,

HENRY M. TYLER."

Mr. Wallace, as has appeared, was for three years associated with Governor Long in the Government of Massachusetts. In response to a note from me Mr. Long writes as follows:

"I am glad to know that you are writing a sketch of Mr. Wallace for publication. If a good subject will make a good sketch your work will be a success. He is one of the men, however, who write their own lives, not in the pages of any autobiography, but in their conduct and character. I have served with him in public life, and sat with him as one of my Councilors in the Executive Chamber, and have found him always a fund of practical good sense, of excellent judgment, trained by great experience in affairs, and of thorough integrity. He is a representative Massachusetts man, the builder of his own fortune, equal to the enterprise of acquiring wealth and position, and magnanimous in their use and enjoyment. But I like best to recall, as I am sure do all who know him, his generous friendship, his great public spirit, and his good

heart, of which I have witnessed many proofs. I trust that it may be many years before his life is taken in any other way than in such an appreciative and kindly sketch as you will write of him.

Very truly yours,

JOHN D. LONG."

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feburary 7, 1885.

December 1, 1853, Mr. Wallace married Sophia Ingalls, daughter of Thomas Ingalls of Rindge, New Hampshire. She died June 20, 1871, leaving two sons, Herbert I. Wallace and George R. Wallace. Herbert is a graduate of Harvard in the class of 1877. George studied at the Institute of Technology in Boston. They are associated with their father in the management of his business. December 28, 1876 Mr. Wallace married Mrs. Sophia F. Bailey of Woodstock, Vermont. Mr. Bailey was a member of Congress from the district in which Fitchburg is included. Mrs. Wallace is one of the well-known Billings family of Woodstock. Mr. Wallace lives in a beautiful house on Prospect street, which is surrounded with beautiful lawns and green-houses which gratify his taste. From his front door he can overlook the city and its varied industries in whose development he has borne so conspicuous a part.

We are near the end of a story which it has been a pleasure to tell. Vastly more could be told. A volume of incidents could be written. There are precious secrets of every generous and noble man's life which no pen may profane by giving them publicity. These are the choice treasures reserved only for those who know him best, and live nearest his heart. But the writer desires, as Mr. Wallace's pastor, to add the testimony of observation and personal knowledge to the rare purity and uprightness of character, to the generosity of spirit, to the thoughtful kindness, and to the deep and reverent regard for spiritual things, of his distinguished parishioner. As an example of untiring energy, of probity of character, of cleanness of soul, of uprightness of life, of sincerity of purpose, of firmness of moral principle, he may safely be held up as a model for young men.

REMINISCENCES OF DANIEL WEBSTER.

By Hon. George W. Nesmith, LL.D.

The following is a copy of a letter originally addressed to Rev. Mr. Savage of Franklin, N. H. The original is dated October 10, 1852, fourteen days before the decease of Mr. Webster. It was dictated to his Clerk, C. J. Abbott, Esq. It was the same letter that gave rise to the humorous anecdote, so well related by Mr. Curtice in his Biography of Mr. Webster, vol. 2, page 683.

We now present this letter to the public to show how worthily one of the last days of Mr. Webster was employed. In this case he presented a *Peace Offering* to old friends, which proved effectual in preventing a severe litigation and consequent loss of money and friendship:

"Marshfield, Oct. 10, 1852.

My Dear Sir: I learn that there is likely to be a lawsuit between Mr. Horace Noyes and his Mother respecting his father's will.

This gives me great pain. Mr. Parker Noyes and myself have been fast friends for near a half century. I have known his wife also from a time before her marriage, and have always felt a warm regard for her, and much respect for her connexions in Newburyport. Mr. Horace Noyes and his wife I have long known. Her grandfather, Major Nathan Taylor, late of Sanbornton, was an especial friend of my father, and I learned to love everybody upon whom he set his *Stamp*.

These families during many years have been my most intimate friends and neighbors whenever I have been in Franklin. It would wound me exceedingly if any thing as a Lawsuit should now occur between Mother and Son. It would very much destroy my interest in the families, and whatever might be the result, it could not but cast some degree of reflection upon the memory of Parker Noyes. I know nothing of the circumstances except what I learn from Mr. John Taylor, and I do not wish to express any judgement of my own as to what ought to be done, at least without more full information, but I do think it a case for Christian Intercession. And the particular object of this Letter is to invite your attention, and that of the members of the Church, to it in this aspect. Mr. Noyes is understood to have left a very pretty property, but a controversy about his Will would very likely absorb one half of it. My end is accomplished, my dear Sir, when I have made these Suggestions to you. You will give them such consideration, as you think they deserve. It has given me pleasure to hope that I might write half a dozen pages respecting Mr. Parker Noyes, and our long friendship, but I could have no heart for this if a family feud after his death was to come in, and overwhelm all pleasant recollections.

I dictate this letter to my clerk, as the state of my eyes preclude me from writing much with my own hand.

Yours with sincere regard,

Dan'l. Webster.

Rev. Mr. Savage
Franklin, N. H."

This interesting letter produced the happy effect of reconciling the contending parties, and bringing about an honorable and satisfactory settlement of all difficulties between them. The letter was timely, bringing healing in its wings. Here were "words fitly spoken, like apples of gold in pictures of silver;" to the parties it soon was the *voice* from the *dead*, "proclaiming peace on earth, and good will towards men." As adviser and counsel of the mother, my own exertions for peace had proved impotent, but the letter of the eminent dying statesman, containing the salutary advice of an old friend, proved irresistible in its influence, and brought to the troubled waters immediate quiet, without resort to the Church or other legal tribunal.

Mr. Webster made allusion to the honored name of Taylor, then of San-

bornton. Both father, and son were brave officers of Revolutionary stock. The father, Captain Chase Taylor, commanded a company composed chiefly of Sanbornton and Meredith men, at the battle of Bennington, on the sixteenth of August, 1777, and was there severely wounded — his left leg being broken, which disabled him for life. He died in 1805. In 1786 he received a small pension from the State. His surgeon, Josiah Chase of Canterbury, and his Colonel, Stickney of Concord, each furnishing their certificates in his behalf. Early in the history of the Revolutionary war the son, Nathan Taylor, was commissioned as a Lieutenant in the Corps of Rangers, commanded by Colonel Whitcomb. Lieutenant Taylor had the command of a small detachment of fourteen men. On the sixteenth day of June, 1777, being stationed on the western bank of Lake Champlain, at a place which has ever since been called *Taylor's Creek*, he was surprised by a superior force of Indians. Taylor bravely resisted this attack, and was successful in driving the enemy off, though at the expense of a severe wound in his right shoulder. Three others of his band were also wounded. Both father and son were confined at home in the same house several months before recovery from their wounds. Lieutenant Taylor returned to active service in the army. He afterwards received the military title of Major, and occupied many civil offices after the war in his own town, as well as in behalf of the State. He was member of the House of Representatives, also of the Senate and Council, for a number of years. He died in March, A. D. 1840, aged 85, much lamented.

Then there was John Taylor of Revolutionary fame. He and many of his descendants have occupied high and enviable stations in Sanbornton, and their biography and good deeds have been ably commemorated by the historian, Rev. M. T. Runnels. In adhering to the Taylor families Mr. Webster obeyed the injunction of Solomon who said, "Thine own friend, and thy *father's friend* forsake not." Mr. Webster's letter furnishes strong evidence, that he did not forsake "his own friend," *Parker Noyes*. The friendship between these men commenced when Mr. Noyes entered the *Law* office of Thomas W. Thompson as early as 1798, and continued intimate, cordial, unabated, "*fast*" during their lives. The earthly existence of both terminated in the same year, Mr. Noyes having deceased August, 19, 1852, and Mr. Webster on the twenty-fourth of the succeeding October.

The dwelling houses of both in Franklin were within the distance of twenty rods; their intercourse was frequent during the last fifty-four years of their lives.

During the time Mr. Webster practiced law in New Hampshire they often met at the same bar, and measured intellectual lances in various legal contests. These meetings were most frequent when Mr. Webster first settled in Boscawen in 1805, and for the next two years, before his removal to Portsmouth.

We were present in A. D. 1848, when these two friends met and recited many of the interesting and humorous events that occurred in their early practice. In those days, they often had for a veteran client a man who then resided in West Boscawen, now Webster, by the name of Corser. He was represented as one who loved the law, not for its pecuniary profits, but for its exciting, stimulating effects. It was said of him, that at the end of a term of the Court, once held at Hopkinton, he was found

near the Court House by a friend, shedding tears. The friend inquired the cause of his great sorrow. His answer was, "I have *no longer* a *case in court.*" The same Corser had been a Revolutionary soldier, and belonged to the army when discharged by Washington at Newburg, at the termination of the war. He had but little money to bear his expenses home. When he reached Springfield, Massachusetts, his money was exhausted, and he was obliged to resort to his talent at begging. Accordingly he called at a farm house, and requested the good loyal lady of the establishment to give him a pie, adding at the same time, that he wanted *another* for his *Brother Jonathan.* The lady well supposing that his Brother Jonathan was then his companion in arms, and in the street suffering with hunger, readily granted his request, when in truth and in fact Jonathan was then at home cultivating his farm in Boscawen.

Brother Jonathan, upon learning the conduct of his brother, rebuked him for useing his name, instead of his own, thereby deceiving the good woman. In justification of his conduct, the brother answered, "My hunger was great. I contrived to satisfy it. The kind woman had my thanks; you was not injured. At most, by strict morals, I committed ouly a *pious fraud* in getting two pies, instead of one." Mr. Webster remarked, that he was once present when this case was stated, and argued by the two brothers, and was much interested in the discussion of the celebrated pie case.

THE DARK DAY.

By Elbidge H. Goss.

The Spragues of Melrose, formerly North Malden, were one of the old families. They descended from Ralph Sprague, who settled in Charlestown in 1629. The first one, who came to Melrose about the year 1700, was named Phineas. His grandson, also named Phineas, served during the Revolutionary War, and a number of interesting anecdotes are told about him. He was a slaveholder, and Artemas Barrett, Esq., a native of Melrose, owns an original bill of sale of "a negro woman named Pidge, with one negro boy;" also other documents, among which is Mr. Sprague's diary, wherein he gives the following account of the wonderfully dark day in 1780, a good reminder of which we experienced September 6, 1881, a century later:

Frida May the 19th 1780.

This day was the most Remarkable day that ever my eyes beheld the air had bin full of smoak to an uncommon degree so that wee could scairce see a mountain at two miles distance for 3 or 4 days Past till this day after Noon the smoak all went off to the South at sunset a very black bank of a cloud appeared in the south and west the Nex morning cloudey and thundered in the west about ten oclock it began to Rain and grew vere dark and at 12 it was almost as dark as Nite so that wee was obliged to lite our candels and Eate our dinner by candel lite at noon day but between 1 and 2 oclock it grew lite again but in the evening the cloud came, over us again, the moon was about the full it was the darkest Nite that ever was seen by us in the world.*

* This was printed in the sketch of Melrose in "History of Middlesex County," vol. II.

NAMES AND NICKNAMES.

By Gilbert Nash.

To the antiquarian, the historian, or the general scholar, there are few more interesting studies than that of names. It is a pursuit of rare delight to trace out the derivation of those with which we have been long familiar, and to follow up the associations that have rendered them dear, curious or ridiculous, as the case may be. The names themselves may be of no value, but the spot or circumstance that gave them birth cannot fail to throw around them an atmosphere of peculiar interest. The subject is a broad one and may be, with time and inclination, extensively cultivated; and, even in the limits of a short article, many phases of it of general importance and interest may be satisfactorily treated, and it is proposed in the following paragraphs to present only a few of them.

In the present rage for nicknames, pet names, diminutives and contractions there is fair prospect of an abundant harvest of trouble and perplexity to the genealogist and historian of the future. In fact, the students of the present day are already beginning to realize, in no small degree, the annoyance that arises from the custom. The changes are so many and intricate that to understand them fully requires much valuable time and the patience that could better be employed in more important work.

The difficulty arises, of course, from indifference, inadvertence or carelessness, rather than from set purpose; yet the result is the same in its evil effects. It is true there are some of these nicknames that have been so long in use, and have become so common that no one is disturbed by them and their employment, and they are readily understood. Many of these, however, have served their turn and are gradually going out of use, and will, in a short time, be only "dead words" to the community.

Of this class are the familiar favorites of our grandparents, such as Sally, for Sarah; Polly or Molly, for Mary; Patty, for Martha, and Peggy, for Margaret, representative names of the class. Some of these, with perhaps slight changes, have become legitimatized, and their origin has been nearly, or quite, forgotten. Of such we recognize Betsy, or its modern equivalent, Bettie or Bessie, as a very proper name. Few, perhaps, of our present generation would recognize in "Nancy," the features of its parent, "Ann" or "Nan."

Some of these old nicknames have already gone nearly or quite out of use, so much so that many of our young people will be surprised to learn that Patty was, not long ago, the vernacular for Martha, and would never imagine that "Margaret" could ever have responded to the call of "Peggy;" "Hitty" and "Kitty," for the staid and sober "Mehitable," and the volatile Katherine, are more easily recognized, while it might require several guesses to establish the relationship between "Milly" and "Amelia," or "Emily."

Stranger than either, perhaps because both the proper name and its diminutive have become so uncommon, is that transformation which reduced "Tabitha," to "Bertha," with the accent upon the first syllable, and its vowel long. A curious instance of the change in this name, and the further variation

made in it in consequence of its forgotten derivation, has recently occurred in the record of the death of an old lady who was baptized "Tabitha," called in her youth "Bitha," and now in her obituary styled Mrs. "Bertha," probably from the similarity of sound to her youthful nickname. Her relatives of the present generation had forgotten her real name and knew her only under that of an imitation of her diminutive. The transition from "Bitha" to "Bertha" is easy, but how is the perplexed genealogist to ascertain the original when he has only the records for his guide?

Such illustrations might be multiplied almost indefinitely, but those already given are enough to show what an infinite amount of trouble has come and must still come from their continued usage. They also serve well to show with how much care and watchfulness the historian must pursue his work; how constantly he must be upon his guard, and how closely and critically he must scrutinize the names that pass under his eye.

Nor was this custom of nicknames confined to the daughters of the family, but the boys, also, were among its subjects, perhaps in not so great a variety, yet very general. Among the more common we only need mention such as Bill, Ned. Jack, and Frank, to illustrate this. Nor were there wanting among the masculine nicknames those whose derivations seem very remote and far-fetched, as "El" for "Alphus;" "Hal" for "Henry;" "Jot" for "Jonathan;" "Seph" for "Josephus;" "Nol" for "Oliver;" "Dick" for "Richard," and a multitude of others equally well known.

The instances named are old and have been in general use so long that those who are called upon to deal with them are upon their guard and not likely to be led astray by them, but the class of pet names, now, for a few years in use, will necessarily be more misleading because they are new, and in many cases very blind; in many instances the same nickname being used to represent perhaps a dozen different proper names, so that it is impossible to tell, from the nickname, what the real name is. Among the most annoying of this class are those that not only represent several names each, but are masculine or feminine, as occasion calls.

Of the latter class are "Allie" for Alice, Albert or Alexander, and "Bertie," used in place of so many that it is needless to specify, the latter being the worst of its species, since it is wholly indefinite, applying equally to boy or girl, and for a multitude of either sex, some of which are so far-fetched that all possible connection is lost in the journey of transmission. Most of the old fashioned nicknames indicate the sex quite distinctly, and in this they have much the advantage of some of their modern competitors. They were also much more expressive if not so euphonious. A person need but glance at any of our town records for the past few years to see how the use of these pet names has increased, and it requires no prophet to foresee what confusion must naturally arise from the continuance of the custom, and how difficult it will be in the near future to follow the record accurately.

Another and very different class of nicknames are those derived from accident or local circumstance, and have no other connection with the real name of the person to whom they are attached, and to whom they cling as a foul excrescence long after the circumstances that called them forth is forgotten. These sometimes originate at home in childhood, at school among

playmates, or after the arrival of the person at mature age, and are oftentimes ridiculous in the extreme. They are nearly always a source of great mortification to those who so unwillingly bear them, who would give almost anything to rid themselves of the nuisance; yet these, once fixed, seldom lose their hold, but must be borne with the best grace possible.

It will not be necessary to cite instances of this class, as every one will recall many such that it might be highly improper to mention publicly as being personal or taken to be so. Some are simply indicative of temperament; some of a peculiarity of manner, or a locality in which they happened to have first seen the light; and others, perhaps the most unfortunate of all and the most mischievous, are derived from an ill-timed word or act, said or done in a moment of passion or thoughtlessness, which the individual would like to recall at almost any price, but cannot. The saddest of all are those unfortunates, for there are such, to whom their parents, they knew not why, gave such names.

Another class are those given at first as a term of reproach or disgrace, accepted without protest, and afterwards borne as a title of honor. The name "Old Hickory" will at once suggest itself as such an instance. Truly fortunate is the person who has the tact and is in circumstances to do this, and thus turn the weapons of his enemies against themselves. There are others, again, whose character and position are such that they permit no familiarity, and every name of reproach or ridicule rolls off like shot from the iron shell of the monitor. The name of our Washington suggests such an individual. Whoever for an instant thought of approaching him with familiarity, or of applying to him a nickname as a term of reproach or ridicule, or even as an expression of good nature.

As will be readily seen, the evil resulting from this custom is wide spread and alarming. It would also seem to be almost without remedy, since it is the result of irresponsible action, committed by persons who are not fully aware of what they are doing, by those who are indifferent, as to what may follow, or by those who are actuated by malice; aganist these there is no law except the steady, persistent movement of the thinking public setting its face squarely against the practice, with the passage of time, which usually brings about, we know not always how, the remedy for such evils; but we are seldom willing to wait for such a cure.

As before intimated parents are sometimes guilty of this offence, and thus place upon a child a stigma that will follow it through life. A little care on their part will remedy the evil, to that extent, and they surely should be willing to do their share in the work. Teachers and those who have the charge of the young are sometimes thoughtless enough to commit the same fault. Should it not be crime? For they have no right to be thus inconsiderate, when a little restraint upon their part will prevent the wrong as far as they are concerned. With these two influences setting in the right direction, added to that of the thinking community, a current may very likely be formed that shall obliterate wholly the custom and deliver us from its attendant difficulties.

Another practice now quite common, and one which bids fair to create much confusion, is that which permits the wife to take the Christian name of her husband: for instance, Mrs. Mary, wife of John Smith, signs her name Mrs. John Smith, a name which has no legal existence, which she is entitled to use

only by courtesy, and which should be allowed in none but necessary cases to distinguish her from some other bearing the same name, or to address her when her own Christian name is not known. Mrs. is but a general title to designate the class of persons to which she belongs, and not a name, any more than Mr. or Esq. Who ever knew a man to sign his name Mr. so and so, or so and so, Esq. ?

To show the absurdity and impropriety of this misuse of the name it will be needful to mention but a single illustration. Suppose a note or check is made payable to Mrs. John Smith. Mrs. being only a title, and no part of the name, the endorsement would be plain John Smith, and nobody, not even his wife, has any right to forge his signature. An instrument thus drawn is a mistake, since no one can be authorized to execute it.

The trouble to the genealogist and historian is of a somewhat different nature, since he merely desires to identify the individual and cares nothing about the money value of the document. Much the safer and better way is for the wife always to sign and use her proper name and to add, if she thinks it necessary to be more explicit, "wife of," using her husband's name. By doing this a vast deal of perplexity would be avoided, and sometimes a serious legal difficulty.

Another custom, as common, and quite a favorite one with many married ladies, is that which changes her middle name by substituting her maiden surname; for example, Mary Jane Smith marries James Gray, and immediately her name is assumed to be Mary Smith Gray, instead of Mary Jane Gray, her legal name. The wife, if she so chooses, has the right by general consent, if not by law, to retain her full name, adding her husband's surname; but she has no right to use her own maiden surname in place of her discarded middle name. Much confusion might arise from this practice, as the following illustration will show. Mary Jane Gray receives a check payable to her order, and she, being in the habit of signing her name Mary Smith Gray, thus endorses it, and forwards it by mail or otherwise for collection, and is surprised when it comes back to her to be properly executed.

Again, Mary Jane Gray has a little money which she deposits in the savings bank, and, for the reason already given, takes out her book in the name of Mary S. Gray. She dies and her administrator finding the book tries to collect the money, but he being the administrator of Mary Jane Gray and not of Mary S. Gray may find the Treasurer of the bank unwilling to pay over the money until he is satisfied as to the identity of the apparently two Mary Grays, which, under some circumstances, might be a difficult process.

These changes are usually made thoughtlessly, but the result is none the less serious than though it were done with the intent to deceive or mislead, and the mischief that often arises in consequence is very great. These changes that have been noted from the nature of the case can only occur with women, since men have no occasion to make them, and in point of fact cannot; but there are those, quite analagous in character, that are common to both sexes and should be avoided unless the necessity is very apparent. Double names are sometimes very convenient for purposes of identification, but they may also prove fruitful sources of difficulty and trouble. As an illustration, Mary Jane Smith is known at home by her family and to her acquaintances as Mary. For some fanciful reason or

local circumstance she wearies of that name and becomes Jane. Both are equally hers, but her acquaintances who knew her as Mary might well plead ignorance when asked about Jane Smith; and the acquaintances of the latter might never surmise that Mary Smith had ever existed.

Again, James Henry Gray is known at home in his youth as James H.Gray, and the name is very satisfactory to him; but as he arrives at manhood he enters a new business and finds a new residence. For some reason he thinks that a change of name also may be of benefit to him, and therefore he signs himself J. Henry Gray, and henceforth is a stranger to his former acquaintances. He has some money in bank at his old home which he draws for under his new name, and wonders when his check comes back to him dishonored, forgetting that he has never notified the officers of his change of name.

He finds it necessary, upon some occasion, to write to one of his former friends for information of importance, and is surprised that his old associate declines to give it to a stranger, for he does not remember, that, while he may easily retain his own identity, under any change of name, it may not be so easy to assure it to another at a distance. It can thus be seen how easily, and at times, how unavoidably, a great deal of vexation may be produced by this practice, and yet it is extensively followed.

Looking at the subject in another aspect, we find a grievance that has borne and is now bearing with intolerable weight upon many an individual, who would, at almost any sacrifice, relieve himself of it, but it is saddled upon him in such a manner, and is surrounded by such circumstances as to render it quite impossible for him to do so. It is a practice, all too common, but none the less reprehensible, to give to children legitimate names of such a character as to render them veritable "old men of the sea," so graphically described by Sindbad.

They are given for various reasons, sometimes simply for their oddity, sometimes because the name has been borne by a relative or friend, or it may have been borrowed from the pages of some favorite author, or suggested by accidental circumstance. A boy whose Christian name was Baring Folly, and we should not have far to go to find its counterpart in real life, could hardly be expected to get through the world without feeling severely the burden and ridicule of such a name, each part proper and well enough in its place as a surname, but particularly unfortunate when united and required to do duty as a Christian name.

We ridicule, and it may be wisely, the old-fashioned custom of giving a child a name merely because it happened to be found in the Scriptures, where with its special meaning it was singularly appropriate, yet, when used as a name without that special signification, it would be equally inappropriate. But are we wholly free from the same fault in another direction? How many children have been so burdened with a name that had been made illustrious by the life and services of its original bearer that they were always ashamed to hear it spoken; that very name of honor becoming in its present position a reproach and a hindrance, rather than a stimulus, because the bearers feel that they cannot sustain its ancient renown, and therefore they become mere nothings, simply from the fact of having been borne down to the dust under the burden of a great name.

Who can tell how many have become notorious, or have committed vagaries

which have rendered them ridiculous, and destroyed their usefulness, from a sincere desire to bear worthily an honored name? Who shall say that the eccentricities of a certain celebrity of acknowledged talent, whose name would be quickly recognized, were not the result of the same cause, the length, and weight of the name given him at his birth proving too great an incumbrance for him to overcome.

How many ignoble George Washingtons, Henry Clays, Patrick Henrys, and other equally illustrious names, are wandering aimlessly about our streets, shiftless, worthless, utterly unworthy the names they bear, simply because they bear them, when, had they been given plain, honest, common names, they might have been held in respect and esteem. The burden is too great for them. A ship with a drag attached to her cannot make progress, be she ever so swift without it. Even the eagle will refuse his flight when burdened with excessive weight.

A little lack of consideration or want of thought in this matter on the part of parents often entail an immense amount of suffering upon those who are wholly innocent as to its cause. Let the boy or girl be given such a name, as shall be his or hers, worthy or unworthy, as the bearer shall make. Give them all a fair show. We may not be able to tell in all cases, perhaps not in many, how this affair of names has affected the lives of their owners. Give a child a silly or ridiculous name and the chances are that the child's character will correspond with that name. Give a child a name already illustrious and the chances are also fair that the burden will prove its ruin.

It is unnecessary to extend the subject, the present purpose being merely to call attention to those practices, and so to present them that more natural and healthy customs will be sought after and followed, that a true æthetic taste may be cultivated, and thus alleviate or remove a part, at least, of the burden under which society groans.

It is also intended to illustrate some of the trials and perplexities that beset the genealogist and historian in their researches, arising from these unfortunate habits that pervade society. It would seem that the evils produced by the practices, only need exposure to result in reformation, and that no parent, with the full knowledge of the possible, yes probable, and almost inevitable effect, would so thrust upon his offspring an annoyance, to use the mildest possible term, which should subject them to such disagreeable consequences all through life.

It would seem, also, that no guardian, teacher, or other individual having the care and oversight of children, could be so thoughtless and inconsiderate, or allow a personal or private reason so to influence him, as to assume for the child any name that would be liable to cause it future shame or sorrow. Too much care cannot be taken in this regard, and it is a duty owing to the child that its rights in this respect shall be strictly guarded.

It is the object of this paper simply to call attention to a few of the more prominent points suggested by this subject in order that it may be examined and discussed, and, if it may be, more judicious and wiser practices introduced, that nature, art, and taste may combine to produce a system of names that shall be at the same time, convenient, useful and beautiful, and that shall carry no burden with them.

THE WEDDING IN YE DAYS LANG SYNE.

By Rev. Anson Titus.

The story of courtship and marriage is ever fascinating. It is new and fresh to the hearts of the youthful and aged. A few words upon the marriage day in the early New England will not be without interest. September 9, 1639, the General Court of Massachusetts Bay Colony passed a law ordering intentions of marriage to be published fourteen days at the public lecture, or in towns where there was no lecture the "intention" was to be posted "vpon some poast standinge in publique viewe." On this same day it was ordered that the clerks of the several towns record all marriages, births and deaths. This was a wise provision. It at once taught the people of the beginning and of the designed stability of the new-founded government.

The course of true love did not run smooth in these early days any more than to-day. Parents were desirous of having sons and daughters intermarry with families of like social standing and respectability. But the youth and maid often desired to exercise their own freedom and choice. On May 7, 1651, the General Court ordered a fine and punishment against those who "seeke to draw away ye affections of yong maydens." In the time of Louis XV, of France, the following decree was made: "Whoever by means of red or white paint, perfumes, essences, artificial teeth, false hair, cotton, wool, iron corsets, hoops, shoes, with high heels, or false tips, shall seek to entice into the bonds of marriage any male subject of his majesty, shall be prosecuted for witchcraft, and declared incapable of matrimony." The fathers of New England may have made foolish laws, but this one in France at a later time goes beyond them. The seductive charms of the sexes they deemed could not be trusted. Wonderment often comes to us of the thoughts and manners of the sage law-makers when their youthful hearts were reaching out after another's love.

The marriage day was celebrated with decorum. The entire community were conversant of the proposed marriage, for the same had been read in meeting and posted in "publique viewe." The earliest lawmakers of the Colony were pillars in the church, and though they did not regard marriage an ordinance over which the church had chief to say, yet they desired an attending solemnity. In 1651 it was ordered that "there shall be no dancinge vpon such occasions," meaning the festivities, which usually followed the marriage, at the "ordinary" or village inn.

The marriage of widows made special laws needful. Property was held in the name of the husband. The wife owned nothing, though it came from the meagre dowry of her own father. When the husband died the widow had certain rights as long as she "remained his widow." These rights were small at best, though the estate may have been accumulated through years of their mutual toil and hardships. We have notes of a number of cases, but give only a few. We omit the names of the contracting parties. "T — C — of A — and H — B — of S —, widow were married together, September ye 28th, 1748, before O — B— J. P. And at ye same time ye s^{d} H— solemnly declared as in ye presence of Almighty God &

before many witnesses, that she was in no way in possession of her former husband's estate of whatever kind soever neither possession or reversion." An excellent Deacon married an elderly matron, Dorothea ——, and before the Justice of Peace "Ye s^d^ Dorothea declared she was free from using any of her former husband's estate, and so ye s^d^ Nathaniel [the Deacon] received her." The following declarations are not without interest. "Ye sd John B— declared before marriage that he took ye sd Hannah naked and had clothed her & that he took her then in his own clothes separate from any interest of her former husbands." Again a groom declares: "And he takes her as naked and destitute, not having nor in no ways holding any part of her former husband's estate whatever." We have also the declaration of a widower on marrying a widow in 1702, who had property in her own name, probably gained by will, "that he did renounce meddling with her estate." These declarations evidence that the widow relinquished, and that the groom received her without the least design upon the estate. It has been intimated that in a few instances these declarations became a "sign," but we can hardly credit it. The "rich" widow was taken out of the matrimonial problem.

The following affidavit is spread on the town records of Amesbury:

"Whereas Thomas Challis of Amesbury in ye County of Essex in ye Province of ye Massachsetts Bay in New England, and Sarah Weed, daughter of George Weed in ye same Town, County and Province, have declared their intention of taking each other in marriage before several public meetings of ye people called Quakers in Hampton and Amesbury, and according to yt good order used amongst them whose proceeding therein after a deliberate consideration thereof with regard to ye righteous law of God and example of his people recorded in ye holy Scriptures of truth in that case, and by enquiry they appeared clear of all others relating to marriage and having consent of parties and relations concerned were approved by said meeting.

Now these certify whom it may concern yt for ye full accomplishment of their intention, this twenty-second day of September being ye year according to our account 1727, then they the s^d^ Thom^s^ Challis and Sarah Weed appeared in a public assembly of ye afores^d^ people and others met together for that purpose at their public meeting-house in Amesbury afores^d^ and then and there he ye s^d^ Thom^s^ Challis standing up in ye s^d^ assembly taking ye s^d^ Sarah Weed by ye hand did solemnly declare as followeth:

Friends in ye fear of God and in ye presence of this assembly whom I declare to bear witness, that I take this my Friend Sarah Weed to be my wife promising by ye Lord's assistance to be unto her a kind and loving husband till death, or to this effect; and then and there in ye s^d^ assembly she ye said Sarah Weed did in like manner declare as follweth: Friends in ye fear of God and presence of this assembly whom I declare to bear witness that I take this my Friend Thom^s^ Challis to be my husband promising to be unto him a faithful and loving wife till death separate us, or words of ye same effect. And ye s^d^ Thom^s^ Challis and Sarah Weed, as a further confirmation thereof did then and there to these presents set their hands, she assuming ye name of her husband. And we whose names are hereto subscribed being present amongst others at their solemnizing Subscription in manner afores^d^ have hereto set our names as witness."

Then follow the names of groom and bride, relatives on either side, and then the names of members in the assembly, first the "menfolks," then the "womenfolks." The names all told are forty-one. Among them is that of Joseph

Whittier, which name with those of Challis and Weed have long been honored names in Amesbury.

The marriage gift to the husband on the part of his parents was usually a farm, a part of the homestead; the dowry to the young bride from her parents was a cow, a year's supply of wool, or something needful in setting up house-keeping. If the homestead farm was not large the young couple were brave enough to encounter the labors and toils of frontier life, and begin for themselves on virgin soil and amid new scenes. It required bravery on the part of the young bride. But there were noble maidens in those days. The cares and duties of motherhood soon followed, but the house-cares and the maternal obligations were performed to the admiration of later generations. The fathers and mothers of New England were strong and hardy. Their praises come down to us. Witnesses new and ancient testify of their worth and royalty of character.

A REMINISCENCE OF COL. FLETCHER WEBSTER.

In a private conversation with the writer not long since General Marston, of New Hampshire, related the following story:

"On the morning of the thirtieth of August, 1862, before sunrise, I was lying under a fence rolled up in a blanket on the Bull Run battle-field. It was the second day of the Bull Run battle. My own regiment, the Second New Hampshire Volunteers, had been in the fight the day before and had lost one-third of the entire regiment in killed and wounded.

"While so lying by the fence some one shook me and said, 'Get up here.' In answer I said, without throwing the blanket from over my head, 'Who in thunder are you?' The answer was made, 'Get up here and see the Colonel of the Massachusetts Twelfth.'

"The speaker then partly pulled the blanket off my head and I saw that it was Colonel Fletcher Webster; whereupon I arose, and we sat down together and I sent my orderly for coffee.

"We sat there drinking the coffee and talking about his father, Daniel Webster, and he told me about his father going up to Franklin every year and always using the same expression about going. He would say 'Fletcher, my son, let us go up to Franklin to-morrow; let us have a good time and leave the old lady at home. Let us have a good old New Hampshire dinner — fried apples and onions and pork.' At about that time the Adjutant of Colonel Webster's regiment came along and told him that the General commanding his brigade wanted to see him. Colonel Webster replied that he would be there shortly.

"As he sat there on the blanket with me he took hold of his left leg just below the knee with both hands and said: 'There, I will agree to have my leg taken off right there for my share of the casualties of this day.' I replied: 'I would as soon be killed as lose a leg; and the chances are a hundred to one that you won't be hit at all.' 'Well,' said he as he gave me his hand, 'I hope to see you again; good bye.' I never saw him again. He was killed that day. His extreme sadness, his depression, was perhaps indicative of a conviction or presentiment of some impending misfortune."

DENMAN THOMPSON.

THROUGHOUT the United States wherever the name of New England is held in respect there is the name of Denman Thompson a household word. His genius has embodied in a drama the finer yet homlier characteristics of New England life, its simplicity, its rugged honesty, its simple piety, its benevolence, partially hid beneath a rough and uncouth exterior. His drama is an epic—a prose poem—arousing a loyal and patriotic love for the land of the Pilgrims in the hearts of her sons, whether at home, on the rolling prairies of the West, in the sunny South, amid the grand scenes of the Sierras, or on the Pacific slope.

That Denman Thompson was not a native of New Hampshire was rather the result of chance. His parents were natives of Swanzey, where they are still living at a ripe old age, and where they have always lived, save for a few years preceeding and following the birth of their children. In 1831 the parents moved to Girard, Erie County, Pennsylvania, when, October 15, 1833, was born their gifted son. The boy was blessed with one brother and two sisters, and death has yet to strike its first blow in the family.

At the age of thirteen years Denman accompanied his family to the old home in Swanzey, where for several years he received the advantages of the education afforded by the district school. For his higher education he was indebted to the excellent scholastic opportunities afforded by the Mount Cæsar Seminary in Swanzey.

At the age of nineteen he entered the employ of his uncle in Lowell, Massachusetts, serving as book-keeper in a wholesale store, and in that city he made his *debut* as Orasman in the military drama of the FRENCH SPY.

In 1854, at the age of twenty-one years, he was engaged by John Nickerson, the veteran actor and manager, as a member of the stock company of the Royal Lyceum, Toronto. From the first his success was assured, for aside from his natural adaptation to his profession he possesses indomitable perseverance, a quality as necessary to the rise of an artist as genius. On the provincial boards of Toronto he studied and acted for the next few years, perfecting himself in his calling and preparing for wider fields. Then he acted the rollicking Irishman to perfection; the real live Yankee, with his genuine mannerisms and dialect, with proper spirit and without ridiculous exaggeration, and the Negro, so open to burlesque. The special charm of his acting in those characters was his artistic execution. He never stooped to vulgarities, his humor was quaint and spontaneous, and the entire absence of apparent effort in his performance gave his audience a most favorable impression of power in reserve. His favorite characters were Salem Scudder in THE OCTOROON, and Myles Na Coppaleen in COLLEEN BAWN.

In April, 1862, Mr. Thompson started for the mother country, and there his reception was worthy a returning son who had achieved a well-earned reputation. His opening night in London was a perfect ovation, and during his engagement the theatre was crowded in every part. He met with flattering success during his brief tour, performing at Edinburg and Glasgow before his return to Toronto the following fall.

From that time must be dated the

career of Mr. Thompson as a *star* or leading actor and manager, at first in low comedy, so called, or eccentric drama, and later, in what he has made a classic New England drama.

Mr. Thompson is the author of several very pleasing and successful comedies, but the play JOSHUA WHITCOMB is the best known and most popular. The leading character is said to have been drawn from Captain Otis Whitcomb, who died in Swanzey in 1882, at the age of eighty-six. Cy Prime, who "could have proved it had Bill Jones been alive," died in that town, a few years since, while Len Holbrook still lives there. General James Wilson, the veteran, who passed away a short time since, was well known to the older generation of to-day. The last scene of the drama is laid in Swanzey and the scenery is drawn from nature very artistically. Mr. Thompson is the actor as well as creator of the leading character in the play. The good old man is drawn from the quiet and comforts of his rural home to the perplexities of city life in Boston. There his strong character and good sense offset his simplicity and ignorance. He acts as a kind of Providence in guiding the lives of others. To say that the play is pure is not enough — it is ennobling.

The success of the play has been wonderful. Year after year it draws crowded houses — and it will, long after the genius of Mr. Thompson's acting becomes a tradition.

Mr. Thompson is a gentleman of wide culture and extensive reading and information. Not only with the public but with his professional brethren he is very popular on account of his amiable character. Naturally he is of a quiet and benevolent disposition, and has the good word of everyone to whom he is known.

As one of a stock company he never disappointed the manager — as a manager he never disappointed the public.

In private life he has been very happy in his marital relations, having married Miss Maria Bolton in July, 1860. Three children — two daughters and one son, have blessed their union.

A book could well be written on the adventures and incidents that have attended the presentation of the great play since its inception. Nowhere is it more popular than in the neighborhood of Mr. Thompsons's summer home. When a performance is had in Keene the good people of Swanzey demand a special matinee for their benefit, from which the citizens of Keene are supposed to be excluded.

In Colorado a Methodist camp-meeting was adjourned and its members attended the play *en masse*. Such is the charm of the play that it never loses its attraction.

Mr. Thompson is in the prime of life, about fifty years old. His home is in New Hampshire; his birthplace was in Pennsylvania. He made his *debut* in Massachusetts, and received his professional training in Canada; he is a citizen of the United States, and is always honored where genius is recognized.

Like the favorite character, Joshua Whitcomb, in his favorite play, Mr. Thompson is personally sensitive, kind-hearted, self-sacrificing; he never speaks ill of any one, delights in doing good, and enjoys hearing and telling a good story; he is quiet, yet full of fun; generous to a fault. His company has become much attached to him.

In the village of Swansey is Mr. Thompson's summer home; a beautiful mansion, surrounded by grounds where art and nature combine to please. The hospitality of the house is proverbial, but its chief attraction is its well-stocked library.

NATIONAL BANKS.

THE SURPLUS FUND AND NET PROFITS.

By George H. Wood.

In the elimination of an unusually large amount of dead assets under the requirements of the National Bank law, previous to extension of the corporate existence of a bank, the very interesting question is brought to notice, of what is the proper construction of the law in regard to reducing and restoring the surplus fund.

Does the law forbid the payment of a dividend by a National Bank when the effect of such payment will be to reduce the surplus fund of the bank below an amount equal to one-tenth of its net profits since its organization as a National Bank; and if so, upon what ground? It does, and for the following reasons. The power to declare dividends is granted by section 5199 of the Revised Statutes of the United States in the following language: "The Directors of any association (National Bank) may semi-annually declare a dividend of so much of the *net profits* of the association as they shall judge expedient; but each association shall, before the declaration of a dividend, carry one-tenth of its net profits of the preceding half year to its surplus fund until the same shall amount to twenty per cent. of its capital stock."

The question at once arises, what are the net profits from which dividends may be declared, and do they include the surplus fund? It is held that the net profits are the earnings left on hand after charging off expenses, taxes and losses, if any, and carrying to surplus fund the amount required by the law, and that the surplus fund is not to be considered as net profits available for dividends, for, if it were, the Directors of a bank could at any time divide the surplus among the shareholders. It would only be necessary to go through the form of carrying one-tenth of the net profits to surplus, whereupon, if the surplus be net profits available for the purpose of a dividend, the amount so carried can be withdrawn and paid away at once, thereby defeating the obvious purpose of the law in requiring a portion of each six month's earnings to be carried to the surplus fund, that purpose being to provide that a surplus fund equal to twenty per cent. of the bank's capital shall be accumulated.

The law is to be so construed as to give effect to all its parts, and any construction that does not do so is manifestly unsound. Therefore a construction which would render inoperative the requirement for the accumulation of a surplus fund cannot be correct, and the net profits available for dividends must be determined by the amount of earnings on hand other than the surplus fund when that fund does not exceed a sum equal to one-tenth of the earnings of the bank since its organization.

Having shown what the net profits available for dividends are, the only other question that can arise is: Can losses and bad debts be charged to the surplus fund and the other earnings used for paying dividends, or must all losses and bad debts be first charged against earnings other than the surplus fund, so far as such earnings will admit of it, and the surplus, or a portion of it, used only when other earnings shall be exhausted?

This question is virtually answered above, for if the object of the law in requiring the creation of a surplus fund may not be defeated by one means it may not by another; if it may not be defeated by paying away the amounts carried to surplus in dividends, neither may it be by charging losses to the surplus and at the same time using the other earnings for dividends.

Moreover, section 5204 of the Revised Statutes of the United States provides as follows: "If losses have at any time been sustained by any such association, equal to or exceeding its undivided profits then on hand, no dividend shall be made; and no dividend shall ever be made by any association, while it continues its banking operations, to an amount greater than its net profits then on hand, deducting therefrom its losses and bad debts."

This language fixes the extent to which dividends may be made at the amount of the "net profits" on hand after deducting therefrom losses and bad debts, and as it has been shown above that the surplus fund cannot be considered "net profits," available for dividends within the meaning of the law, it follows that in order to determine the amount of net earnings available for dividends the losses must first be deducted from the earnings other than surplus.

It is to be observed also that section 5204 specifies that if losses have at any time been sustained by a bank equal to or exceeding its "*undivided* profits" on hand no dividends shall be made.

Now the surplus fund is not undivided profits, except in so far as it is earnings not divided among the shareholders. It is made upon a division of the profits — so much to the stockholders and so much to the surplus fund. If the law had intended that losses might be charged to surplus fund in order to leave the other earnings available for dividends it is to be presumed that care would not have been taken to use the words "undivided profits," in the connection in which they are used, as stated above.

Furthermore, if losses may be charged to surplus when at the same time the other earnings are used for dividends to shareholders, a bank may go on declaring dividends, and never accumulate any surplus fund whatever if losses be sustained, as they are in the history of nearly every bank. A construction of the law which would render inoperative the requirement for the creation of a surplus cannot be sound; and as the only way to insure that a surplus shall be accumulated and maintained is to charge losses against other earnings as far as may be before trenching upon the surplus; it must be that the law intended that the "undivided profits" which are not in the surplus fund shall first be used to meet losses.

To a full understanding of the subject it is proper to say that after using all other earnings on hand at the usual time for declaring a dividend to meet losses the whole or any part of the surplus may be used if the losses exceed the amount of the earnings other than surplus, and then at the end of another six months a dividend may be made if the earnings will admit of it, one-tenth of the earnings being first carried to surplus and the re-accumulation of the fund thus begun.

This is because the law has been complied with by charging the losses against the "undivided profits," as far as they will go, and it is impossible to do more, or require more to be done, for the re-establishment of the state of things that existed prior to losses having been sustained than to do what the law requires shall be done to originally establish that state of things.

NATIONAL BANK FAILURES.

By George H. Wood.

Occasionally the attention of the daily press of the country is called to the provisions of the National Banking Law by the announcement of the failure of some national banking association, and immediately it teems with comments, and recommendations as to amendments which should be made to render the law effective. These recommendations and comments usually show the most lamentable ignorance, both as to the actual existing provisions of the law and its practical working, and as regards banking matters generally. In the case of the failure of the Middletown National Bank of New York, the advice which has been given in the columns of the press seems of itself to be sufficient, if it had been given sooner, to have prevented the disaster. The Directors have been blamed, very justly too, for they looked on while their President run them into all its difficulties, and as usual the Bank Examiners have been held responsible for the disaster. Some have even gone so far as to suggest that a provision be added to the National Banking Laws punishing Examiners who do not detect irregularities in the banks which they examine.

The provisions of the National Bank Act as they now stand are as perfect, theoretically, as they can be drawn, to protect both the depositors and the stockholders. The law provides for the publication of sworn reports, from time to time, of the condition of each national bank. These reports must be sworn to by the President, or Cashier, and their correctness must be attested by the signatures of at least three Directors. These reports are required five times a year and it is impossible to see how, if the Directors do their duty fully and honestly, any delinquency on the part of the officers of the bank can fail to be detected by them. Under the law, the stockholders elect the Directors, at least five in number. The officers of the bank are elected or appointed by the directors and are subject to them. Thus far the protection the Act provides is based upon what, so far as financial matters are concerned, is one of the great controlling influences of human nature, *viz*: self-interest. The stockholders, in order to protect themselves, are expected to elect Directors who will look out for the interests of all.

The sworn reports made to the Comptroller of the Currency are published in the newspapers where the banks are located, and a copy sent to that officer that he may know that the law in this respect has been complied with. The stockholders can inspect them at any time as they appear, and can note any changes which occur in them from time to time. The stockholders are also at perfect liberty to make any inquiries that they may deem fit, in any direction which their intelligence may suggest to them.

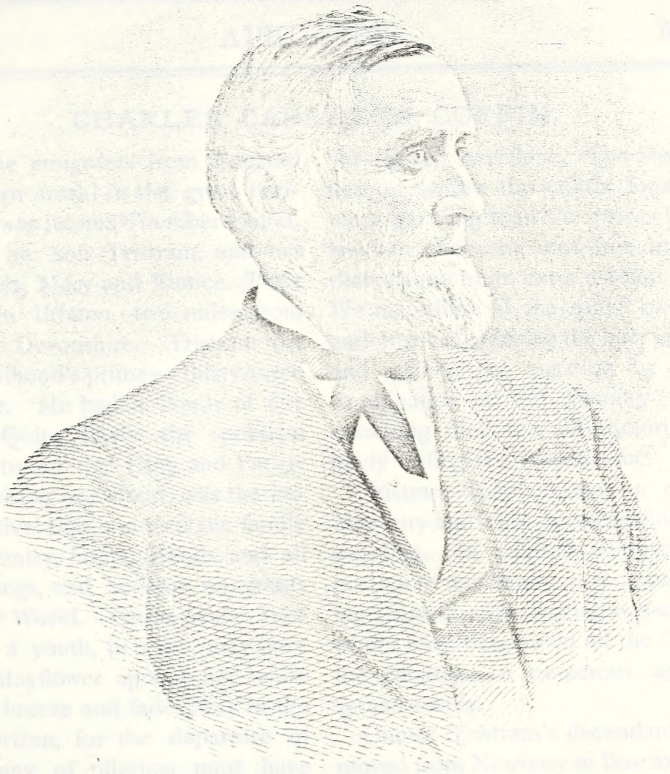
In addition to the protection which the law gives to the stockholders, and also to the depositors, by requiring the publication of reports of the condition of the national banks, Bank Examiners are provided in the law; these Bank Examiners are appointed by the Comptroller of the Currency, and make their examinations at any time that he may deem fit.

A Bank Examiner to afford perfect

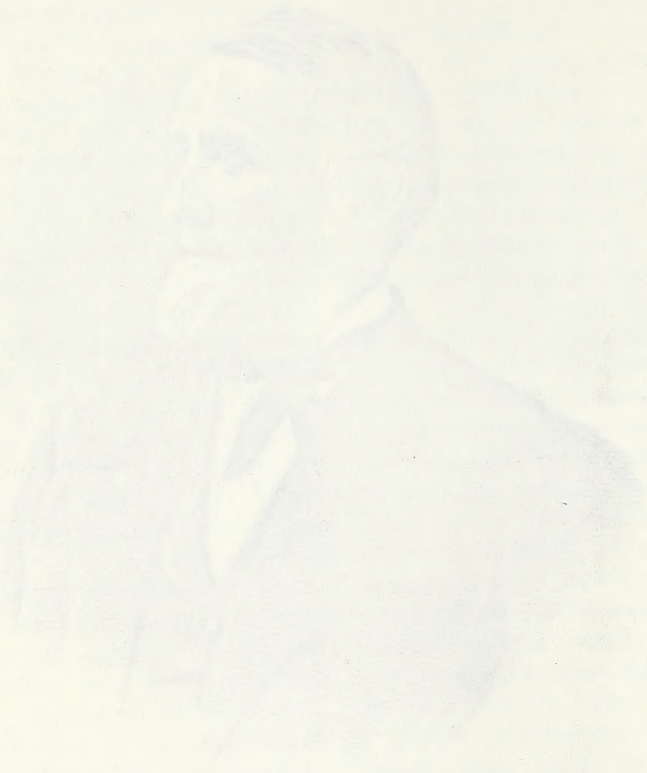
security for the real merit of his examination, has a disagreeable duty to perform. He enters a bank, which by all the world is supposed to be well conducted and solvent, and to be managed by honorable men, respected and looked up to by the whole community. His position, however, is that of a Censor, and it does not permit him to assume what the world supposes. On the contrary, to make a good examination, he must take nothing for granted, and quietly act on the ground that something is wrong. "Suspicions are the sinews of the mind" in this case, and an examiner without them cannot expect to detect mismanagement or defalcation. The position requires tact as well as technical skill — tact not to offend unnecessarily or disturb friendly relations, and skill to bring to light all that should be discovered — and undoubtedly requires a high class of mind in the one that fills it *well*. Bank examinations are not the only security provided in the law, and it is ridiculous to assert that the Directors, stockholders and depositors should throw aside or neglect to use all the other means which the law provides to enable them to protect themselves, and rely entirely upon the Government examinations, which in the nature of things must depend for success on the sagacity of one individual.

The framers of the National Bank Act, while they did all that they could to protect the depositors and stockholders of national banks, as has been seen, were still not perfectly sure but that failures might sometimes occur. This feeling doubtless arose from a knowledge on their part of the weakness of human nature, and of the imperfections of systems of Government. That they felt in this way, is indicated by the fact that they have provided, also, a method of protecting, as far as possible, the depositors of national banks that *do* fail. They have provided for the appointment of receivers and for a distribution, under Government control, of such assets as can be collected from the wrecks of the failed banks. The stockholders of such banks are subject to the penalty of being compelled to contribute, if the deficiency in the assets requires it, an amount not exceeding the par value of the shares of stock held by them in addition to the amount already invested in such shares, to the fund necessary to pay depositors. This of itself would seem sufficient to be careful and place a live Board of Directors in charge of a large fund, considering the manner the stockholders of the Pacific National Bank of Boston kicked and squirmed when this provision of the law was applied.

The experience of the past has been that bank officers have concealed all their operations from the proprietors, and when failures have occurred everybody has been astonished. As an additional safeguard to meet this secrecy an organization has just been perfected in New York which is a step farther in commercial agencies than has ever been attempted. From one of their printed circulars it is ascertained that they propose to keep in pay a corps of detectives and other agencies, "as a check upon defalcations and embezzlements by bank Presidents, and Cashiers and other officials." But it is not exactly clear who will watch the detectives.



Charles Carleton Coffin



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CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN.

AMONG the emigrants from England to the western world in the great Puritan exodus was Joanna Thember Coffin, widow, and her son Tristram, and her two daughters, Mary and Eunice. Their home was in Brixton, two miles from Plymouth, in Devonshire. Tristram was entering manhood's prime — thirty-three years of age. He had a family of five children. Quite likely the political troubles between the King and Parliament, the rising war cloud, was the impelling motive that induced the family to leave country, home, friends, and all dear old things, and become emigrants to the New World. Quite likely Tristram, when a youth, in 1620, may have seen the Mayflower spread her white sails to the breeze and fade away in the western horizon, for the departure of that company of pilgrims must have been the theme of conversation in and around Plymouth. Without doubt it set the young man to thinking of the unexplored continent beyond the stormy Atlantic. In 1632 his neighbors and friends began to leave, and in 1642 he, too, bade farewell to dear old England, to become a citizen of Massachusetts Bay.

He landed at Newbury, settled first in Salisbury, and ferried people across the Merrimack between Salisbury and Newbury. His wife, Dionis, brewed beer for thirsty travellers. The Sheriff had her up before the courts for charging more per mug than the price fixed by law, but she went scot free on proving that she put in an extra amount of malt. We may think of the grave and reverend Justices ordering the beer into court and settling the question by personal examination of the foaming mugs,— smacking their lips satisfactorily, quite likely testing it a second time.

Tristram Coffin became a citizen of Newbury and built a house, which is still standing. In 1660 he removed with a portion of his family to Nantucket, dying there in 1681, leaving two sons, from whom have descended all the Coffins of the country — a numerous and widespread family.

One of Tristram's decendants, Peter, moved from Newbury to Boscawen, New Hampshire, in 1766, building a large two-storied house. He became a prominent citizen of the town — a Captain of the militia company, was quick and prompt in all his actions. The news of the affair at Lexington and Concord April 19, 1775, reached Boscawen on the afternoon of the next day. On the twenty-first Peter Coffin was in Exeter answering the roll call in the Provincial assembly — to take measures for the public safety.

His wife, Rebecca Hazelton Coffin,

was as energetic and patriotic as he. In August, 1777, everybody, old and young, turned out to defeat Burgoyne. One soldier could not go, because he had no shirt. It was this energetic woman, with a babe but three weeks old, who cut a web from the loom and sat up all night to make a shirt for the soldier. August came, the wheat was ripe for the sickle. Her husband was gone, the neighbors also. Six miles away was a family where she thought it possible she might obtain a harvest hand. Mounting the mare, taking the babe in her arms, she rode through the forest only to find that all the able-bodied young men had gone to the war. The only help to be had was a barefoot, hatless, coatless boy of fourteen.

"He can go but he has no coat," said the mother of the boy.

"I can make him a coat," was the reply.

The boy leaped upon the pillion, rode home with the woman — went out with his sickle to reap the bearded grain, while the house wife, taking a meal bag for want of other material, cutting a hole in the bottom, two holes in the sides, sewing a pair of her own stockings on for sleeves, fulfilled her promise of providing a coat, then laid her babe beneath the shade of a tree and bound the sheaves.

It is a picture of the trials, hardships and patriotism of the people in the most trying hour of the revolutionary struggle.

The babe was Thomas Coffin — father of the subject of this sketch, Charles Carleton Coffin, who was born on the old homestead in Boscawen, July 26, 1823,— the youngest of nine children, three of whom died in infancy.

The boyhood of the future journalist, correspondent and author was one of toil rather than recreation. The maxims of Benjamin Franklin in regard to idleness, thrift and prosperity were household words.

"He who would thrive must rise at five."

In most farm-houses the fire was kindled on the old stone hearth before that hour. The cows were to be milked and driven to the pasture to crop the green grass before the sun dispatched the beaded drops of dew. They must be brought home at night.

In the planting season, corn and potatoes must be put in the hill. The youngest boy must ride the horse in furrowing, spread the new-mown grass, stow away the hay high up under the roof of the barn, gather stones in heaps after the wheat was reaped, or pick the apples in the orchard. Each member of the family must commit to memory the verses of Dr. Watts:

> "Then what my hands shall find to do
> Let me with all my might pursue,
> For no device nor work is found
> Beneath the surface of the ground."

The great end of life was to do something. There was a gospel of work, thrift and economy continually preached. To be idle was to serve the devil.

"The devil finds some mischief still for idle hands to do."

Such teaching had its legitimate effect, and the subject of this sketch in common with the boys and girls of his generation made work a duty. What was accepted as duty became pleasure.

Aside from the district school he attended Boscawen Academy a few terms. The teaching could not be called first-class instruction. The instructors were students just out of college, who taught for the stipend received rather than with any high ideal of teaching as a profession. A term at Pembroke Academy in 1843 completed his acquisition of knowledge, so far as obtained in the schools.

The future journalist was an omnivorous reader. Everything was fish that came to the dragnet of this New Hampshire boy — from "Sinbad" to

"Milton's Paradise Lost," which was read before he was eleven years old.

The household to which he belonged had ever a goodly supply of weekly papers, the *New Hampshire Statesman*, the *Herald of Freedom*, the *New Hampshire Observer*, all published at Concord; the first political, the second devoted to anti-slavery, the third a religious weekly. In the westerly part of the town was a circulating library of some one hundred and fifty volumes, gathered about 1816 — the books were dog-eared, soiled and torn. Among them was the "History of the Expedition of Lewis and Clark up the Missouri and down the Columbia to the Pacific Ocean," which was read and re-read by the future correspondent, till every scene and incident was impressed upon his memory as distinctly as that of the die upon the coin. Another volume was a historical novel entitled "A Peep at the Pilgrims," which awakened a love for historical literature. Books of the Indian Wars, Stories of the Revolution, were read and re-read with increasing delight. Even the *Federalist*, that series of papers elucidating the principles of Republican government, was read before he was fourteen. There was no pleasure to be compared with that of visiting Concord, and looking at the books in the store of Marsh, Capen and Lyon, who kept a bookstore in that, then, town of four thousand inhabitants — the only one in central New Hampshire.

Without doubt the love for historical literature was quickened by the kind patronage of John Farmer, the genial historian, who was a visitor at the Boscawen farm-house, and who had delightful stories to tell of the exploits of Robert Rogers and John Stark during the French and Indian wars.

Soldiers of the Revolution were living in 1830. Eliphalet Kilburn, the grandfather of Charles Carleton Coffin on the maternal side, was in the thick of battle at Saratoga and Rhode Island, and there was no greater pleasure to the old blind pensioner than to narrate the stories of the Revolution to his listening grandchild. Near neighbors to the Coffin homestead were Eliakim Walker, Nathaniel Atkinson and David Flanders, all of whom were at Bunker Hill — Walker in the redoubt under Prescott; Atkinson and Flanders in Captain Abbott's company, under Stark, by the rail fence, confronting the Welch fusileers.

The vivid description of that battle which Mr. Coffin has given in the "Boys of '76," is doubtless due in a great measure to the stories of these pensioners, who often sat by the old fire-place in that farm-house and fought their battles over again to the intense delight of their white-haired auditor.

Ill health, inability for prolonged mental application, shut out the future correspondent, to his great grief, from all thoughts of attempting a collegiate course. While incapacitated from mental or physical labor he obtained a surveyor's compass, and more for pastime than any thought of becoming a surveyor, he studied the elements of surveying.

There were fewer civil engineers in the country in 1845 than now. It was a period when engineers were wanted — when the demand was greater than the supply, and anyone who had a smattering of engineering could find employment. Mr. Coffin accepted a position in the engineering corps of the Northern Railroad, and was subsequently employed on the Concord and Portsmouth, and Concord and Claremont Railroad.

In 1846 he was married to Sallie R. Farmer of Boscawen. Not wishing to make civil engineering a profession for life he purchased a farm in his native town; but health gave way and he was forced to seek other pursuits.

He early began to write articles for the Concord newspapers, and some of his fugitive political contributions were re-published in *Littell's Living Age.*

Mr. Coffin's studies in engineering led him towards scientific culture. In 1849 he constructed the telegraph line between Harvard Observatory and Boston, by which uniform time was first given to the railroads leading from Boston. He had charge of the construction of the Telegraphic Fire Alarm in Boston, under the direction of Professor Moses G. Farmer, his brother-in-law, and gave the first alarm ever given by that system April 29, 1852.

Mr. Coffin's tastes led him toward journalism. From 1850 to 1854 he was a constant contributor to the press, sending articles to the *Transcript*, the Boston *Journal*, *Congregationalist*, and New York *Tribune*. He was also a contributor to the *Student and Schoolmate*, a small magazine then conducted by Mr. Adams (Oliver Optic).

He was for a short time assistant editor of the *Practical Farmer*, an agricultural and literary weekly newspaper. In 1854 he was employed on the Boston *Journal*. Many of the editorials upon the Kansas-Nebraska struggle were from his pen. His style of composition was developed during these years when great events were agitating the public mind. It was a period which demanded clear, comprehensive, concise, statements, and words that meant something. His articles upon the questions of the hour were able and trenchant. One of the leading newspapers of Boston down to 1856 was the *Atlas* — the organ of the anti-slavery wing of the Whig party, of the men who laid the foundation of the Republican party. Its chief editorial writer was the brilliant Charles T. Congdon, with whom Mr. Coffin was associated as assistant editor till the paper was merged into the *Atlas and Bee.*

During the year 1858 he became again assistant on the *Journal*. He wrote a series of letters from Canada in connection with the visit of the Prince of Wales. He was deputed, as correspondent, to attend the opening of several of the great western railroads, which were attended by many men in public life. He was present at the Baltimore Convention which nominated Bell and Everett as candidates for the Presidency and Vice Presidency in 1860. He travelled west through Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana, before the assembling of the Republican Convention at Chicago, conversing with public men, and in a private letter predicted the nomination of Abraham Lincoln, who, up to the assembling of the convention, had hardly been regarded as a possible candidate.

He accompanied the committee appointed to apprise Mr. Lincoln of his nomination to Springfield, spent several weeks in the vicinity — making Mr. Lincoln's acquaintance, and obtaining information in regard to him, which was turned to proper advantage during the campaign.

In the winter of 1860–61, Mr. Coffin held the position of night editor of the *Journal*. The Southern States were then seceding. It was the most exciting period in the history of the republic. There was turmoil in Congress. Public affairs were drifting with no arm at the helm. There was no leadership in Congress or out of it. The position occupied by Mr. Coffin was one requiring discrimination and judgment. The Peace Congress was in session. During the long nights while waiting for despatches, which often did not arrive till well toward morning, he had time to study the situation of public affairs, and saw, what all men did not see, that a conflict of arms was approaching. He was at that time residing in Malden, and on the morning after the surrender of Sumter took measures for the calling of

a public meeting of the citizens of that town to sustain the government. It was one of the first — if not the first of the many, held throughout the country.

Upon the breaking out of the war in 1861 Mr. Coffin left the editorial department of the *Journal* and became a correspondent in the field, writing his first letter from Baltimore, June 15, over the signature of "*Carleton*" — selecting his middle name for a *nom de plume*.

He accompanied the right wing under General Tyler, which had the advance in the movement to Bull Run, and witnessed the first encounter at Blackburn's Ford, July 18. He returned to Washington the next morning with the account, and was back again on the succeeding morning in season to witness the battle of Bull Run, narrowly escaping capture when the Confederate cavalry dashed upon the panic-stricken Union troops. He reached Washington during the night, and sent a full account of the action the following morning.

During the autumn he made frequent trips from the army around Washington to Eastern Maryland, and the upper Potomac, making long rides upon the least sign of action. Becoming convinced, in December, that the Army of the Potomac was doomed to inaction during the winter, the correspondent, furnished with letters of introduction to Generals Grant and Buell from the Secretary of War, proceeded west. Arriving at Louisville he found that General Buell had expelled all correspondents from the army. The letter from the Secretary of War vouching for the loyalty and integrity of the correspondent was read and tossed aside with the remark that correspondents could not be permitted in an army which he had the honor to command.

Mr. Coffin proceeded to St. Louis, took a look at the army then at Rolla, in Central Missouri, but discovering no signs of action in that direction made his way to Cairo where General Grant was in command. General Grant's headquarters were in the second story of a tumble-down building.

No sentinel paced before the door. Ascending the stairs and knocking, Mr. Coffin heard the answer, "Come in." Entering, he saw a man in a blue blouse sitting upon a nail-keg at a rude desk smoking a cigar.

"Is General Grant in?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

Supposing the man on the nail keg with no straps upon his shoulder to be only a clerk or orderly, he presented his letter from the Secretary of War, with the remark, "Will you please present this to General Grant?" whereupon the supposed clerk glanced over the lines, rose, extended his hand and said, "I am right glad to see you. Please take a nail keg!"

There were several empty nail kegs in the apartment, but not a chair. The contrast to what he had experienced with General Buell was so great that the correspondent could hardly realize that he was in the presence of General Grant, who at once gave him the needed facilities for attaining information.

The rapidity of the correspondent's movements — the quickness with which he took in the military situation, may be inferred from the dates of his letters. On January 6, 1862, he wrote a letter detailing affairs at St. Louis. On the eighth, he described affairs at Rolla in Central Missouri. On the eleventh, he was writing from Cairo. The gunboats under Commodore Foot were at Cairo, and the correspondent was received with the utmost hospitality, not only by the Commodore, but by all the officers.

Upon the movement of General Zollicoffer into Kentucky, Mr. Coffin hastened to Louisville, Lexington, and Central Kentucky, but finding affairs had settled down, hastened down the Ohio River on a steamboat, reaching the

mouth of the Tennessee just as the fleet under Commodore Foot was entering the Ohio after capturing Fort Henry. Commodore Foot narrated the events of the engagement, and Mr. Coffin, learning that no correspondent had returned from Fort Henry, stimulated by the thought of giving the Boston *Journal* the first information, jumped on board the cars, wrote his account on the train, and had the satisfaction of knowing that it was the first one published.

Returning to Cairo by the next train, he proceeded to Fort Donelson and was present in the cabin of the steamer "Uncle Sam" when General Buckner turned over the Fort, the Artillery, and 15,000 prisoners to General Grant. He hastened to Cairo, wrote his account on the cars, riding eastward, till it was complete, then returning, and arriving in season to jump on board the gunboat Boston for a reconnoissance of Columbus.

Mr. Coffin continued with the fleet during the operation at Island No. 10. His knowledge of civil engineering enabled him to assist Captain Maynadier of the engineers in directing the mortar firing. On one occasion while mounted on a corn crib near a farm-house to note the direction of the bombs, the Confederate artillerists sent a shell which demolished a pig-pen but a few feet distant.

While at Island No. 10, the battle of Pittsburg Landing was fought. Leaving the fleet he hastened thither, accompanied the army in its slow advance upon Corinth, was present at the battle of Farmington and the occupation of Corinth.

General Halleck, smarting under the criticism of the press, ordered all correspondents to leave, and Mr. Coffin once more joined the fleet, descending the Mississippi. During the engagement with the Confederate fleet at Memphis, he stood upon the deck of the Admiral's despatch boat with note-book and watch in hand—noting every movement. He was fully exposed, aided in hauling down the flag of the Confederate ship, "Little Rebel," and assisted in rescuing some of the wounded Confederates from the sinking vessels.

He accepted an invitation from Captain Phelps of the Benton to accompany him on shore when the city was surrendered, and saw the stars and strips go up upon the flag-staff in the public square and over the Court House.

The Army of the Potamac was in front of Richmond, and he returned east in season to chronicle the seven day's engagement on the Peninsular. The constant exposure to malaria brought on sickness, which prevented his being with the army in the engagement at the second Bull Run, but he was on the field of Antietam throughout the entire contest, and wrote an account which was published in the Baltimore *American*, of which an enormous edition was disposed of in the army—and was commended for its accuracy.

In October Mr. Coffin was once more in Kentucky, but did not reach the army in season to see the battle of Perrysville. Comprehending the situation of affairs there, that there could be no movement until the entire army was re-organized under a new commander, he returned to Virginia, accompanying the army in its march from the Potomac to Fredericksburg, and witnessed that disastrous battle. A month later he was with the fleet off Charleston and saw the attack on Sumter by the Monitor, and the bombardment of Fort McAllister.

In April he was once more with the Army of the Potomac, arriving just as the troops were getting back to their quarters after Chancellorsville to hear the stories and collect an account of that battle.

When the Confederate army began the Gettysburg Campaign Mr. Coffin watched every movement. He was with the cavalry during the first day's struggle on that field, but was an eye-witness of the second and third days' engagement. His account was re-published in nearly every one of the large cities, was translated and re-published in France and Germany. While the armies east and west were preparing for the campaign of 1864 Mr. Coffin made an extended tour through the border states—Maryland, West Virginia, Ken-

tucky, Missouri, Kansas, Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio, to ascertain what changes had taken place in public opinion. In May he was once more with the Army of the Potomac under its great leader, Lieutenant General Grant, and saw all the conflicts of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, North Anna, around Hanover, Cold Harbor, the struggles in front of Petersburg through '64. Upon the occupation of Savannah by General Sherman he hastened south, having an ardent desire to enter Charleston, whenever it should be occupied by Union troops. He was successful in carrying out his desires, and with James Redpath of the New York *Tribune* leaped on shore from the deck of General Gilmore's steamer when he steamed up to take possession of the city.

Mr. Coffin's despatch announcing the evacuation and occupation of Sumter, owing to his indefatigable energy, was published in Boston, telegraphed to Washington, and read in the House of Representatives before any other account appeared, causing a great sensation.

Thus read the opening sentence:

"Off Charleston, February 18, 2 P. M. The old flag waves over Sumter and Moultrie, and the city of Charleston. I can see its crimson stripes and fadeless stars waving in the warm sunlight of this glorious day. Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory."

In March the correspondent was again with the Army of the Potomac, witnessing the last battles — Fort Steadman — Hatcher's Run — and the last grand sweep at Five Forks. He entered Petersburg in the morning — rode alone at a breakneck pace to Richmond, entering it while the city was a sea of flame, entered the Spottsville hotel while the fire was raging on three sides — wrote his name large on the register — the first to succeed a long line of Confederate Generals and Colonels. When President Lincoln arrived to enter the city, he had the good fortune to be down by the river bank, and to him was accorded the honor of escorting the party to General Weitzel's headquarters in the mansion from which Jefferson Davis had fled without standing upon the order of departure.

With the fall of Richmond, and the surrender of Appomattox, Mr. Coffin's occupation as an army correspondent ended. During these long years he found time to write three volumes for juveniles — "Days and Nights on the Battle Field," "Following the Flag," and "Winning his Way."

On July 25, 1866, Mr. Coffin sailed from New York for Europe, accompanied by Mrs. Coffin, as correspondent of the Boston *Journal*. War had broken out between Austria on the one side and Italy and Germany on the other. It was of short duration; there was the battle of Custozza in Italy and Konnigratz in Germany, follwed by the retirement of Austria from Italy, and the ascendency of Bismarck over Baron Von Beust in the diplomacy of Europe. It was a favorable period for a correspondent and Mr. Coffin's letters were regularly looked for by the public. The agitation for the extension of the franchise was beginning in England. Bearing personal letters from Senator Sumner, Chief Justice Chase, General Grant, and other public men, the correspondent had no difficulty in making the acquaintance of the men prominent in the managment of affairs on the other side of the water. Through the courtesy of John Bright, who at once extended to Mr. Coffin every hospitality, he occupied a chair in the speaker's gallery of the House of Commons on the grand field night when Disraelli, then Prime Minister, brought in the suffrage bill. While in Great Britain Mr. Coffin made the acquaintance not only of men in public life, but many of the scientists,— Huxley, Tyndal, Lyell, Sir William Thompson. At the social Science Congress held in Belfast, Ireland, presided over by Lord Dufferin, he gave an address upon American Common Schools which was warmly commended by the London *Times*.

An introduction to the literary clubs of London gave him an opportunity to make the acquaintance of the literary guild. He was present at the dinner given to Charles Dickens before the departure of that author to the United States, at which nearly every notable author was a guest.

Hastening to Italy, he had the good fortune to see the Austrians take their

departure from Verona and Venice and the Italians assume possession of those cities. Upon the entrance of Victor Emanuel to Venice he enjoyed exceptional facilities for witnessing the festivities.

He was present at the coronation of the Emperor and Empress of Austria, as King and Queen of Hungary. Through the courtesy of Mr. Motley, then Minister to Austria, he received from the Prime Minister of the empire every facility for witnessing the ceremonies.

At Pesth he made the acquaintance of Francis Deak, the celebrated statesman — the John Bright of Hungary; also, of Arminius Vambrey, the celebrated Oriental traveller.

At Berlin he had the good fortune to see the Emperor William, the Crown Prince, Bismarck, Van Moltke, the former and the present Czar of Russia, and Gortschakoff, the great diplomatist of Russia, in one group. The letters written from Europe were upon the great events of the hour, together with graphic descriptions of the life of the common people.

After spending a year and a half in Europe, Mr. Coffin visited Greece, Turkey, Syria, Palestine, Egypt, sailing thence down the Red sea to Bombay, travelled across India to the valley of the Ganges, before the completion of the railroad, visiting Allahabad, Benares, Calcutta, sailing thence to Singapore, Hong Kong, Canton, Shanghai. Ascending the Yang-tse six hundred miles to Wuchang; the governor of the province invited him to a dinner. From Shanghai he sailed to Japan, experiencing a fearful typhoon upon the passage. Civil war in Japan prevented his travelling in that country, and he sailed for San Francisco, visiting points of interest in California, and in November made his way across the country seven hundred miles — riding five consecutive days and nights between the terminus of the Central Pacific road at Wadsworth and Salt Lake, arriving in Boston, January, 1869, after an absence of two and a half years. During that period the Boston *Journal* contained every week a letter from his pen.

For one who had seen so much there was an opening in the lecture field and for several years he was one of the popular lecturers before lyceums. In 1869 he published *Our New Way Round the World*, followed by the *Seat of Empire*, *Caleb Crinkle* (a story) *Boys of 76*, *Story of Liberty*, *Old Times in the Colonies*, *Building the Nation*, *Life of Garfield*, besides a history of his native town. His volumes have been received with marked favor. No less than fifty copies of the *Boys of '76* are in the Boston Public Library and all in constant use.

Mr. Coffin has given many addresses before teacher's associations, and a course of lectures before the Lowell Institute. During the winter of 1878-9 a movement was made by the Western grangers to bring about a radical change in the patent laws. Mr. Coffin appeared before the Committee of Congress and presented an address so convincing, that the Committee ordered its publication. It has been frequently quoted upon the floor of Congress and highly commended by the present Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Lamar. Mr. Coffin also appeared before the Committee on Labor, and made an argument on the "Forces of Nature as Affecting Society," which won high encomiums from the committee, and which was ordered to be printed. The honorary degree of A. M. was conferred upon Mr. Coffin in 1870, by Amherst College. He is a member of the New England Historical and Genealogical Society, and he gave the address upon the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of his native town. He is a resident of Boston, and was a member of the Legislature for 1884, member of the Committee on Education, and reported the bill for free textbooks. He was also member of the Committee on Civil Service, and was active in his efforts to secure the passage of the bill. He is a member of the present Legislature, Chairman of the Committee on the Liquor Law, and of the special committee for a Metropolitan Police for the city of Boston. Mr. Coffin's pen is never idle. He is giving his present time to a study of the late war, and is preparing a history of that mighty struggle for the preservation of the government of the people.

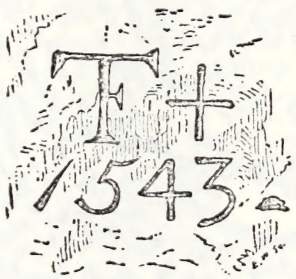
EARLY HISTORY OF THE BERMUDA ISLANDS.

By James H. Stark.

The singular collection of islands known as the Bermudas are situated about seven hundred miles from Boston, in a southeast direction, and about the same distance from Halifax, or Florida. The nearest land to Bermuda is Cape Hatteras, distant 625 miles.

Within sixty-five hours' sail from New York it is hardly possible to find so complete a change in government, climate, scenery and vegetation, as Bermuda offers; and yet these islands are strangely unfamiliar to most well-informed Americans.

Speaking our own language, having the same origin, with manners, which in many ways illustrate those prevalent in New England a century ago, the people are bound to us by many natural ties; and it is only now that these islands, having come to the front as a winter resort, have led us to inquire into their history and resources. Settled in 1612, Virginia only of the English colonies outdating it, life in Bermuda has been as placid as its lovely waters on a summer day; no agitation of sufficient occurrence having occurred to attract the attention of the outside world, from which it is so absolutely isolated.



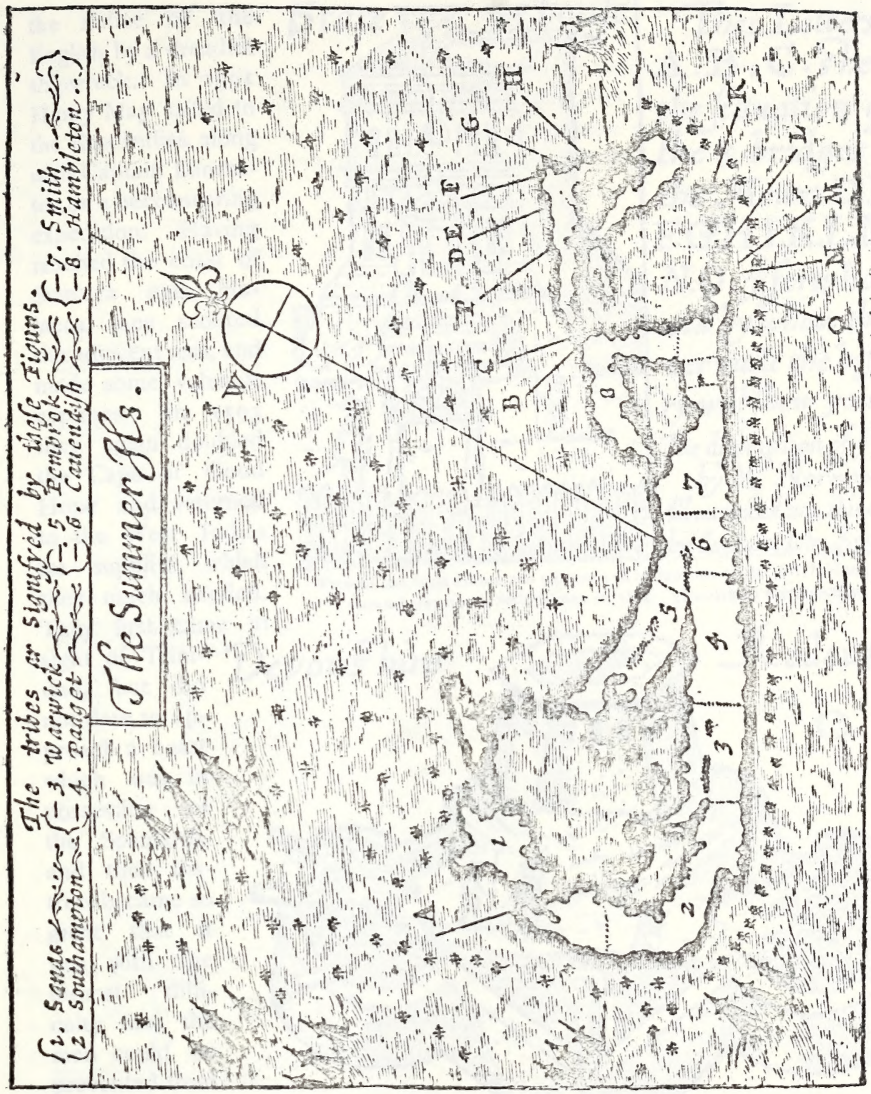
INSCRIPTION ON SPANISH ROCK.

The only communication with the mainland is by the Quebec Steamship Company, who dispatch a steamer every alternate Thursday between New York and Hamilton, Bermuda, the fare for the round trip, including meals and stateroom, is fifty dollars. During the crop season, in the months of April, May and June, steamers are run weekly.

The Cunard Company also have a monthly service between Halifax, Bermuda, Turks Island and Jamaica, under contract with the Admiralty.

The Bermudas were first discovered in 1515 by a Spanish vessel, called La Garza, on a voyage from Spain to Cuba, with a cargo of hogs, and commanded by Juan Bermudez, and having on board Gonzalez Oviedo, the historian of the Indies, to whom we are indebted for the first account of these islands. They approached near to the islands, and from the appearance of the place concluded that it was uninhabited. They resolved to send a boat ashore to make observations, and leave a few hogs, which might breed and be afterwards useful. When, however, they were preparing to debark a strong contrary gale arose, which obliged them to sheer off and be content with the view already obtained. The islands were named by the Spaniards indifferently, La Garza from the ship and Bermuda from the captain, but the former term is long since disused.

It does not appear that the Spaniards made any attempt to settle there, although Philip II. granted the islands to one Ferdinand Camelo, a Portuguese, who never improved his gift, beyond taking possession by the form of landing in 1543, and carving on a promi-



Fac-simile reproduction of a Map of Bermuda made in 1614 by Captain John Smith.

nent cliff on the southern shore of the island * the initials of his name and the year, to which, in conformity with the pratical zeal of the times, he superadded a cross, to protect his acquisition from the encroachments of roving heretics and the devil, for the stormy seas and dangerous reefs gave rise to so many disasters as to render the group exceedingly formidable in the eyes of the most experienced navigators. It was even invested in their imagination with superstitious terrors, being considered as unapproachable by man, and given up in full dominion to the spirits of darkness. The Spaniards therefore called them "Los Diabolos," the Devil's Islands.

These islands were first introduced to

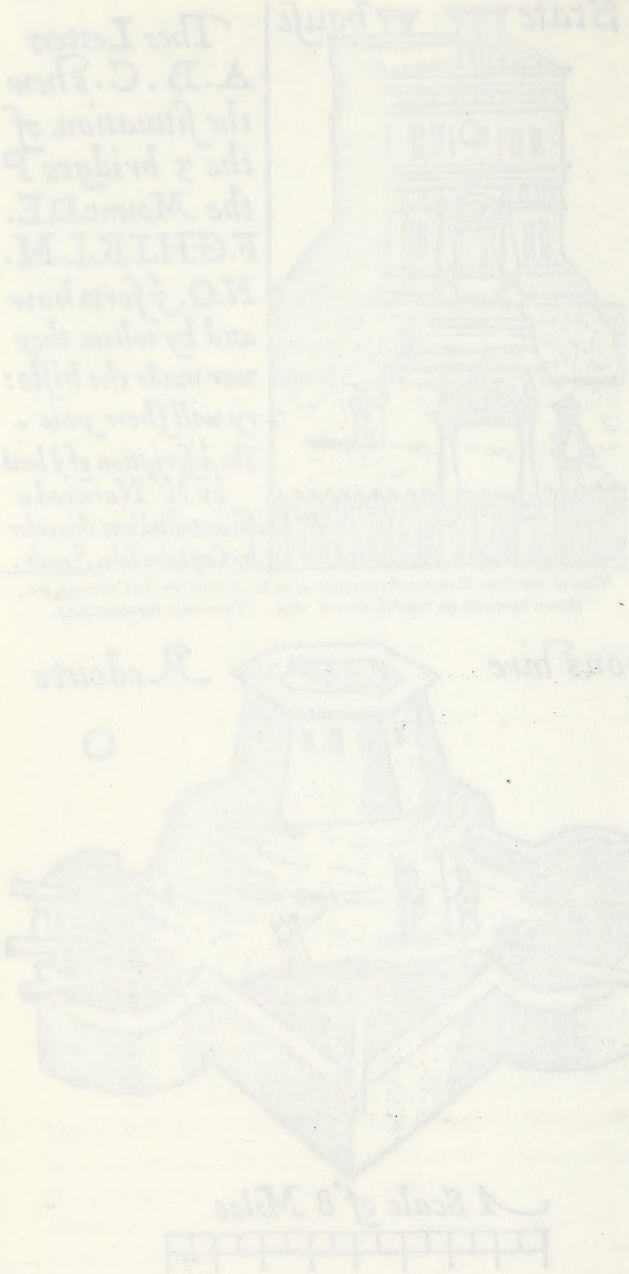
* This inscription is still in existence, the engraving shown herewith is a good representation of it, as it appears at the present time.



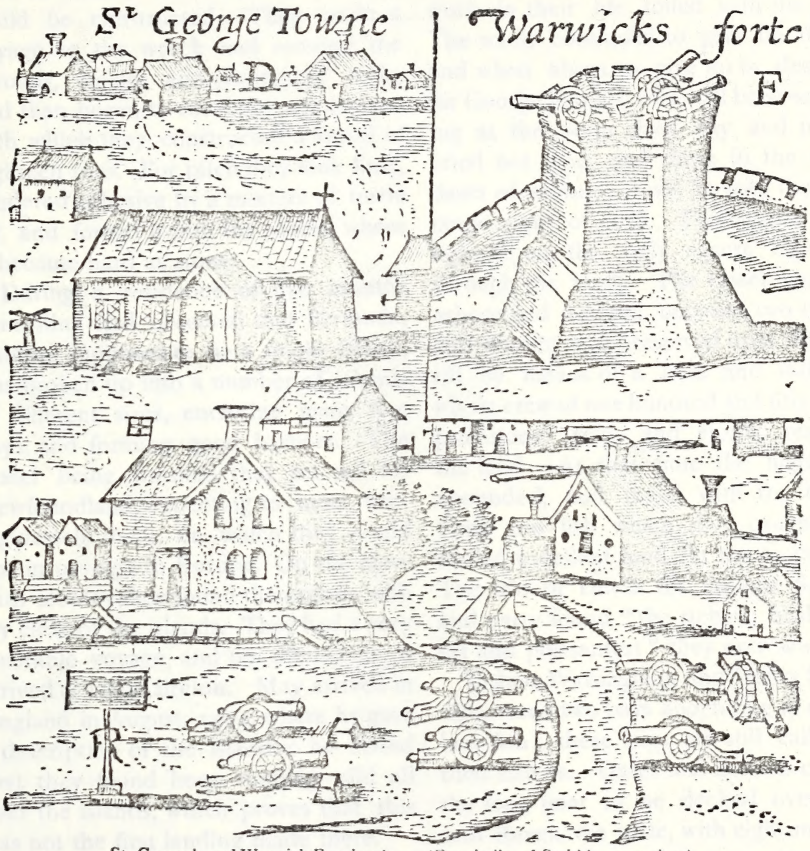
the notice of the English by a dreadful shipwreck. In 1591 Henry May sailed to the East Indies, along with Captain Lancaster, on a buccaneering expedition. Having reached the coast of Sumatra and Malacca, they scoured the adjacent seas, and made some valuable captures. In 1593 they again doubled the Cape of Good Hope and returned to the West Indies for supplies, which they much needed. They first came in sight of Trinidad, but did not dare to approach a coast which was in possession of the Spaniards, and their distress became so great that it was with the utmost difficulty that the men could be prevented from leaving the ship. They shortly afterwards fell in with a French buccaneer, commanded by La Barbotiere, who kindly relieved their wants by a gift of bread and provisions. Their stores were soon again exhausted, and, coming across the French ship the second time, application was made to the French Captain for more supplies, but he declared that his own stock was so much reduced that he could spare but little, but the sailors persuaded themselves



View of the State House and reference as to location of the fort, bridges, etc., shown herewith on Smith's map of 1614. (Fac-simile reproduction).



that the Frenchman's scarcity was feigned, and also that May, who conducted the negotiations, was regailing himself with good cheer on board without any trouble about their distress. Among these men, inured to bold and desperate deeds, a company was formed to seize the French pinnace, and then to capture the large vessel with its aid. They succeeded in their first object, but the French Captain, who observed their actions, sailed away at full speed, and May, who was dining with him on board at the time, requested that he might stay and return home on the vessel so that he could inform his employers of the events of the voyage and the unruly behavior of the crew. As they approached Bermuda strict watch was kept while they supposed themselves to be near that dreaded spot, but when the pilot declared that they were twelve leagues south of it they threw aside all care and gave themselves up to carousing. Amid their jollity, about midnight, the ship struck with such violence that she immediately filled and sank. They had only a small boat, to which they attached a hastily-constructed raft to be towed along with it; room, however, was made for only twenty-six, while the crew exceeded fifty. In the wild and desperate struggle for existence that ensued May fortunately got into the boat. They had to beat about nearly all the next day, dragging the raft



St. George's and Warwick Fort in 1614. (Fac-simile of Smith's engraving.)



after them, and it was almost dark before they reached the shore; they were tormented with thirst, and had nearly despaired of finding a drop of water when some was discovered in a rock where the rain waters had collected.

The land was covered with one unbroken forest of cedar. Here they would have to remain for life unless a vessel could be constructed. They made a voyage to the wreck and secured the shrouds, tackles and carpenters' tools, and then began to cut down the cedars, with which they constructed a vessel of eighteen tons. For pitch they took lime, rendered adhesive by a mixture of turtle oil, and forced it into the seams, where it became hard as stone.

During a residence of five months here May had observed that Bermuda, hitherto supposed to be a single island, was broken up into a number of islands of different sizes, enclosing many fine bays, and forming good harbors. The vessel being finished they set sail for Newfoundland, expecting to meet fishing vessels there, on which they could obtain passage to Europe. On the eleventh of May they found themselves with joy clear of the islands. They had a very favorable voyage, and on the twentieth arrived at Cape Breton. May arrived in England in August, 1594, where he gave a description of the islands; he stated that they found hogs running wild all over the islands, which proves that this was not the first landing made there.

It was owing to a shipwreck that Bermuda again came under the view of the English, and that led England to appropriate these islands.

In 1609, during the most active period of the colonization of Virginia, an expedition of nine ships, commanded by Sir Thomas Gates, Sir George Somers and Captain Newport, bound for Virginia, was dispersed by a great storm. One of the vessels, the Sea Adventure, in which were Gates, Somers and Newport, seems to have been involved in the thickest of the tempest. The vessel sprung aleak, which it was found impossible to stop. All hands labored at the pumps for life, even the Governor and Admiral took their turns, and gentlemen who had never had an hour's hard work in their life toiled with the rest. The water continued to gain on them, and when about to give up in despair, Sir George Somers, who had been watching at the poop deck day and night, cried out land, and there in the early dawn of morning could be seen the welcome sight of land. Fortunately they lighted on the only secure entrance through the reefs. The vessel was run ashore and wedged between two rocks, and thereby was preserved from sinking, till by means of a boat and skiff the whole crew of one hundred and fifty, with provisions, tackle and stores, reached the land. At that time the hogs still abounded, and these, with the turtle, birds and fish which they caught, afforded excellent food for the castaways. The Isle of Devils Sir George Somers and party found "the richest, healthfulest and pleasantest" they ever saw.

Robert Walsingham and Henry Shelly discovered two bays abounding in excellent fish; these bays are still called by their names. Gates and Somers caused the long boat to be decked over, and sent Raven, the mate, with eight men, to Virginia to bring assistance to them, but nothing was ever heard of them afterwards, and after waiting six months all hopes were then given up. The chiefs of the expedition then determined to build two vessels of cedar, one of eighty tons and one of thirty. Their utmost exertions, however, did not prevent disturbances, which nearly baffled the enterprise. These were fomented by per-



Entrance to St. Georges Harbor, between Smith's and Paget's Islands. (Fac-simile re-production of Smith's engraving, 1614.)

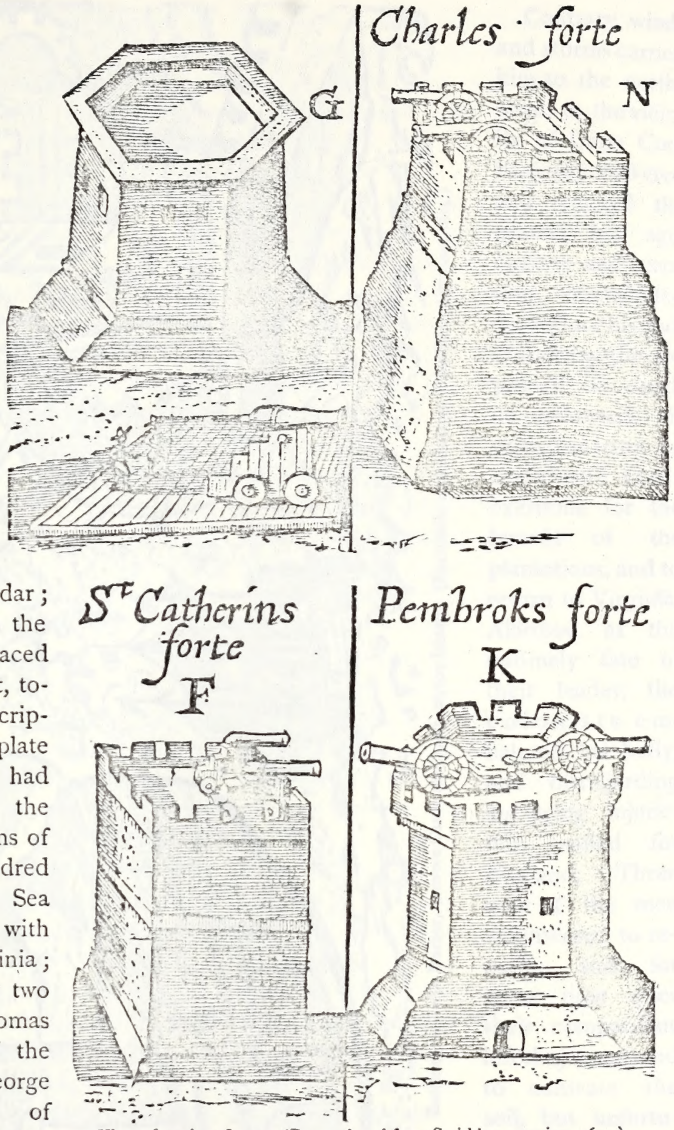
sons noted for their religious zeal, of Puritan principles and the accompanying spirit of independence. They represented that the recent disaster had dissolved the authority of the Governor, and their business was now to provide, as they best could, for themselves and their families. They had come out in search of an easy and plentiful subsistence, which could nowhere be found in greater perfection and security than here, while in Virginia its attainment was not only doubtful, but attended with many hardships. These arguments were so convincing with the larger number of the men that, had it rested with them, they would have lived and died on the islands.

Two successive conspiracies were formed by large parties to separate from the rest and form a colony. Both were defeated by the vigilance of Gates, who allowed the ringleaders to escape with a slight punishment. This lenity only emboldened the malcontents, and a third plot was formed to seize the stores and take entire possession of the islands. It was determined to make an example of one of the leaders named Payne; he was condemned to be hanged, but, on the plea of being a gentleman, his sentence was commuted into that of being shot, which was immediately done. This had a salutary effect, and prevented any further trouble.



Two children, a boy and girl, were born during this period; the former was christened Bermudas and the latter Bermuda; they were probably the first human beings born on these islands.

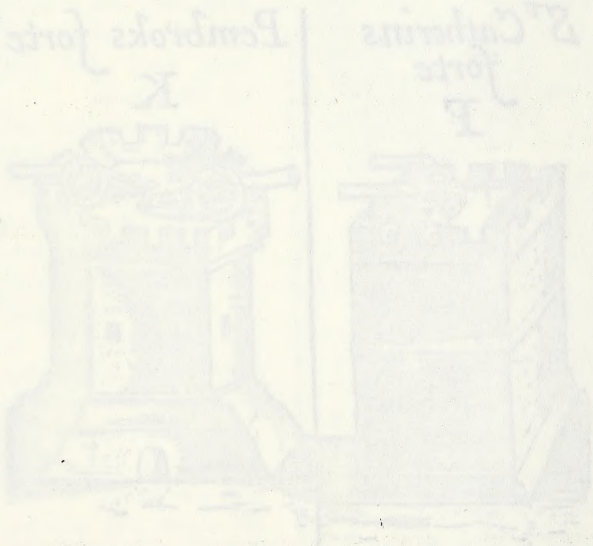
Before leaving the islands Gates caused a cross to be made of the wood saved from the wreck of his ship, which he secured to a large cedar; a silver coin with the king's head was placed in the middle of it, together with an inscription on a copper plate describing what had happened — That the cross was the remains of a ship of three hundred tons, called the Sea Venture, bound with eight more to Virginia; that she contained two knights, Sir Thomas Gates, governor of the colony, and Sir George Summers, admiral of the seas, who, together with her captain, Christopher Newport, and one hundred and fifty mariners and passengers besides, had got safe ashore, when she was lost, July 28, 1609.

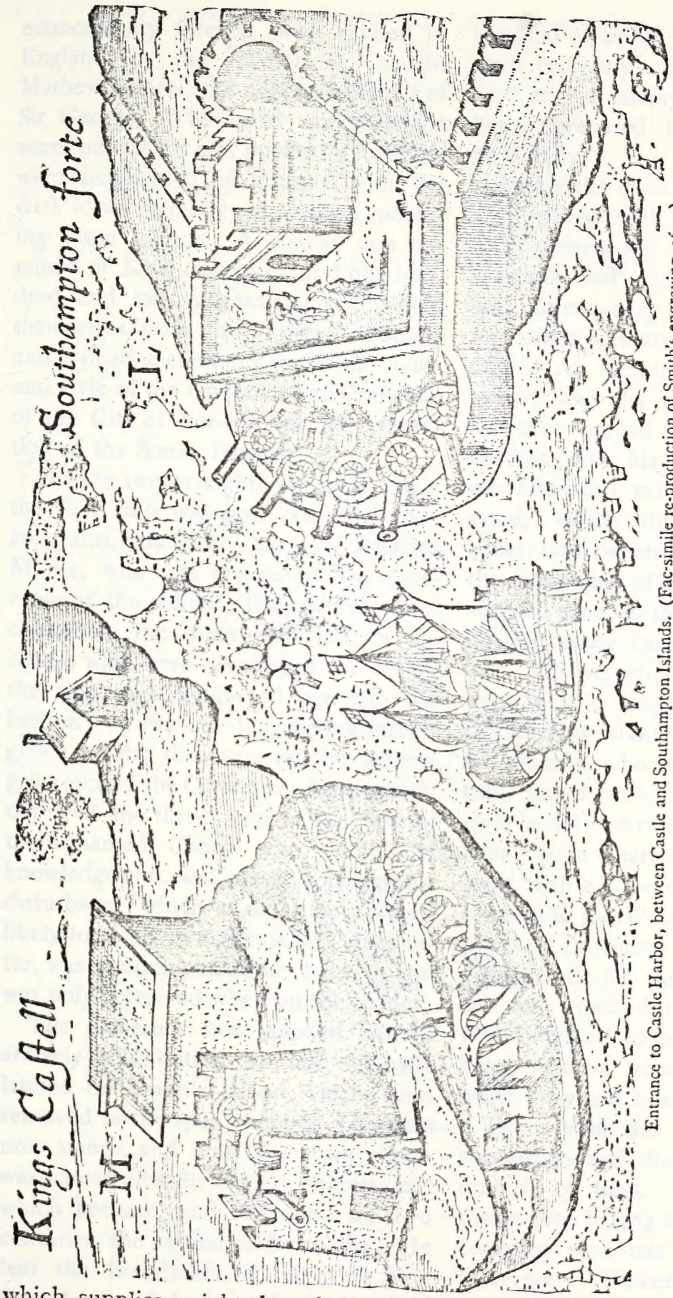


View of ancient forts. (Re-produced from Smith's engraving, 1614.)

On the tenth of May, 1610, they sailed with a fair wind, and, before reaching the open sea, they struck on a rock and were nearly wrecked the second time. On the twenty-third they arrived safely at Jamestown. This settlement they found in a most destitute condition on their arrival, and it was determined to abandon the place, but Sir George Summers, "whose noble mind ever regarded the general good more than his own ends," offered to undertake a voyage to the Bermudas for the purpose of forming a settlement, from







Entrance to Castle Harbor, between Castle and Southampton Islands. (Fac-simile re-production of Smith's engraving, 1614.)

which supplies might be obtained for the Jamestown colony. He accordingly sailed June 19, in his cedar vessel, and his name was then given to the islands, though Bermuda has since prevailed.

Contrary winds and storms carried him to the northward, to the vicinity of Cape Cod. Somers persevered and reached the islands, but age, anxiety and exertion contributed to produce his end. Perceiving the approach of death he exhorted his companions to continue their exertions for the benefit of the plantations, and to return to Virginia. Alarmed at the untimely fate of their leader, the colonists embalmed his body, and disregarding his dying injunction, sailed for England. Three only of the men volunteered to remain, and for some time after their companions left they continued to cultivate the soil, but unfortunately they found some ambergris, and they fell into innumerable quarrels respecting its possession. They at length resolved to build a boat and sail for Newfoundland with their prize, but, happily for them, they were prevented by the arrival of a ship from Europe. An



extraordinary interest was excited in England by the relation of Captain Mathew Somers, the nephew and heir of Sir George. The usual exaggerations were published, and public impressions were heightened by contrast with the dark ideas formerly prevalent concerning these islands. A charter was obtained of King James I., and one hundred and twenty gentlemen detached themselves from the Virginia company and formed a company under the name and style of the Governor and Company of the City of London, for the plantation of the Somer Islands.

On the twenty-eighth of April, 1612, the first ship was sent out with sixty emigrants, under the charge of Richard Moore, who was appointed the Governor of the colony. They met the boat containing the three men left on the island, who were overjoyed at seeing the ship, and conducted her into the harbor. It was not long before intelligence of the discovery of the ambergris reached the Governor; he promptly deprived the three men of it. One of them named Chard, who denied all knowledge of it, and caused considerable disturbance, which at one time seemed likely to result in a sanguinary encounter, was condemned to be hanged, and was only reprieved when on the ladder.

The Governor now applied himself actively to his duties. He had originally landed on Smith's Island, but he soon removed to the spot where St. George's now stands, and built the town which was named after Sir George Somers, and which became, and remained for two centuries, the capital of Bermuda. He laid the foundation of eight or nine forts for the defence of the harbor, and also trained the men to arms in order that they might defend the infant colony from attack. This proved necessary, for, in 1614, two Spanish ships attempted to enter the harbor; the forts were promptly manned and two shots fired at the enemy, who, finding them better prepared than they imagined, bore away.

Before the close of 1615 six vessels had arrived with three hundred and forty passengers, among whom were a Marshall and one Bartlett, who were sent out expressly to divide the colony into tribes or shares; but the Governor finding no mention of any shares for himself, and the persons with him, as had been agreed on, forbade his proceeding with his survey. The survey was afterward made by Richard Norwood, which divided the land into tribes, now parishes; these shares form the foundation of the land tenure of the islands, even to this day, the divisional lines in many cases yet remaining intact. Moore, whose time had expired, went back to England in 1615, leaving the administration of the government to six persons, who were to rule, each in turn, one month. They proceeded to elect by lot their first ruler, the choice falling upon Charles Caldicot, who then went, with a crew of thirty-two men, in a vessel to the West Indies for the purpose of procuring plants, goats and young cattle for the islands. The vessel was wrecked there, and the crew were indebted to an English pirate for being rescued from a desert island on which they had been cast.

For a time the colony was torn by contention and discord, as well as by scarcity of food. The news of these dissensions having reached England the company sent out Daniel Tucker as Governor. Tucker was a stern, hard master, and he enforced vigorous measures to compel the people to work for the company. The provisions and stores he issued in certain quantities, and paid each laborer a stated sum in brass coin,

struck by the proprietor for the purpose, having a hog on one side, in commemoration of the abundance of those animals found by the first settlers, and on the reverse a ship. Pieces of this curious hog money, as it is called, is frequently found, and it brings a high price.

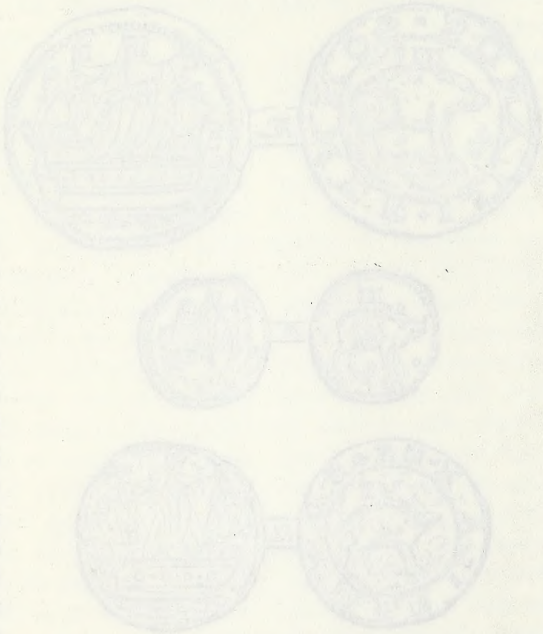
Shortly after Governor Tucker arrived he sent to the West Indies for plants and fruit trees. The vessel returned with figs, pine-apples, sugar-cane, plantain and paw-paw, which were all planted and rapidly multiplied. This vessel also brought the first slaves into the colony, an Indaian and a negro.



HOG MONEY.

The company dispatched a small bark, called the Hopewell, with supplies for the colony, under the command of Captain Powell. On his way he met a Portuguese vessel homeward bound from Brazil, with a cargo of sugar, and, as Smith adds, "liked the sugar and passengers so well" he made a prize of her. Fearing to face Governor Tucker after this piratical act he directed his course to the West Indies. On his arrival there he met a French pirate, who pretended to have a warm regard for him, and invited him, with his officers, to an entertainment. Suspecting nothing he accepted the invitation, but no sooner had they been well seated at the table than they were all seized and threated with instant death, unless they surrendered their prize. This Powell was, of course, compelled to do, and finding his provisions failing him he put the Portuguese crew on shore and sailed for Bermuda, where he managed to excuse himself to the Governor. Powell again went to the West Indies pirating, and in May he arrived with three prizes, laden with meal, hides, and ammunition. Tucker received him kindly and treated him with consideration, until he had the goods in his own possession, when he reproached the Captain with his piratical conduct and called him to account for his proceedings. The unlucky buccaneer was, in the end, glad to escape to England, leaving his prizes in the hands of the Governor.

The discipline and hard labor required of the people reduced them to a condition but little better than that of slaves, and caused many to make desperate efforts to escape from the islands. Five persons, neither of whom were sailors, built a fishing boat for the Governor, and when completed they borrowed a compass from their preacher, for whom they left a farewell epistle. In this they reminded him how often

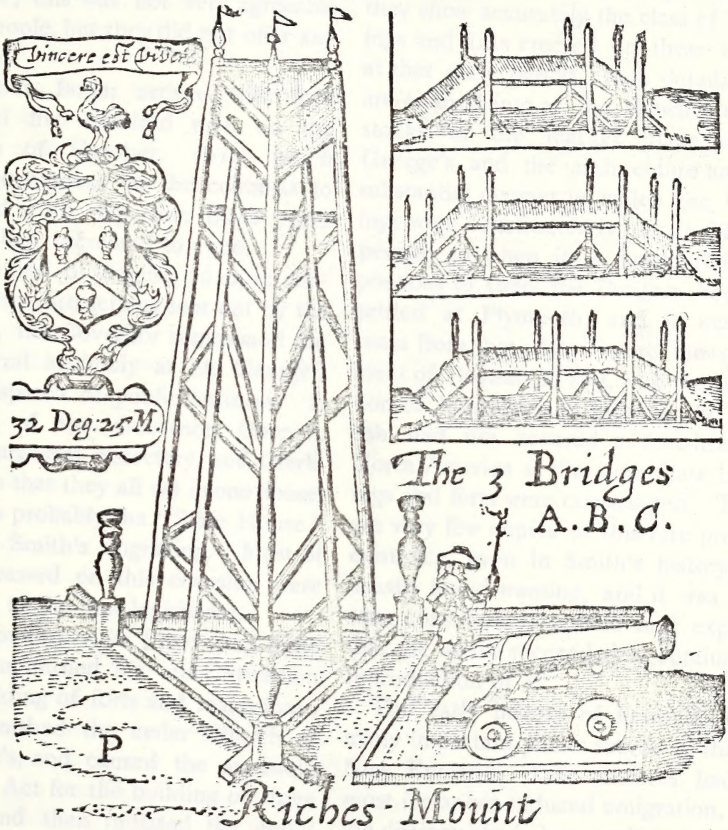


he had exhorted them to patience under ill-treatment, and had told them how Providence would pay them, if man did not. They trusted, therefore, that he would now practice what he had so often preached.

These brave men endured great hardships in their boat of three tons during their rash voyage; but at the end of about forty-two days they arrived at Ireland, where their exploit was considered so wonderful that the Earl of Thomond caused them to be received and entertained, and hung up their boat as a monument of this extraordinary voyage. The Governor was greatly exasperated at their escape, and threatened to hang the whole of them if they returned.

Another party of three, one of whom was a lady, attempted in a like manner to reach Virginia, but were never afterwards heard of. Six others were discovered before they effected their departure, and one was executed. John Wood, who was found guilty of speaking "many distasteful and mutinous speeches against the Governor," was also condemned and executed.

As there were at that time only about five hundred inhabitants on these islands, it would appear from Captain Smith's History that Tucker hanged a good percentage of them. Many were



Reproduction of Smith's engraving, 1614, showing his coat of arms with the three Turk heads.



the complaints that were forwarded to England concerning the tyrannical government of Tucker, and he, fearing to be recalled, at last returned to England of his own accord, having appointed a person named Kendall as his deputy.

Kendall was disposed to be attentive to his office, but wanted energy, and the compay took an early opportunity to relieve him; this was not very agreeable to the people, but they did not offer any resistance.

Governor Butler arrived with four ships and five hundred men on the twentieth of October, 1619, which raised the number of the colonists to 1000, and at his departure three years later, it had increased to 1500.

On the first of August, 1620, in conformity with instructions sent out by the company, the Governor summoned the first general assembly at St. George's for the dispatch of public business. It consisted of the Governor, Council, Bailiffs, Burgesses, Secretary, and Clerk. It appears that they all sat in one house, which was probably the "State House" shown on Smith's engraving. Most of the Acts passed on this occasion were creditable to the new legislators.

Governor Butler, as Moore had done before him, turned his chief attention to the building of forts and magazines; he also finished the cedar Church at St. George's, and caused the assembly to pass an Act for the building of three bridges, and then initiated the useful project of connecting together the principal islands. When Governor Butler returned to England he left the islands in a greatly improved condition. But in his time, also, there were such frequent mutinies and discontent, that at last "he longed for deliverance from his thankless and troublesome employment." It was probably during Governor Butler's administration that *Captain John Smith had a map and illustrations of the "Summer Ils" made, for in it we find the three bridges, numerous well-constructed forts, and the State House at St. George's. The map and illustrations were published in "Smith's General Historie of Virginia, New England and the Summer Ils" 1624; they are of the greatest value and importance, as they show accurately the class of buildings and forts erected on these islands at that early period; such details even are entered into as the showing of the stocks in the market place of St. George's, and the architecture and the substantial manner in which the buildings were constructed is remarkable, especially so when it is considered that previous to 1620 the Puritans had not settled at Plymouth, and it was ten years from that date before the settlement of Boston; in fact, with the exception of Jamestown in Virginia, the English had not secured a foot-hold in North America at the time these buildings and forts were constructed. There are very few copies of this rare print in existence, even in Smith's history it is usually found wanting, and it was only after considerable trouble and expense that the writer succeeded in obtaining a reproduction of it.

The early history of Bermuda is in many important points similar to that of New England. Like motives had in most instances induced emigration, and the distinguished characteristics of those people were repeated here.

Like the Salem and Boston colonists they had their witchcraft delusions, an-

* Captain John Smith was never in Bermuda. He derived all his information from his opportunities as a member of the Virginia Company, and from correspondence or personal narratives of returned planters. This was his habitual way, as is shown by the number of authorities that he quotes. He probably obtained the sketches, from which these illustrations were made, from Richard Norwood, the schoolmaster.

ticipating that, however, some twenty years, Christian North was tried for it in 1668, but was acquited. Somewhat later a negro woman, Sarah Basset, was burned at Paget for the same offence. The Quakers were persecuted by fines, imprisonment, and banishment, by the stern and dark-souled Puritans, who had emigrated to this place to escape oppression, and to enjoy religious toleration, but were not willing to grant to others who differed from them in their religious belief the same privileges as they themselves enjoyed.

The company discovered by degrees that the Bermudas were not the Eldorado which they had fondly imagined them to be. The colonists were now numerous, and every day showed a strong disposition to break away from the control of the company. The company had issued an order forbidding the inhabitants to receive any ships but such as were commissioned by them. The company complained against the quality of tobacco shipped to London, as well as the quantity.

The people were forbidden to cut cedar without a special license, and as they were in the habit of exporting oranges in chests made of this wood, the regulation operated very materially to the injury of the place. Previous to this order many homeward bound West Indiamen arrived at Castle Harbor to load with this fruit for the English market. Whaling was claimed as an exclusive privilege, and was conducted for the sole benefit of the proprietors. Numerous attempts were made to boil sugar, but the company directed the Governor to prevent it, as it would require too much wood for fuel.

In consequence of instructions from England Governor Turner called upon all the inhabitants of the islands to take the oath of supremacy and allegiance to his majesty, but as the Puritans had left their native country on account of their republican sentiments, they refused to comply, and the prisons were soon filled to overflowing.

The rapid change of affairs in England during the civil war, in which the Puritans were victorious, and Cromwell was elevated to the Protectorship, opened the doors of the prisons, and stopped all further persecutions, both political and religious.

It must be said in favor of the company that they had, at an early period, established schools throughout the colony, and appropriated lands in most of the tribes or parishes, for the maintainance of the teachers.

From 1630 to 1680 many negro and Indian slaves were brought to the colony; the negroes from Africa and the West Indies, and a large number of Indians from Massachusetts, prisoners taken in the Pequot and King Philip's wars. The traces of their Indian ancestry can readily be seen in many of the colored people of these islands at the present time.

In October, 1661, the Protestant inhabitants were alarmed by rumors of a proposed combination between the negroes and the Irish. The plan was to arm themselves and massacre the whites who were not Catholics. Fortunately the plot was discovered in time, and measures adopted to disarm the slaves and the disaffected.

The proprietary form of government continued until 1685, with a long succession of good, bad, and indifferent Governors.

Many acts of piracy were perpetrated at different times by the inhabitants of these islands. In 1665 Captain John Wentworth made a descent upon the island of Tortola and brought off about ninety slaves, the property of the Gov-

ernor of the place. Governor Seymour received a letter from him in which he stated that "upon the ninth day of July there came hither against me a pirate or sea robber, named John Wentworth, the which over-run my lands, and that against the will of mine owne inhabits, and shewed himself a tyrant, in robbing and firing, and took my negroes from my Isle, belonging to no man but myself. And likewise I doe understand that this said John Wentworth, a sea robber, is an indweller with you, soe I desire that you would punish this rogue, according to your good law. I desire you, soe soon as you have this truth of mine, if you don't of yourself, restore all my negroes againe, whereof I shall stay here three months, and in default of this, soe be assured, that wee shall speake together very shortly, and then I shall be my owne judge."

This threatening letter caused great consternation, and immediately steps were taken to place the colony in the best posture for defence, reliance being had on the impregnability of the islands, instead of delivering up the plunder, especially as Captain Wentworth held a commission from the Governor and Council, and acted under their instructions.

Isaac Richier, who became Governor of the colony in 1691, was another celebrated freebooter. The account of his reign reads like a romance. The love of gold, and the determination to possess it, was the one idea of his statesmanship. He was a pirate at sea and a brigand on land. Nevertheless, it does not appear that any of his misdeeds, such as hanging innocent people, and robbing British ships, as well as others, led to his recall, or caused any degree of indignation which such conduct usually arouses. The fact appears to be that, although Governor Richier was a bold, bad man, yet few of his subjects were entitled to throw the first stone at his excellency.

Benjamin Bennett became Governor of the colony in 1701. At this time the Bahama Islands had become a rendezvous for pirates, and a few years later, King George the First issued a proclamation for their dislodgment. Governor Bennett accordingly dispatched a sloop, ordering the marauders to surrender. Those who were on shore on his arrival gladly accepted the opportunity to escape, and declared that they did not doubt but that their companions who were at sea would follow their example. Captain Henry Jennings and fifteen others sailed for Bermuda, and were soon followed by four other Captains — Leslie, Nichols, Hornigold, and Burges, with one hundred men, who all surrendered.

In 1710 the Spaniards made a descent on Turk's Island, which had been settled by the Bermudians for the purpose of gathering salt, and took possession of the island, making prisoners of the people. The Bermudians, at their own expense and own accord, dispatched a force under Captain Lewis Middleton to regain possession of the Bahama Cays. The expedition was successful, and a victory gained over the Spaniards, and they were driven from the islands; they still, however, continued to make predatory attacks on the salt-rakers at the ponds, and on the vessels going for and carrying away salt. To repel these aggressions and afford security to their trade, the Bermudians went to the expense of arming their vessels.

In 1775 the discontent in the American provinces had broken out into open opposition to the crown, and the people were forbidden to trade with their

late fellow subjects. Bermuda suffered great want in consequence, for at this period, instead of exporting provisions the island had become dependent on the continent for the means of subsistence. This, together with the fact that many of the people possessed near relatives engaged in the struggle with the crown, tended to destroy good feelings towards the British government. These circumstances must be considered in order to judge fairly of the following transaction, which has always been regarded to have cast a stain upon the patriotism and loyalty of the Bermudians.

At the outbreak of the American Revolution, two battles were fought in the vicinity of Boston — Lexington and Bunker Hill, after which all intercourse with the surrounding country ceased, and Boston was reduced to a state of siege. Civil war commenced in all its horrors; the sundering of social ties; the burning of peaceful homes; the butchery of kindred and friends.

Washington was appointed by the Continental Congress, Commander-in-Chief of the American forces, and on July 3, 1775, two weeks after the battle of Bunker Hill, he took formal command of the army at Cambridge. In a letter to the President of Congress notifying him of his safe arrival there, he made the following statement. "Upon the article of ammunition, I must re-echo the former complaints on this subject. We are so exceedingly destitute that our artillery will be of little use without a supply both large and seasonable. What we have must be reserved for the small arms, and that well managed with the utmost frugality." A few weeks later General Washington wrote the following letter on the same subject.*

TO GOVERNOR COOKE, OF RHODE ISLAND.

Camp at Cambridge, 4 August, 1775.

Sir,

* * * * * * *

I am now, Sir, in strict confidence, to acquaint you, that our necessities in the articles of powder and lead are so great, as to require an immediate supply. I must earnestly entreat that you will fall upon some measure to forward every pound of each in your colony that can possibly be spared. It is not within the propriety or safety of such a correspondence to say what I might on this subject. It is sufficient that the case calls loudly for the most strenuous exertions of every friend of his country, and does not admit of the least delay. No quantity, however small, is beneath notice, and, should any arrive, I beg it may be forwarded as soon as possible.

But a supply of this kind is so precarious, not only from the danger of the enemy, but the opportunity of purchasing, that I have revolved in my mind every other possible chance, and listened to every proposition on the subject which could give the smallest hope. Among others I have had one mentioned which has some weight with me, as well as the other officers to whom I have proposed it. A Mr. Harris has lately come from Bermuda, where there is a very considerable magazine of powder in a remote part of the island; and the inhabitants are well disposed, not only to our cause in general, but to assist in this enterprise in particular. We understand there are two armed vessels in your province, commanded by men of known activity and spirit; one of which, it is proposed to despatch on this errand with such assistance as may be requisite. Harris is to go along, as the conductor of the enterprise, that we may avail ourselves of his knowledge of the island; but without any command. I am very sensible, that at first view the project may appear hazardous; and its success must depend on the concurrence of many circumstances; but we are in a situation, which requires us to run all risks. No danger is to be considered, when put in competition with the magnitude of the cause, and the absolute necessity we are under of increasing our stock. Enterprises, which appear chimerical, often prove successful from that very circumstance. Common sense and prudence will suggest vigilance and care, where the danger is plain and obvious; but where little danger is apprehended, the more the enemy

* Writings of George Washington, by J. Sparks, vol. iii, page 47.

will be unprepared; and consequently there is the fairest prospect of success.

Mr. Brown has been mentioned to me as a very proper person to be consulted upon this occasion. You will judge of the propriety of communicating it to him in part or the whole, and as soon as possible favor me with your sentiments, and the steps you may have taken to forward it. If no immediate and safe opportunity offers, you will please to do it by express. Should it be inconvenient to part with one of the armed vessels, perhaps some other might be fitted out, or you could devise some other mode of executing this plan; so that, in case of a disappointment, the vessel might proceed to some other island to purchase.

I am, Sir,
Your most obedient, humble servant,
G. Washington.

This plan was approved by the Governor and Committee of Rhode Island, and Captain Abraham Whipple agreed to engage in the affair, provided General Washington would give him a certificate under his own hand, that in case the Bermudians would assist the undertaking, he would recommend to the Continental Congress to permit the exportation of provisions to those islands from the colonies.

General Washington accordingly sent the following address to the Bermudians.*

TO THE INHABITANTS OF THE ISLAND OF BERMUDA.

Camp at Cambridge, 6 September, 1775.

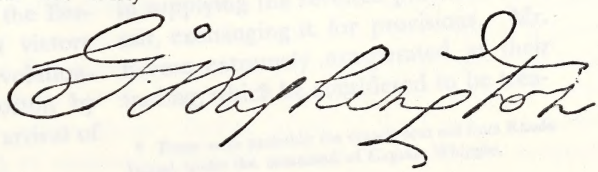
Gentlemen:

In the great conflict, which agitates this continent, I cannot doubt but the assertors of freedom and the rights of the constitution are possessed of your most favorable regards and wishes for success. As descendants of freemen, and heirs with us of the same glorious inheritance, we flatter ourselves, that, though divided by our situation, we are firmly united in sentiment. The cause of virtue and liberty is confined to no continent or climate. It comprehends, within its capacious limits, the wise and good, however dispersed and separated in space or distance.

You need not be informed that the violence and rapacity of a tyrannic ministry have forced the citizens of America, your brother colonist, into arms. We equally detest and lament the prevalence of those counsels, which have led to the effusion of so much human blood, and left us no alternative but a civil war, or a base submission. The wise Disposer of all events has hitherto smiled upon our virtuous efforts. Those mercenary troops, a few of whom lately boasted of subjugating this vast continent, have been checked in their earliest ravages, and now actually encircled within a small space; their arms disgraced, and themselves suffering all the calamities of a siege. The virtue, spirit, and union of the provinces leave them nothing to fear, but the want of ammunition. The application of our enemies to foreign states, and their vigilance upon our coasts, are the only efforts they have made against us with success.

Under these circumstances, and with these sentiments, we have turned our eyes to you, Gentlemen, for relief. We are informed, that there is a very large magazine in your island under a very feeble guard. We would not wish to involve you in an opposition, in which, from your situation, we should be unable to support you; we knew not, therefore, to what extent to solicit your assistance, in availing ourselves of this supply; but, if your favor and friendship to North America and its liberties have not been misrepresented, I persuade myself you may, consistently with your own safety, promote and further this scheme, so as to give it the fairest prospect of success. Be assured, that, in this case, the whole power and exertion of my influence will be made with the honorable Continental Congress, that your island may not only be supplied with provisions, but experience every other mark of affection and friendship, which the grateful citizens of a free country can bestow on its brethren and benefactors. I am, Gentlemen,

With much esteem,
Your humble servant,



* Writings of George Washington, by J. Sparks, vol. iii., page 77.

Captain Whipple had scarcely sailed from Providence before an account appeared in the newspapers of one hundred barrels of powder having been taken from Bermuda by a vessel supposed to be from Philadelphia, and another from South Carolina. This was the same powder that Captain Whipple had gone to procure. General Washington and Governor Cooke were both of the opinion it was best to countermand his instructions. The other armed vessel of Rhode Island was immediately dispatched in search of the Captain with orders to return.

But it was too late; he reached Bermuda and put in at the west end of the island. The inhabitants were at first alarmed, supposing him to command a king's armed vessel, and the women and children fled from that vicinity; but when he showed them his commission and instructions they treated him with much cordiality and friendship, and informed him that they had assisted in removing the powder, which was made known to General Gage, and he had sent a sloop of war to the island. They professed themselves hearty friends to the American cause. Captain Whipple being defeated in the object of his voyage returned to Providence.

Soon after the inhabitants of Bermuda petitioned Congress for relief, representing their great distress in consequence of being deprived of the supplies that usually came from the colonies. In consideration of their being friendly to the cause of America, it was resolved by Congress that provisions in certain quantites might be exported to them.*

The powder procured from the Bermudians led to the first great victory gained by Washington in the Revolutionary war, the evacuation of Boston by the British army. After the arrival of the powder Washington caused numerous batteries to be erected in the immediate vicinity of the town. On the night of March 4, 1776, Dorchester Heights were taken possession of and works erected there, which commanded Boston, and the British Fleet lying at anchor in the harbor. This caused the town to be evacuated, and General Howe with his army and about one thousand loyalists went aboard of the fleet and sailed for Halifax, March 17, 1776.

Nothing could exceed the indignation of Governor Bruere when he received intelligence of the plundering of the magazine; he promptly called upon the legislature to take active measures for bringing the delinquents to justice. No evidence could ever be obtained, and the whole transaction is still enveloped in mystery. The Governor let no opportunity escape him to accuse the Bermudians of disloyality, and no doubt severe punishment would have been inflicted on the delinquents could they have been discovered.

Two American brigs under Republican colors arrived shortly after this and remained some weeks at the west end of the islands unmolested, and Governor Bruere complained bitterly of this to the assembly.*

Governor George James Bruere died in 1780, and the administration devolved on the Honorable Thomas Jones, who was relieved by George Bruere as Lieutenant Governor, in October, 1780.

Governor Bruere was soon openly at variance with the assembly, and did not hesitate to accuse the people of treason in supplying the revolted provinces with salt, exchanging it for provisions. Mr. Bruere extremely exasperated at their trading, which he considered to be trea-

* Journal of Congress, November 22, 1775.

* These were probably the vessels sent out from Rhode Island under the command of Captain Whipple.

sonable conduct, commented on it in his message to the assembly in no measured terms. Some intercepted correspondence with the rebels added fuel to the flame, and on the fifteenth of August, 1781, he addressed them in a speech which could not fail to be offensive, although it contained much sound argument. This was followed by a message more bitter and acrimonious, all of which they treated with silent contempt, until the twenty-eight of September, when they discharged their wrath in an address, in which the Governor was handled most roughly for his attacks on the inhabitants of these islands. In return he addressed a message, equally uncourteous in its tone, and dissolved the house.

The arrival of William Browne, whose administration commenced the fourth of January, 1782, put an end to Mr. Bruere's rule.

The high character of the new Governor had preceded him in the colony, and he was joyfully received on his arrival. He was a native of Salem, Massachusetts, and was high in office previous to the Revolution, was Colonel of the Essex regiment, judge of the Supreme Court, and Mandamus Counselor. After the passage of the Boston Port bill, he was waited on by a committee of the Essex delegates, to inform him, that "it was with grief that the country had viewed his exertions for carrying into execution certain acts of parliament calculated to enslave and ruin his native land; that while the country would continue the respect for several years paid him, it resolved to detach, from every future connection, all such as shall persist in supporting or in any way countenancing the late arbitrary acts of Parliament; that the delegates in the name of the country requested him to excuse them from the painful necessity of considering and treating him as an enemy to his country, unless he resigned his office as Counsellor and Judge." Colonel Browne replied as follows:

"As a judge and in every other capacity, I intend to act with honor and integrity and to exert my best abilities; and be assured that neither persuasion can allure me, nor menaces compel me, to do anything derogatory to the character of a Counselor of his Majesty's province of Massachusetts." — William Browne.

Colonel Browne was esteemed among the most opulent and benevolent individuals of that province prior to the Revolution; and so great was his popularity that the gubernatorial chair of Massachusetts was offered him by the "committee of safety," as an inducement for him to remain and join the "sons of liberty." But he felt it a duty to adhere to government; even at the expense of his great landed estate, both in Massachusetts and Connecticut, the latter comprising fourteen valuable farms, all of which were afterwards confiscated.

By preferring to remain on the side representing law and authority, and unwilling to adopt the course of the revolutionists, this courtly representative of an ancient and honorable family, this sincere lover of his country, this skilled man of affairs, this upright and merciful judge, once so beloved by his fellow townsmen, drew upon himself their wrath, and he fled from his native country never to return again. First he sought refuge in Boston in 1774, then in Halifax, and from there he went to England in 1776, where he remained till 1781, when he was appointed Governor of Bermuda, as a slight return for his great sacrifices and important services in behalf of the Crown. Colonel Browne married his cousin, the daughter

of Governor Wanton, of Rhode Island, and was doubly connected with the Winthrop family; the wives of the elder Browne and Governor Wanton being daughters of John Winthrop, great grandson of the first Governor of Massachusetts. Colonel Browne's son William was an officer in the British service at the siege of Gibralter in 1784.

Under the judicious management of Governor Browne the colony continued to steadily flourish; he conducted the business of the colony in the greatest harmony with the different branches of the legislature. He found the financial affairs of the islands in a confused and ruinous state, and left them flourishing. In 1778 he left for England, deeply and sincerely regretted by the people, and was succeeded by Henry Hamilton as Lieutenant Governor, during whose administration the town of Hamilton was built and named in compliment of him.

Near the close of the American Revolution a plan was on foot to take Bermuda, in order to make it "a nest of hornets" for the annoyance of British trade, but the war closed, and it was abandoned. It, however, proved a nest of hornets to the United States during the late civil war. At that time St. George's was a busy town, and was one of the hot-beds of secession. Being a great resort for blockade runners, which were hospitably welcomed here, immense quantities of goods were purchased in England, and brought here on large ocean steamers, and then transferred to swift-sailing blockade runners, waiting to receive it. These ran the blockade into Charleston, Wilmington and Savannah.

It was a risky business, but one that was well followed, and many made large fortunes there during the first year of the war, but many were bankrupt, or nearly so at its close.

Here, too, was concocted the fiendish plot of Dr. Blackburn, a Kentuckian, for introducing yellow fever into northern cities, by sending thither boxes of infected clothing.

[The foregoing article on the history of Bermuda was compiled by the author of "Stark's Illustrated Bermuda Guide," published by the Photo-Electrotype Company, of 63 Oliver Street, Boston. The work contains about two hundred pages and is embellished with sixteen photo-prints, numerous engravings, and a new map of Bermuda made from the latest surveys.—ED.]

HEART AND I.

BY MARY HELEN BOODEY.

Singing, singing through the valleys;
Singing, singing up the hills;
Peace that comes, and Love that tarries,
Hope that cheers, and Faith that thrills,
Heart and I, are we not blest
At the thought of coming rest?

Singing, singing 'neath the shadow;
Singing, singing in the light;
Plucking flowerets from the meadow,
Seeing beauty up the height,
Heart and I, are we not gay
Thinking of unclouded day?

Singing, singing through the summer;
Singing, singing in the snow;
Glad to hear the brooklets murmur,
Patient when the wild winds blow,
Heart and I, can we do this?
Yes, because of future bliss.

Singing, singing up to Heaven;
Singing, singing down to earth;
Unto all some good is given.
Unto all there cometh worth;
Heart and I, we sing to know
That the good God loves us so.

CONCORD, N. H.

IMPRESSIONS D'UN FRANÇAIS.

PAR LE PROFESSEUR EMILE PINGAULT.

Quand les Français, les Français de France, comme disent leurs cousins canadiens, parlent de l'Amérique ou pensent à cette reine des républiques, ils n'ont en vue que les grandes villes. New-York, Boston, Philadelphie, Chicago, la Nouvelle Orléans etc....forment seuls, pour eux, l'immense continent découvert par Christophe Colomb.

Je voudrais essayer de réagir contre l'idée générale qu'on a, que la lumière, l'intelligence, la prospérité ne se trouvent que dans les grands centres.

La Providence a voulu que je vinsse établir ma tente dans une ville qui, bien qu'étant la capitale du New-Hampshire, paraît comme un point microscopique auprès des villes que j'ai citées plus haut. Eh bien, sans flatterie aucune, si l'on a pu appeler Boston l'Athène de l'Amérique, je ne vois pas pourquoi on n'appellerait pas Concord un petit *Rambouillet*, toute proportion gardée.

Je ne vous dirai pas que Concord est une petite ville située sur la Merrimac, de 14,000 à 15,000 habitants, mais ce que je puis vous dire c'est qu'il faudrait aller bien loin pour trouver une ville plus intelligente et plus éclairée, je dirais même plus patriarcale. Tout le monde s'y connaît et s'estime l'un l'autre. Il y a dans cette ville une émulation pour le bien et pour l'instruction qui ne peut être surpassée.

Outre les écoles publiques telles que la Haute École (High School), les écoles de grammaire, les écoles particulières, on y voit encore des professeurs de langues modernes, des professeurs de dessin et de peinture, et parmi ces derniers un jeune artiste qui fera vraiment la gloire de l'Etat de Granit si la classe éclairée sait l'attacher permanemment à la capitale. La musique a une place privilégiée dans cette ville, les concerts de l'orchestre Blaisdelle sont suivis comme le seraient les premières de Booth et d'Irving. Il y a là plus que du sentiment, il y a véritablement de l'art, et un enfant de Concord, mort il y a deux ans, âgé de vingt ans à peine, était une preuve manifeste que l'art est compris ici à un degré supérieure.

La littérature est cultivée avec le plus grand soin. Outre trois clubs, composés chacun d'une quinzaine de membres, qui étudient et admirent Shakspeare ; une dame qui manie la parole comme le grand dramatiste maniait la pensée donne des conférences sur l'auteur d'*Hamlet* devant un auditoire aussi intelligent que nombreux.

Cet amour de s'instruire et d'étudier perce jusque dans les enfants les plus jeunes. Deux *Kindergarten* sont établis en cette ville ; là, outre les choses aimables et utiles qu'on enseigne aux petits garçons et petites filles de cinq à six ans, on leur apprend aussi le français. Qu'il est beau de voir ces jeunes intelligences se développer au son de la belle langue de Bossuet, de Fénelon, de Lamartine et de Victor Hugo. Vous verrez à Concord un spectacle peut-être unique dans les Etats-Unis : une douzaine de petits Américains et Américaines chantant la *Marsellaise* et dansant des rondes de Bretagne et de Vendée avec une voix aussi douce et un accent aussi pur que s'ils étaient nés sur les bords de la Seine.

Ajoutez à ce tableau bien court et nullement exagéré que l'union et la paix régne entre tous les habitants de la ville, que la police y est heureuse et fort peu occupée, et vous aurez l'idée de la tranquillité dont on jouit dans cet endroit privilégié.

J'avouerai franchement, pour finir, que si toutes les villes et villages ressemblaient à Concord, l'Amérique serait le premier de tous les mondes connus.



Sylvester Marsh



THE

GRANITE MONTHLY,

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, AND STATE PROGRESS.

VOL. VIII. MAY AND JUNE, 1885. Nos. V & VI.

SYLVESTER MARSH.*

[THE PROJECTOR OF THE MOUNT WASHINGTON RAILROAD.]

BY CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN.

THERE were few settlers in the Pemigewasset Valley when John Marsh of East Haddam, Connecticut, at the close of the last century, with his wife, Mehitable Percival Marsh, travelling up the valley of the Merrimack, selected the town of Campton, New Hampshire, as their future home. It was a humble home. Around them was the forest with its lofty pines, gigantic oaks, and sturdy elms, to be leveled by the stalwart blows of the vigorous young farmer. The first settlers of the region endured many hardships — toiled early and late, but industry brought its rewards. The forest disappeared; green fields appeared upon the broad intervales and sunny hillsides. A troop of children came to gladden the home. The ninth child of a family of eleven received the name of Sylvester, born September 30, 1803.

The home was located among the foot-hills on the east bank of the Pemigewasset; it looked out upon a wide expanse of meadow lands, and upon mountains as delectable as those seen by the Christian pilgrim from the palace Beautiful in Bunyan's matchless allegory.

It was a period ante-dating the employment of machinery. Advancement was by brawn, rather than by brains. Three years before the birth of Sylvester Marsh an Englishman, Arthur Scholfield, determined to make America his home. He was a machinist. England was building up her system of manufactures, starting out upon her great career as a manufacturing nation determined to manufacture goods for the civilized world, and especially for the United States. Parliament had enacted a law prohibiting the carrying of machinist's tools out of Great Britain. The young mechanic was compelled to leave his tools behind. He had a retentive memory and active mind; he settled in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, and set himself to work to construct a machine for the carding of wool, which at that time was done wholly by hand. The Pittsfield *Sun* of November 2, 1801, contained an advertisement of the first carding machine constructed in the United States. Thus it read:

"Arthur Scholfield respectfully informs the inhabitants of Pittsfield and the neighboring towns that he has a carding machine, half a mile west of the meeting-house, where they may have

* From the Bay State Monthly for May, 1885.

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their wool carded into rolls for twelve and a half cents per pound; mixed, fifteen cents per pound. If they find the grease and pick the grease in it will be ten cents per pound, and twelve and a half mixed."

The first broadcloth manufactured in the United States was by Scholfield in 1804, the wool being carded in his machine and woven by hand.

In 1808 Scholfield manufactured thirteen yards of black broadcloth, which was presented to James Madison, and from which his inaugural suit was made. A few Merino sheep had been imported from France, and Scholfield, obtaining the wool, and mixing it with the coarse wool of the native sheep, produced what at that time was regarded as cloth of superior fineness. The spinning was wholly by hand.

The time had come for a new departure in household economies. Up to 1809 all spinning was done by women and girls. This same obscure county paper, the Pittsfield *Sun*, of January 4, 1809, contained an account of a meeting of the citizens of that town to take measures for the advancement of manufactures. The following resolution was passed: "Resolved that the introduction of spinning-jennies, as is practiced in England, into private families is strongly recommended, since one person can manage by hand the operation of a crank that turns twenty-four spindles."

This was the beginning of spinning by machinery in this country. This boy at play — or rather, working — on the hill-side farm of Campton, was in his seventh year. Not till he was nine did the first wheeled vehicle make its appearance in the Pemigewasset valley. Society was in a primitive condition. The only opportunity for education was the district school, two miles distant — where, during the cold and windy winter days, with a fire roaring in the capacious fire-place, he acquired the rudiments of education. A few academies had been established in the State, but there were not many farmer's sons who could afford to pay, at that period, even board and tuition, which in these days would be regarded as but a pittance.

Very early in life this Campton boy learned that Pemigewassett valley, though so beautiful, was but an insignificant part of the world. Intuitively his expanding mind comprehended that the tides and currents of progress were flowing in other directions, and in April, 1823, before he had attained his majority, he bade farewell to his birthplace, made his way to Boston — spending the first night at Concord, New Hampshire, having made forty miles on foot; the second at Amoskeag, the third in Boston, stopping at the grandest hotel of that period in the city — Wildes', on Elm street, where the cost of living was one dollar per day. He had but two dollars and a half, and his stay at the most luxurious hotel in the city of thirty-five thousand inhabitants was necessarily brief. He was a rugged young man, inured to hard labor, and found employment on a farm in Newton, receiving twelve dollars a month. In the fall he was once more in Campton. The succeeding summer found him at work in a brick yard. In 1826 he was back in Boston, doing business as a provision dealer in the newly-erected Quincy market.

But there was a larger sphere for this young man, just entering manhood, than a stall in the market house. In common with multitudes of young men and men in middle age he was turning his thoughts towards the boundless West. Ohio was the bourne for emigrants at that period. Thousands of

New Englanders were selecting their homes in the Western Reserve. At Ashtabula the young man from Quincy market began the business of supplying Boston and New York with beef and pork, making his shipments via the Erie Canal.

But there was a farther West, and in the Winter of 1833–4 he proceeded to Chicago, then a village of three hundred inhabitants, and began to supply them, and the company of soldiers garrisoning Fort Dearborn, with fresh beef; hanging up his slaughtered cattle upon a tree standing on the site now occupied by the Court House.

This glance at the condition of society and the mechanic arts during the boyhood of Sylvester Marsh, and this look at the struggling village of Chicago when he was in manhood's prime, enables us to comprehend in some slight degree the mighty trend of events during the life time of a single individual; an advancement unparalleled through all the ages.

For eighteen years, the business begun under the spreading oak upon what is now Court House square, in Chicago, was successfully conducted, — each year assuming larger proportions. He was one of the founders of Chicago, doing his full share in the promotion of every public enterprise. The prominent business men with whom he associated were John H. Kuisie, Baptiste Bounier, Deacon John Wright, Gurdon S. Hubbard, William H. Brown, Dr. Kimberly, Henry Graves, the proprietor of the first Hotel, the Mansion house, the first framed two-story building erected, Francis Sherman, who arrived in Chicago the same year and became subsequent builder of the Sherman House.

Mr. Marsh was the originator of meat packing in Chicago, and invented many of the appliances used in the process — especially the employment of steam.

In common with most of the business men of the country, he suffered loss from the re-action of the speculative fever which swept over the country during the third decade of the century; but the man whose boyhood had been passed on the Campton hills was never cast down by commercial disaster. His entire accumulations were swept away, leaving a legacy of liability; but with undaunted bravery he began once more, and by untiring energy not only paid the last dollar of liability, but accumulated a substantial fortune — engaging in the grain business.

His active mind was ever alert to invent some method for the saving of human muscle by the employment of the forces of nature. He invented the dried-meal process, and "Marsh's Caloric Dried Meal" is still an article of commerce.

While on a visit to his native state in 1852, he ascended Mount Washington, accompanied by Rev. A. C. Thompson, pastor of the Eliot Church, Roxbury, and while struggling up the steep ascent, the idea came to him that a railroad to the summit was feasable and that it could be made a profitable enterprise. He obtained a charter for such a road in 1858, but the breaking out of the war postponed action till 1866, when a company was formed and the enterprise successfully inaugurated and completed.

Leaving Chicago he returned to New England, settling in Littleton, New Hampshire, in 1864; removing to Concord, New Hampshire, in 1879, where the closing years of his life were passed.

Mr. Marsh was married, first, April 4, 1844, to Charlotte D. Bates, daughter of James Bates of Munson, Massachusetts. The union was blessed with three children, of whom but one, Mary E.

Marsh, survives. She resides in New York. Mrs. Marsh died August 20, 1852, at the age of thirty-six years. She was a woman of the finest mental qualities, highly educated, and very winning in her person and manners.

Mr. Marsh married, second, March 23, 1855, Cornelia H. Hoyt, daughter of Lumas T. Hoyt of St. Albans, Vermont. Three daughters of the five children born of this marriage live and reside with their mother in Concord, New Hampshire. Mr. Marsh died December 30, 1884, in Concord, and was buried in Blossom Hill Cemetery.

Mr. Marsh was to the very last years of his life a public-spirited citizen, entering heartily into any and every scheme which promised advantage to his fellow man. His native State was especially dear to him. He was very fond of his home and of his family. He was a devout Christian, and scrupulous in every business transaction not to mislead his friends by his own sanguine anticipations of success. His faith and energy were such that men yielded respect and confidence to his grandest projects; and capital was always forthcoming to perfect his ideas.

He had a wonderful memory for dates, events, and statistics, always maintaining his interest in current events. Aside from the daily newspapers, his favorite reading was history. The business, prosperity, and future of this country was an interesting theme of conversation with him. In business he not only possessed good judgment, wonderful energy, and enthusiam, but caution.

He was philosophical in his desire to acquire wealth, knowing its power to further his plans, however comprehensive and far-reaching. Immense wealth was never his aim. He was unselfish, thinking ever of others. He had a strong sense of justice, and desired to do right — not to take advantage of another. He was generous and large in his ideas. He was benevolent, giving of his means in a quiet and unostentatious way. He took a great interest in young men, helping them in their struggles, with advice, encouragement, and pecuniary assistance. Students, teachers, helpless women, colored boys and girls, in early life slaves, came in for a share of his large-hearted bounty, as well as the Church with its many charities and missions.

Mr. Marsh was a consistent Christian gentleman, for many years identified with the Congregational denomination. He was a Free Mason; in politics he was an anti-slavery Whig, and later a Republican. In private life he was a kind, generous, and indulgent husband and father, considerate of those dependent on him, relieving them of every care and anxiety.

He was a typical New Englander, a founder of institutions, a promoter of every enterprise beneficial to society.

BARNABAS BRADT DAVID.*

By Rev. J. G. Davis, D. D.

In the early records of the French Protestant Church of New York City, appears the name of John David, a Huguenot, an emigrant, who married Elizabeth Whinehart. They settled in Albany, and had eleven children, of whom only five attained majority. Peter David, the sixth child, born March 11, 1764, married Elizabeth Caldwell, born May 24, 1764, the only child of Joseph Caldwell, an officer in the British navy. They also lived in Albany and had a large family of eleven children; Barnabas Bradt David, born August 8, 1802, the subject of the following sketch, was the ninth child and fifth son. On the death of his mother, which occurred September 17, 1808, the family was widely scattered, and the lad Barnabas found a home for the next five years with a family named Truax, in Hamilton Village, New York. At the end of this period he was taken into the family of an older brother, Noble Caldwell David, who resided in Peterborough, New York. Of his previous opportunities of instruction we are not informed, but during his stay of two years in Peterborough he was permitted to attend school part of the time. The death of Caldwell David's wife became the occasion of a third removal, which brought him to Keene, New Hampshire, into the care of an older sister, Mrs. David Holmes. The journey was made in the winter, in an open sleigh, without robes, and being poorly clad, the hardship and exposure were vividly remembered. He was interested in his studies, and enjoyed the privileges of the schools in Keene, so far as they were open to the children of the town. The question of an employment coming up for decision, it was determined by his friends that the lad should go to Boston and enter the shop of his eldest brother, John David, as an apprentice to the art of whip making. At that time no machinery was employed in the business, and the apprentice was taught every part of the craft.

Before the termination of his apprenticeship, his brother, John David, was removed by death and an opportunity was presented of taking the stock and tools and carrying on the business. He was ambitious, and his early experiences had made him self-reliant and courageous. The opening was promising, but he had neither money nor credit. In this exigency a partnership was formed with Mr. Samuel B. Melendy, who had some knowledge of the craft. With the begining of the year 1821, the firm of Melendy and David raised a sign in Dock Square. The young men were willing to labor and they determined by industry and economy to win success. For a time the room, which they hired, served a two-fold use as they worked and slept in the same apartment. They lived cheaply and the work benches were cleared at night to furnish a place whereon to rest. Having no one to endorse a note for the firm in Boston, they had recourse to Mr. William Melendy, who had recently retired from business in the city and returned to Amherst, New Hampshire. By the most direct route, the distance from Boston must have been over forty-five miles, but Mr. Melendy, starting in the early morning

* From the Bay State Monthly for May, 1885.

on foot, reached his destination at night, and securing the signature of his brother returned the next day.

Such pluck insured success. The business became profitable, the firm had a reputation for promptitude, and were soon able to command capital. Retaining the store in Dock Square as a salesroom, the young men adopted a more comfortable style of living. They were unlike in their tastes and temperaments, the staid, cautious and steadfast conservatism of the older partner, making an admirable combination with the enterprising and hopeful spirit of the younger. Mr. David was sagacious and ready to employ every advantage that would enlarge the manufacture, or perfect the workmanship, or promote the sale of whips; while his associate had a practical oversight of the shop and materials which prevented any waste. The demand for their goods increased rapidly, and with a view to larger facilities for the manufacture, and diminished expenses, Mr. Melendy came to Amherst and commenced work in the Manning Shop, so called, about a mile south of the village, and a larger number of hands were employed. In the course of three years, a salesman was placed in Boston, an agency started in New York, and the business of manufacturing wholly transfered to this town. There was an element of romance leavening these various transactions, as in December on the twenty-second, 1825, Mr. Melendy was married to Miss Eveline Boutelle of Amherst, and on the twenty-fifth of the same month, Mr. David was married to Elizabeth Welch Melendy, a sister of his partner. These were fortunate marriages. The parties were not only happy in each other, but what is worthy special notice, a few years later in 1831, very eligible houses were bought, one for each family, at joint expense, which were occupied without interruption till both couples had commemorated the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage. During all this period, the property was held in common, and the expenses of each family, however enlarged, were paid from the common fund.

In 1830, stimulated by a desire to perfect his knowledge of the business and secure any improvements in methods or machinery to be found in England, Mr. David sailed for Liverpool.

As might be anticipated, in subordination to this main interest Mr. David sought to enlarge his knowledge of English men and English institutions. He became familiar with their commercial habits, visiting public buildings and places of historical importance, so that fifty years afterwards he could speak of parks, streets, and sections ofthe city of London in which any recent event occured as if he had been an eye witness. He was present at the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway when Lord Huskinson was killed, being crushed by the wheels of the locomotive. At this time he saw the Duke of Wellington. with other distinguished men, members of Parliament, and nobility. On his return to America, he brought a machine for winding whip-stocks, the first ever used in this country. The machine was subsequently duplicated, and proved a valuable accession to the trade. He also introduced some new materials, and enlarged the variety of fashions. In other respects the manufacture was unchanged. The prosperity of the firm had no serious checks; they had agencies for the sale of goods in Boston, New York, New Orleans, and large orders came from other cities. They bought materials for cash, so that when the commercial crash of 1837 carried disaster to multitudes, they sur-

owed. "We did not fail," said Mr. David, "for we owed no one anything, but we lost nearly all we had by the failure of others." The result of this experiment was a contraction of the system of credits and selling goods for cash or by guaranteed commissions.

For many years, the manufacture of whips was the most important business in Amherst. It gave employment to several persons and furnished the means of support to ten or twelve families. The purchases of ivory, whalebone, and other raw material, were usually made from first hands and in such quantities as often gave the firm control of the market; while in the style and workmanship of their handmade whips, they had few competitors.

With the enlargement of their resources, Messrs. Melendy & David became interested in other enterprises. They held real estate and buildings. They bought shares in the railways which were finding their location in New Hampshire. Mr. David belonged to the Board of Directors that laid out and constructed the Northern Railroad. Subsequently this property was sold, and with the proceeds they joined in new undertakings at the West, which subjected the firm to very serious losses. The business was entrusted to others, and unforeseen difficulties arose, attended by material disasters, which no precaution will certainly avert; and failing in the support which was supposed sure, defeat ensued. But these reverses were not without their uses, as subsequent events clearly demonstrated. Accepting the conditions, which were most disheartening, Mr. David and his partner addressed themselves to the work of securing their creditors and restoring their fortunes. It was a long and weary struggle, demanding persistent application, economy, and careful management. They were subjected to painful imputations and occasional rebuffs, but they also found sympathy, and at the end of nine years, in which they sought no relief from the usual claims of social and religious obligations, every debt was discharged and their real estate freed from all incumbrance. The example was most commendable, illustrating the sterling virtue and high determination of the men in circumstances where weak minds would have faltered, and unconscientious persons would have evaded payment.

Going back in this history to the period of their increasing business, we shall find that a strong religious element controlled the lives of both of these men. In the years from 1830 to 1836, which were so memorable in large accessions to the Churches of New Hampshire, the power of the gospel was manifested in Amherst, and these men with many others were persuaded to act upon their religious convictions and avow their faith in Christ. Mr. Melendy united with the Congregational Church in 1832, and Mr. David and several of his workmen followed the example in 1835; the character of all these men for integrity and steady habits had been good, but from this date a higher standard of conduct prevailed. A new direction was given to their thoughts, and the tone of the establishment was elevated by superior motives. While resident in Boston, Mr. David had been attentive to the vigorous doctrinal discussion which divided the community sixty years ago. He had listened approvingly to the preaching of Wayland and Beecher, then in the fulness of their strength. He was persuaded that the doctrines to which these divines gave such prominence were in harmony with the teachings of the New Testament; accordingly, when Mr. David accepted

the Evangelical system of faith as the ground of his own hope of God's favor, he acted intelligently. He acknowledged his dependence on the grace of God in Christ Jesus. He recognized the sacredness of the Christain calling. He became a student of the Scriptures, entered the Sabbath School as a teacher, and assumed the responsibilities of sustaining the ordinances of public and local religious worship. In 1846, he was elected deacon in the Congregational Church. He accepted the office with some reluctance, being distrustful of himself, but his counsel and service were of great value to the brotherhood. Intent on improving himself in all the qualities of Christian manhood, he was observant of the great movements of society, and deeply interested in the new and enlarged applications of Chistianity. He followed the operations of the American Board, as new fields opened to the missionaries of the Cross; keeping informed as to the changing phases of Evangelical effort in this and in foreign lands. In this particular he manifested the same accuracy which marked his knowledge of current affairs. He was familiar with the history of the United States and Great Britain, and having a lively admiration of learned men, statesmen, scholars, and divines, he was a reader of biographies. While emulating the excellence which he admired, these stores of information were employed to enliven conversation and to furnish material for public discourses. In the gathering of the people, whether for secular or religious purposes, he was often called upon to speak. His remarks were received with attention, and had weight with his audience, because they embodied the fruits of his study and reflection.

In the meetings of the Church for conference and prayer, he was often very helpful. He had too much reverence for the place and object of the assembly, to indulge in crude and repetitious utterances. He prepared himself for the duty, by recalling the lessons of his own experience or citing illustrations from the wide stores of his reading. His words were well chosen, and his thoughts seldom common-place. In the exigencies of the missionary cause, or on some occasion of special peril to the truth he would bring forward an instance of signal deliverance from similar trial, in the previous history of the Church, or in the lives of her servants. There were those, who might speak with more fluency, or employ a more impassioned manner, but no one spoke more to edification. His prayers also were marked by the same evident thoughtfulness and spirituality. He was not hasty to offer his desires before God. You felt, in following his petitions, that he had a message, and his voice would often be tremulous with emotion as he made supplication in behalf of the sick or the sorrowful; as he prayed for the youth of the congregation, or interceded in behalf of the Church and the country. As an officer of the Church, he was considerate of the feelings and wants of his brethren; visiting the sick, searching out the poor, and practicing a generous hospitality. Ministers of all denominations were welcome to his house, and among his chosen friends there were none held in higher esteem than the ministers whom he loved for their works' sake.

Deacon David was averse to strife and controversy; the convictions which he cherished had been matured by careful study, and he was ready to give them expression on all suitable occasions; but he avoided personal disputes, and the imputations that accompany heated

discussion. He knew that these controversies were unprofitable, and he consequently sought "the things that make for peace." When differences arose and bad feelings were likely to be stirred, he was happy if he could remove or allay the cause of alienation.

As a citizen, Deacon David exhibited a hearty interest in the prosperity of the town, and he did not shrink from the duties by which the community is served. He wished to have good schools, well made roads, and all public buildings convenient and in good repair. A modest man, not seeking office for himself, and always ready to commend good service when rendered by others, he did not decline when called to take office. He accordingly acted as a select-man, representative to the Legislature, member of the School Committee, in addition to special services when some interest or enterprise affecting the community was given in charge to a committee to act in behalf of the town.

Socially, his influence was constantly exerted in the promotion of whatever would elevate and improve the aims and habits of his townsmen. He was active in the movement for the establishment of a Library which should be open to all; in the absence of an Academy, he favored the introduction of a High School.

He constructed sidewalks, and along the streets, so far as he had control, shade trees were planted by his direction. He was also careful to maintain the amenities of life, prompt in meeting and reciprocating all social obligations. Somewhat above the medium height, erect but spare in figure, there was a mingling of dignity and sweetness in his expression which won your confidence. The promptness and despatch, which distinguished his methods of business, were manifest in the general ordering of his affairs. The practical forecast, which anticipates the crowding of engagements, and maps out the work, was seen in the distribution of his occupations. The materials were in readiness for every workman's alloted task. Without formal designation, there was time for study, or the performance of civil or social duty, in the busiest season. It entered into his plans to maintain an order in his reading and recreations. His farm, his buildings, tools, equipage, and the whole estate, were kept in excellent condition. Without lavish expenditure, his premises wore an air of neatness and thrift. He was uneasy if his animals were exposed to ill treatment, and he tolerated no waste. With such habits, it was pleasant to be associated with him in any service. You had not to wait for him. He remembered his appointments. He was in his seat in the sanctuary before the opening of the service. No special message was required to secure his attendance at town meeting. The power of his example was elevating and wholesome, and as we review his life and deplore the loss of his presence and cooperation, it is interesting to hear the frequent and hearty testimonials to his kindness and fairmindedness coming from men who were long in his employment; while others gratefully acknowledge his friendly counsel and assistance in their youthful days.

In politics, Deacon David was Whig and Republican; he believed in the policy of protecting American manufactures, and, during the most active period of his life, his opinions were in harmony with the sentiments of Mr. Webster. With the dissolution of the Whig party, and the undeniable intention on the part of the South to extend the area of slavery, he became a staunch Republican. On the election of Lincoln he

put forth his best endeavors to maintain the government, and when the call was made for troops, he was among the foremost to pledge himself and all that he had to sustain the imperilled cause of Liberty. He encouraged his sons to enlist in the army and two of them entered the military service of the country.

Deacon David had seven children, of whom five attained majority and became heads of families; three of this number are now living, two sons and a daughter; and there are fifteen grandchildren. He retired from active business in 1875, but interested himself in the affairs of the Church, and in the business of a son in Boston. But his health, never very robust, became impaired with the advance in years, and he withdrew more and more from public notice. His wife and children were constant with their grateful ministrations, and, under the oversight of attentive physicians, his life was prolonged beyond expectation. He retained his mental powers in great activity until the end. his memory of recent, as well as remote occurrences, serving him with unusual accuracy. He was seldom depressed, and had none of the "melancholy damp of cold and dry," of which Milton speaks, to weigh his spirits down. Being able to see friends, he conversed with the animation and intelligence of one in middle life.

The change came at length, and sustained by an unfaltering trust in the Lord Jesus, whom he had publicly confessed for nearly half a century, he fell asleep on the third of September, 1883. He had lived with his wife fifty-seven years, and in the same house for fifty-two years. Soon after his death, the Church adopted formal resolutions, setting forth the grounds of their gratitude to God for his valuable life and services as an officer, and expressing the sincere affection with which they cherished his memory as a citizen and friend.

PROSPECT.*

By Mary H. Wheeler.

Where a cross-road, eastward wending,
With the older range-road met,
On a farm to northward tending,
There my childhood's home was set.
And the guide-post was the bound
Of my sanctioned playing ground.

Toward the south, a ridge up-rounded
Like a billow landward rolled;
Broader spread the north view, bounded
By the Gunstock Mountains bold;
But to eastward, toward the sky,
Rose one mountain low and high;

Broad at base, with fields inclining
Gently upward, high and higher,
To the belt of forest shining
In its evergreen attire:
Bald at summit, smooth and clear,
In contour without a peer.

When the morning sun ascending
Flooded all the east with light,
O'er the near horizon pending,
Circled by its halo bright,—
Clearly outlined, dark and high,
Loomed the mountain top thereby.

And whene 'er the sun in splendor,
Glided down the glowing west,
Then its long rays, warm and tender,
On the lifted mountain's crest,
Lingered with a ruddy glow,
While the darkness spread below.

But when storms began to gather
At the east wind's signal call,
Heralding the changing weather,
Ere the rain commenced to fall,
Wrapped in clouds of sombre hue,
All the mount was lost from view.

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*From the Bay State Monthly for June, 1885.

All the legends loved in childhood,
Tales of giants, fairies, kings,
Tales of palaces or wildwood,
Lonely caves or magic springs,
Found for me arena wide
On that mountain's farther side.

When the maid, who rocked me nightly
By the firelight on her knee,
Sang the ballads, swaying lightly,
Of a land beyond the sea,—
Lover's tryst and robber's way
All beyond the mountain lay.

Many a day as I grew older,
Weary with my lonely play,
From my seat (a side-cleft boulder),
Wistful-eyed, I looked away
Toward the mount with yearnings fond
For that wonderland beyond.

And at night, when softly lying
In my little bed asleep,
Oft in dreams my feet were trying
To ascend that summit steep;
Waking from undue delight
With the goal but just in sight.

All the birds in springtime singing
Seem to call me by their song,
And the leafy branches swinging
Beckoned me the summer long,
And the Autumn's golden hue
Still invited me anew.

One bright day, some vagrant turning
Brought me near its base to stroll;
Quickly grew that eager yearning
To an impulse past control:
Swiftly onward, without plan,
Upward toward the steep I ran;

Slipping, stumbling, sometimes falling,
Still undaunted, climbing fast,
Heedless of the voices calling,
Caught, and taken back at last,
Sorrowing for reproval less
Than for unattained success.

Childhood, gathering up her treasures,
Fancies wild and fable lore,
Guileless faith and careless pleasures,
Left me to return no more.
And mature in womanhood
On the mount at length I stood.

Not the royal castles olden,
Which my childish fancy drew;
Fairy courts and turrets golden,
But a wider, fairer view;
Summer bright before me lay,
Reaching far, oh, far away.

Fields of grain and leafy hedges,
Forests broad and deeply green,
Craggy hills and hoary ledges,
Gem-like glints of watery sheen,
Smoke wreaths rising, thin and slow,
From half-hidden homes below;

Hamlets wrapped in shadowy greenness,
Glimpses of a winding way,
Farther on, in calm sereneness,
Silver bright the great lake lay.
And a steamboat crossed the lake
With a white line in its wake.

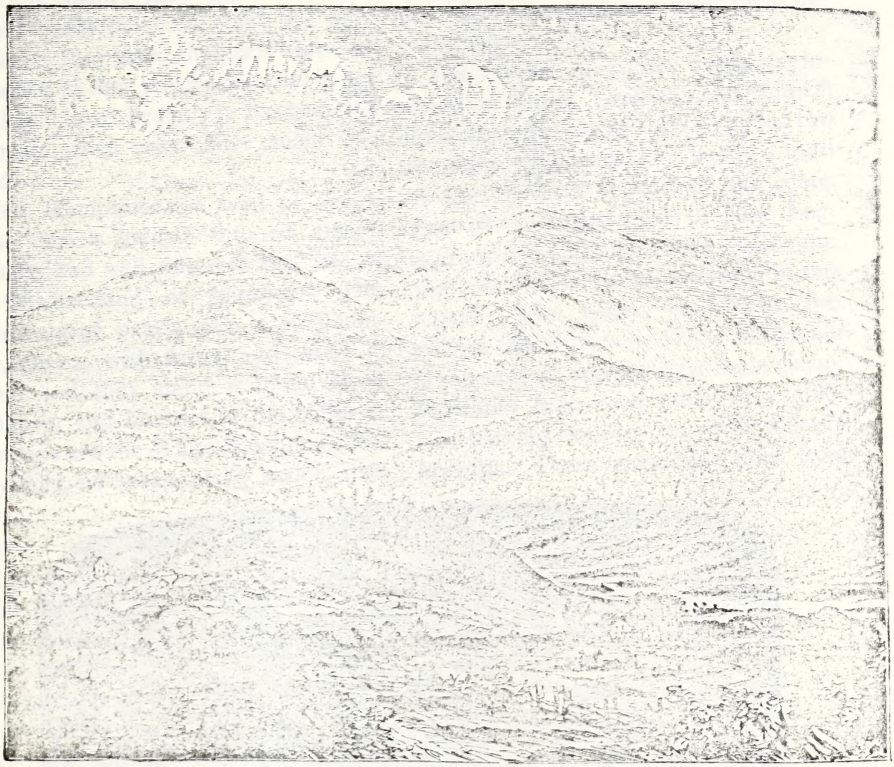
Islands, on the water sprinkled,
Seemed to float with buoyant ease,
And the golden church-spires twinkled
O'er the village 'mid the trees.
And a peaceful thought of rest
All the smiling landscape blessed.

And the vision in completeness,
'Neath the summer's golden beams,
Far excelled the mystic sweetness
Of my romance-haunted dreams.
For I found a wider view
Than my child-horizon knew

So, perhaps, my fancied Heaven,
Like my wonder-land, may be
Earth-distorted views self-given;
But if I the blest land see,
Though my earth-wish be denied,
I shall then be satisfied.

THE WHITE AND FRANCONIA MOUNTAINS.*

By Fred Myron Colby.



WHITE MOUNTAIN RANGE FROM MILAN.

What would the world be without mountains? Geographically, one vast monotony of unchanging surface; geologically, a desert waste. Mountains are the rib-bones of the great skeleton of nature, and they hold together the gorgeous outline of river, valley, lake, and savannah that gives the earth all its varied beauty. Beautiful and grand as they are, they are as useful as ornamental, and serve a momentous necessity in mundane affairs. They are grand landmarks of the Almighty's power and mercy and goodness, and historically occupy a *high* position in the lives of nations.

The seers and saints of the old time speak of the strength of the hills as if they were the special gifts of the Creator to his favored people for their defence. The history of later nations has shown us that they have found more in the strength of the hills than defences against the attacks of outside enemies; that they have drawn from them a moral vigor of character, a keenness and activity of intellect, and a love of country, which has produced the most enduring and elevated patriotism. And, indeed, we must bless God for mountains; those who live near them are larger, better, nobler than the denizens

* From the Bay State Monthly for May, 1885.



of the plains. "Flee to the mountains," cried the angel to Lot. Ah! there was meaning in the command. Men stagnate upon the plain; they grow indolent, sensual, mediocre there, and are only vivified as they seek the great alphabet of nature, as they pulsate with her in her wondrous heart-beats. It has been the mountain men who have ruled the world.

New Hampshire is a land of mountains. She is indeed throned among the hills, and well deserves the title of the "Switzerland of America." Her cloud-capped peaks, even in mid-summer, glisten with frosts and snows of winter, and they stand watchful sentinels over the liberties of her children. Our Alps are the White Mountains, and they hold no mean place beside their rivals in the old world. Their lofty elevation, their geological formation, the wild and romantic scenery in their vicinity, and their legends of white and red men, all concur to render them peculiarly interesting.

The White Mountain range is located in Coos, Grafton, and Carroll Counties, covering an area of about two thousand square miles, or nearly a third of the northern section of the State. Four of the largest rivers of New England receive tributaries from its streams, and one has its principal source in this region. The peaks cluster in two groups, the eastern or White Mountain group proper, and the Franconia group, separated from each other by a table-land varying from ten to twenty miles in breadth. These mountains differ from



OWL'S HEAD AND MOOSILAUKE, WARREN, N. H.

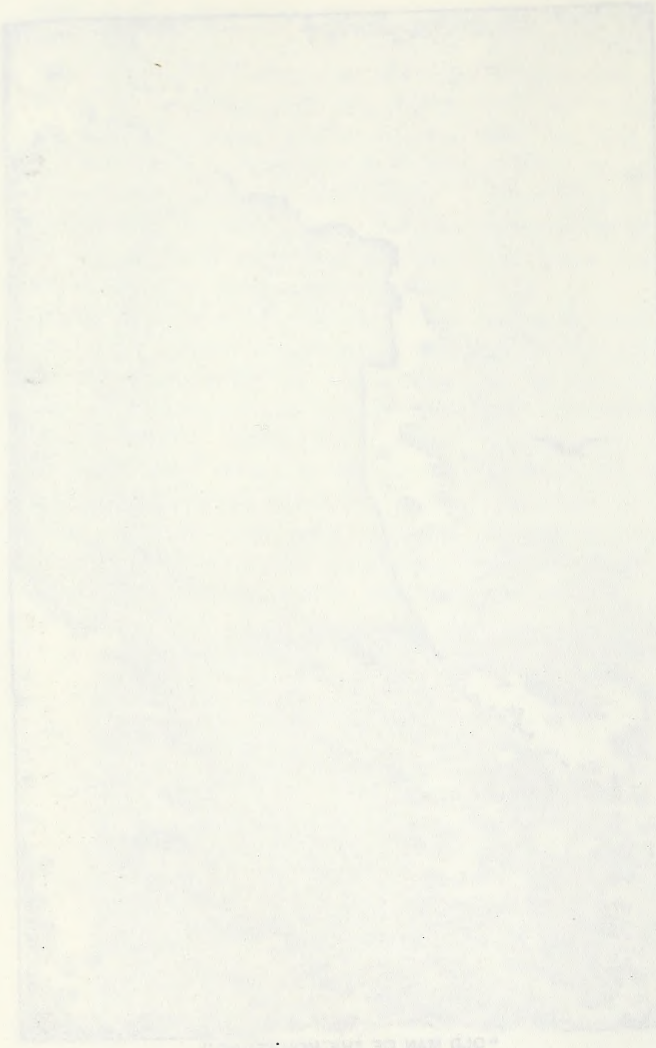


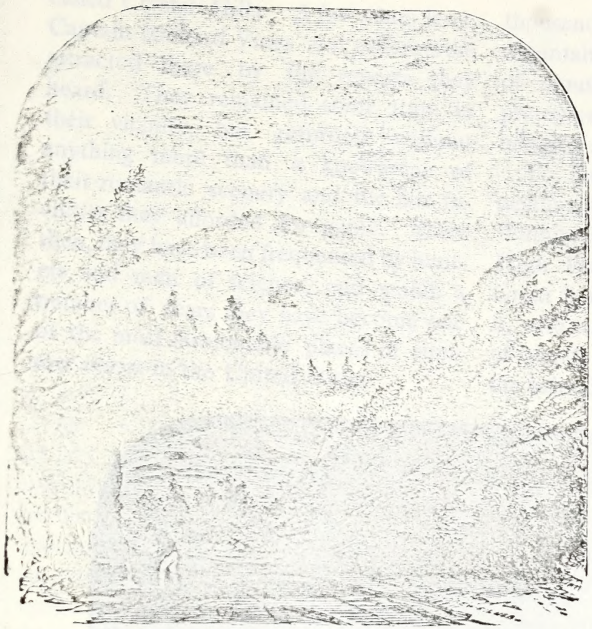
most others in being purely of a primitive origin. They are probably the most ancient mountains in the world; not even the organic remains of the transition period have ever been discovered near them; and they are essentially of granitic formation. Underneath these coherent and indurate ledges the most valuble ores exist, but coal and fossils are searched for in vain. Many a change during the geological periods have these granite mountains looked upon. They have seen fire and water successively sweep over the surface of our globe. Devastating epochs passed, continents sunk and rose, and mountains were piled on mountains in the dread chaos, but these stood firm and undaunted, though scarred and seamed by glaciers, and washed by the billows of a primeval sea, presenting nearly the same contour that they do to-day. They are the Methuselahs among mountains.



"OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAINS."

The Indians generally called these mountains Agiocochook, though one of the eastern tribes bestowed upon them the name of Waumbek Ketmetha, which signifies White Mountains. A mythic obscurity shadows the whole historical life of this region till the advent of the white men. The red man held the mountains in reverence and awe. What Olympus and Ida were to the ancient Greeks, what Ararat and Sinai were to the Jews, what Popocatapetl and Orizaba were to the Aztecs, so were the summits of the White Mountains to the simple natives of this section. An ancient tradition prevailed among them that a deluge once overspread the land and destroyed every human being but a



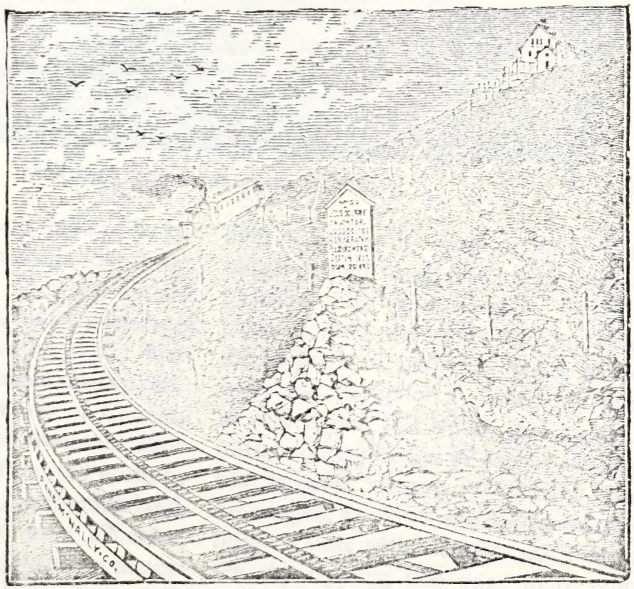


PEABODY RIVER AND MOUNT WASHINGTON.

propogated many marvelous stories of what they alleged could there be seen. Among other things, they gave accounts of immense carbuncles seen far up the steep and inaccessible sides, which shone in the darkness of night with the most brilliant and dazzling splendor.

The first white men who visited these mountains, were Messrs. Neal, Jocelyn, and Field, who explored the region carefully in the year 1632. They were incited (partly, no doubt, by curiosity, but more probably by the hope of finding mineral treasure. They were disappointed in finding gold, however, but they gave a glowing account of their adventures, and of the extent and grandeur of the mountains, which they

single powwow and his wife, who fled for safety to these elevated regions, and thus preserved the race from extermination. Their fancy peopled the mountains with invisible beings, who indicated their presence and manifested their power by storms and tempests, which they were believed to control with absolute authority. The savages, therefore, never attempted to ascend the summits, deeming the undertaking perilous, and success impossible. But, though thus cherishing a superstitious respect for their utmost elevations, they still frequented the environs and mountain defiles, and

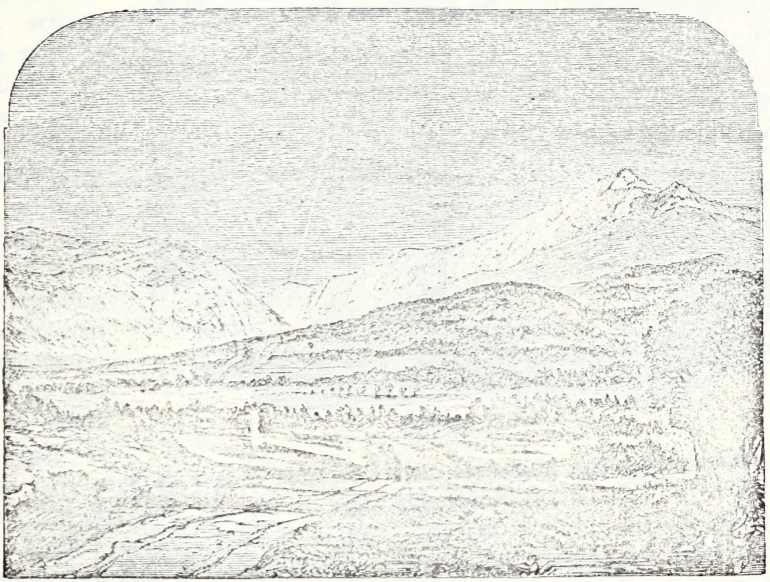


THE BOURNE MONUMENT.

called Crystal Hills. A few years later, Captain Richard Vines and others were attracted there by the reports they heard. They remained some time in their vicinity, but returned without anything more than a knowledge of their romantic scenery and the fine facilities they afforded for game. Since then, they have been frequented by hunters and men of science, and within a number of years they have become one of the most fashionable places of summer resort in the United States.

thousand feet above the plain, these mountains rise presenting every variety of mountain scenery, slopes, ravines, precipices, towering cliffs, and overhanging summits.

To the south of the mountains and nestling among the foot hills, lies Lake Winnipiseogee — "Pleasant Water in a High Place," or "The Smile of the Great Spirit," as the aborigines termed it, with its surface broken by hundreds of islands : one, they say, for every day of the calendar year ; and its shores the de-



FRANCONIA MOUNTAINS, FROM THORNTON.

The White Mountain plateau is approached by travellers from four directions, namely : from the east by the Grand Trunk, Eastern, and Ogdensburg Railroads ; from the south by Lake Winnipiseogee and the Pemigewassett rivers ; from the south-west by way of Connecticut River and White Mountain Railroad at Littleton, and from the north by the Grand Trunk at Northumberland. The approach is grand from all sides, and the mountain combinations picturesque and beautiful. From five to six

light of artists in search of the picturesque, as well as of the sojourner after pleasure. Its waters smile eternally pleasant, and the visitor will not find the fountain of perpetual youth of the swart old navigator a fable ; for here he will regain lost youth and strength in the contemplation of scenes as beautiful as poets' dreams. O ! Lake Winnipiseogee, we recall the sails across thy bright waters with delight, and long to see thy rippling tide once more murmuring beneath the keel of our boat.





GEORGIANA FALLS.

What haunts form a magic chain along the verdant shores of this charming lake! The Wiers, Wolfborough, Alton Bay, Centre Harbor, each a name that moves the heart to thrill it. A voyage across the lake will be remembered a life-time. Says Edward Everett, commenting upon a sail from Wiers up the lake: "I have been something of a traveller in my own country, though far less than I could wish — and in Europe have seen all that is most attractive, but my eye has yet to rest upon a lovelier scene." A climb to the summit of Red Hill, at Centre Harbor, Starr King's favorite haunt, well repays for the labor. The lake presents a charming picture from its crest. Across its waters can be seen the domes of Belknap and more distant Kearsage and Monadnock. In the east are the Ossipee Mountains and bold Mount Chocorua. Toward the north is a throng of lofty mountains overtopped on a clear day by distant Mount Washington, which towers king-like over all his neighbors. In the west one has a view of Squam Lake, with its many islands bordered by beaches of white sand, the little village of Centre Harbor, Meredith, and that popular lake-side resort, the Weirs.

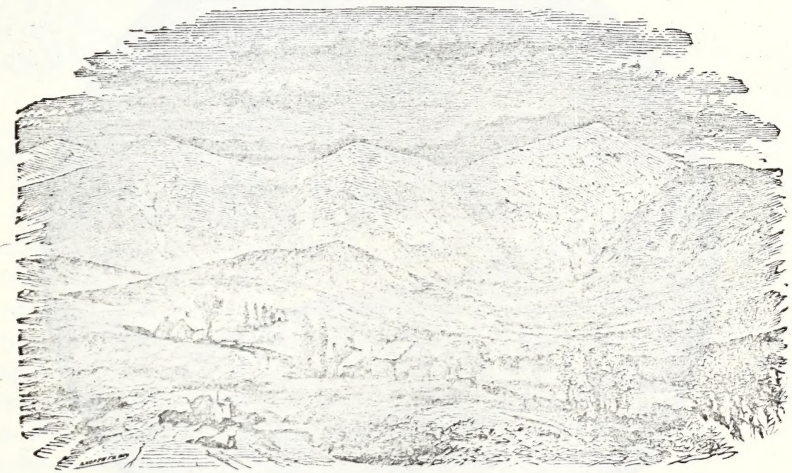
At the Weirs, which is a way-station of the Boston and Montreal Road, on the borders of the lake, is a cottage city. Here in front of each domicile is built the miniature wharf off which is moored the row boat or yacht, dancing feather like on the waves. Lofty trees with dense foliage grow to the water's edge, affording grateful shade. Within the grove is an auditorium in one of nature's amphitheatres where the weary people, assembled from their homes in the dusty city, listen to words of eloquence or exhortation while fanned by lake breezes. On the sides of the hill the veterans of the Grand Army have erected barracks, and there they an-



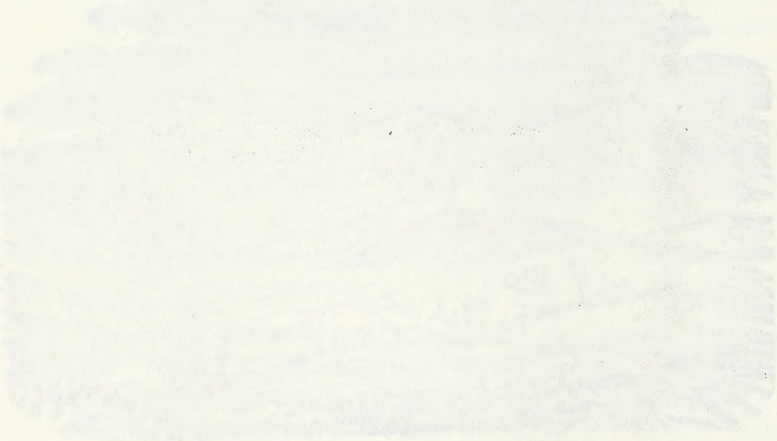
nually assemble, build their camp fires, recount old scenes, fight mimic battles, and close up their ranks thinned by time. The approach to their camp is guarded by cannon, used to salute some honored comrade, and overlooked by an observatory on which stands no sentinel.

We had made up our minds "to do" the White Mountains, Molly, Fritz and I, the latter being an indefinite person, and we calculated on going prepared. We had spent a fortnight reading Starr King's "White Hills," studying handbooks and Hitchcock's Geology of New Hampshire. Then it took us a week to do the packing. One bright summer day we started; night found us at Plymouth on the banks of the Pemigewasset, at the very gate-way of the mountains. We slept at the Pemigewasset House, where we were shown the room in which Hawthorne died twenty years ago, while on an excursion for health with his friend Franklin Pierce. That will be what Plymouth will be famous for one hundred years hence — the place where Hawthorne died. "It is a pleasant place at which to die," said Fritz, "but I had rather have been born there."

Following up the valley by the river-road through the towns of Campton, Thornton, and Woodstock, one sees himself surrounded on either hand by towering mountains and the most exquisite rural scenery. Another road following the Indian trail from Canada to the coast, over which the weary feet of many a captive passed in the old time, driven ruthlessly from their homes to the wilderness by their savage captors, passes through Rumney and Wentworth to Warren summit, the lowest land in the "divide" between the Connecticut and Merrimack valleys, yet a thousand feet above the ocean. Moosilauke, the ancient Moosehillock, here stands sentry, almost five thousand feet above the sea level. It is the western outpost of the mountain region and deserves a visit. A good carriage road leads from the station to Breezy Point House, at its base, where buck-boards are chartered for the ascent. At first the road leads through rocky pastures, thence into primeval woods in which the way becomes more and more precipitous;



WHITE MOUNTAIN RANGE, FROM JEFFERSON.



and as we go up the trees become dwarfed to bushes, until as one emerges to the open space on the shoulder of the mountain a most impressive scene breaks upon him. An immense gulf lies beneath him, while before him towers the lofty summit.

The morning or evening view from Moosilauke is grand in the extreme. The valley of the Connecticut for many miles is in view, through which winds the "long river" like a blue ribbon. Over in Vermont are the Green Mountains, commanded by Mount Mansfield, while across the State and over Lake Champlain one catches a glimpse of the distant Adirondacks. In the south can be seen Ascutney and the mountains and lakes of central New Hampshire, while a distant peak beyond Monadnock may be Mount Wachuset in Massachusetts. To the eastward is massed an ocean of mountains, of which Mounts Washington and Lafayette are monarchs. To the north lies the Gardner range, and in the valley near at hand the sheltered community incorporated by the name of Benton and overlooked by Mount Kinsman.

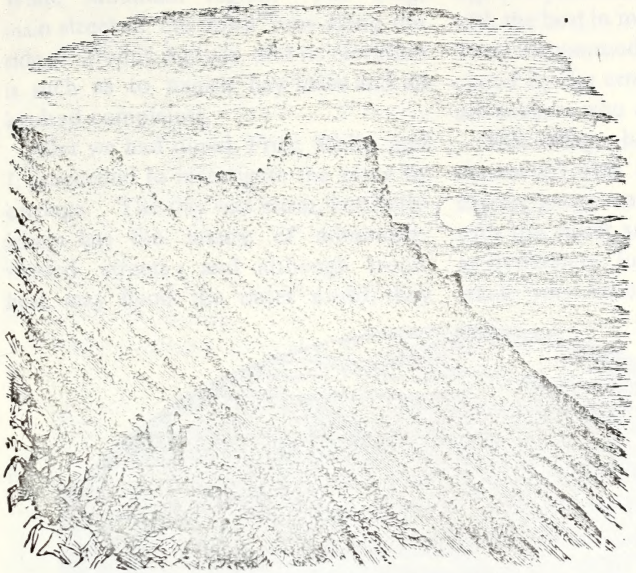
As the sun sinks below the western mountains, one stands in brilliant daylight, while the valleys below him are shrouded in the gloom of night; when the sun has disappeared, darkness has come. One can well spend a night on the summit if only to behold the glorious sunrise in the morning. Before the dawn comes, one is on an island in an ocean of foam. The sun springs gladly from behind the hills on the eastern horizon, and scatters the early mists as by an enchanter's wand. As a matter of course there is a Tip Top House on Moosilauke, and a genial landlord.



ADAMS AND MADISON, FROM GLEN PATH.

Owl's Head the traveller passes on the right as he leaves Warren summit. Be-





CASTELLATER RIDGE OF MOUNT JEFFERSON.

tween Owl's Head and Moosilauke there is a deep valley through which winds a road leading from Warren to Benton and Dansville, affording a lonely but pleasant route through the mountains.

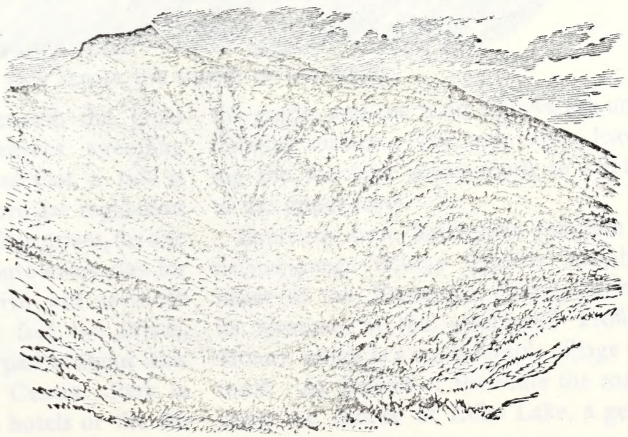
"That road," said Molly, "looks as if it might be haunted by Claude Duval and his ilk; I suppose there are robbers among the mountains."

Fritz smiled. "We find them at the hotels now and then, and they wear diamond studs generally," he said. "Our modern highwaymen do not haunt lonesome defiles and cry 'Stand and Deliver.' That style is obsolete; nor are there any romantic stories told of their dancing on the green with the victims they have plundered. They are not gallant enough for that."

"I don't care," declared Molly. "I like the modern way best; besides we get our money's worth Why! any one of these views is worth, oh,—'ever so much,' which includes hotel bills and all," laughed the cynical Fritz.

At Wells River a very high bridge spans the Connecticut. Here the waters of the tumbling Ammonoosuc, the wildest and most rapid stream in New Hampshire, joins the Connecticut in its journey to the sea. The highlands of Bath repay attention as we journey northward. Littleton is a thriving village, which controls the business of this section, and promises to be a northern metropolis.

A few miles from Littleton is Bethlehem, a regular mountain village, with an altitude higher than that of any other village east of the Mississippi. This is one of the most charming resorts in the



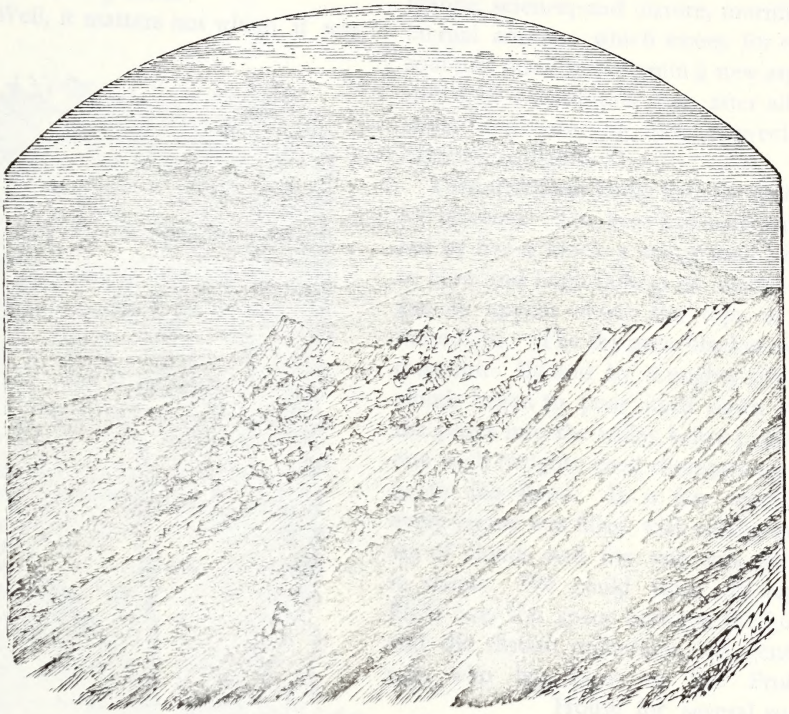
RAVINE IN MOUNT ADAMS, FROM RANDOLPH HILL.



White Mountain region. The long, main street of the town runs along the side of Mount Agassiz, and its elevation is such as to banish hay fever and all kindred complaints.

After we had dined, Fritz, Molly, and I, proceeded to investigate the place by carriage. The day was warm, but Bethlehem has the luxury of admirably-shaded streets; and although tropic heat may flood the outer world, they lie temptingly cool beneath the great boughs; delightful breezes sweeping from the mountains, so that a ride is always enjoyable. There are regulation drives, and there are other drives, for one can take a different route every day for a month, and each drive will seem to surpass the other. In fact, the drives, walks, and woodland paths about this village, rival those of Central Park in New York City. The hotels of the village are palatial, and compare favorably with the best in much older communities. Their accommodations are fully appreciated by the army of health and pleasure seekers who annually visit them.

This village has lately been directly connected with the outside world by a narrow-gauge road, which runs parallel with the street and joins the main line at Bethlehem Junction. In laying the track very little attention was paid to the grade, and the train follows the undulating surface. The train after leaving the junction seems fairly to climb to the upper level.



VIEW ACROSS THE SUMMIT OF THE RAVINE.

Southerly from Bethlehem Junction a narrow-gauge railway extends into the heart of the Franconia Notch, having its terminus at the celebrated Profile House, which is a considerable village in itself. At the end of the route the road skirts the shores of Echo Lake, a gem



of water surrounded by lofty mountains, a fit home for nymphs and naiads.

"I should like to read 'Manfred' here," said Molly one morning (Byron was one of her favorites). "It is just the place, mountains, forests and all, and who knows — the wizzard."

"There is the Old Man of the Mountain; perhaps he would volunteer," suggested Fritz.

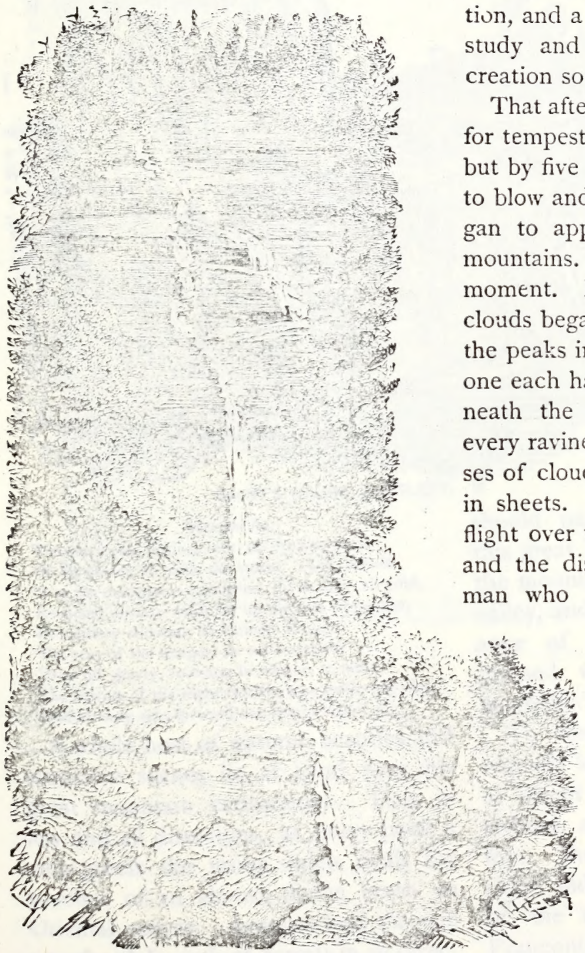
"I thought it was a witch," observed the indefinite person.

"Well, it matters not which it was," said Molly, seeing that we were attempting to badger her. "Here is the hour and the scene."

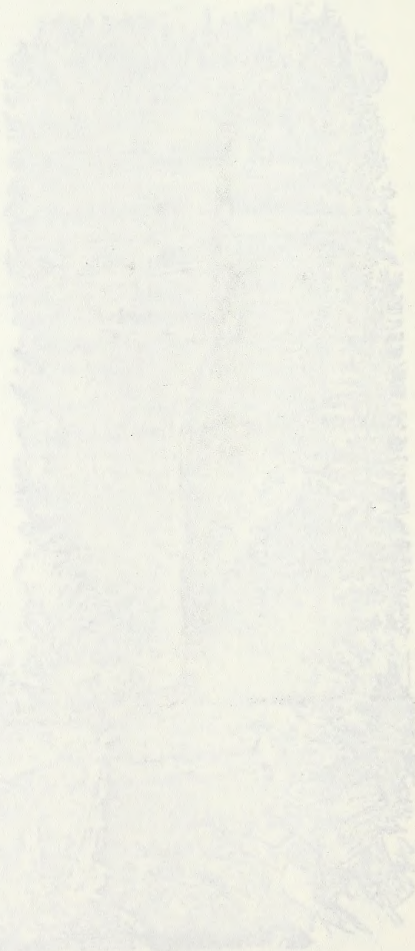
"But the *man*, O, where is he?" cried Fritz.

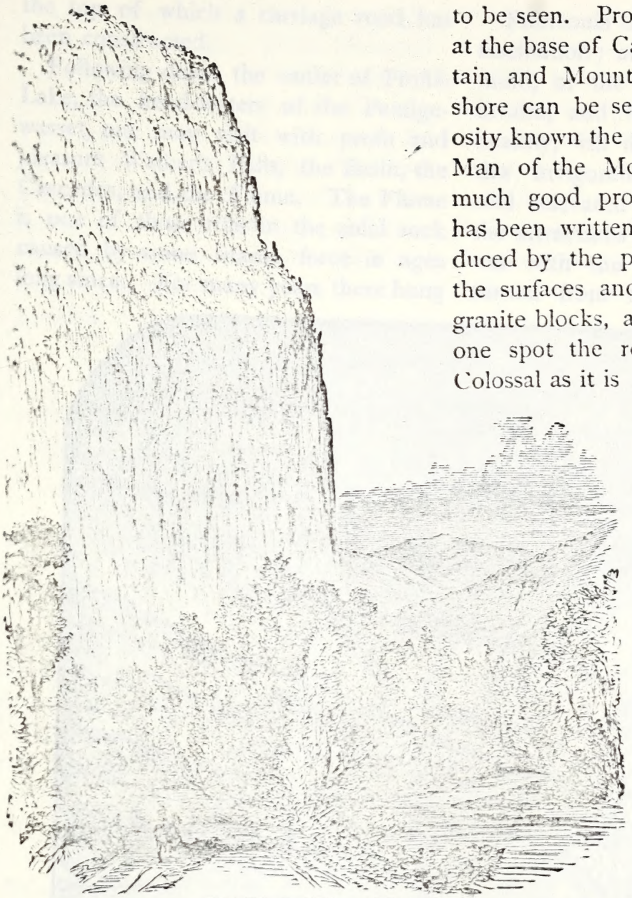
"The truth is, we cannot appreciate Byron till we come here," pursued Molly. "If we could only have a tempest now. Ah, I can imagine those mountain Alps. How beautiful and grand it is. Within this wide domain romance, science, and nature, murmur an eternal anthem, which wooes for every soul that finds itself herein a new aspiration, and a realization that, after all our study and care, we have appreciated creation so lightly!"

That afternoon Molly had her wished-for tempest. The heat had been sultry, but by five o'clock a heavy wind began to blow and hugh billows of clouds began to appear above the tops of the mountains. The sky grew blacker every moment. By and by a mighty river of clouds began to pour itself down over the peaks into the valley below; one by one each haughty crest disappeared beneath the flood. In a few moments every ravine was filled with rolling masses of clouds and the rain was falling in sheets. We could trace its rapid flight over the space between the hotel and the distant mountains. A gentleman who has been at the Profile House for several summers said that he had never seen so grand a storm-cloud as the one just described. When the storm was past and the clouds began to melt away, it was natural enough that we should call to mind the following passage from "Lucile:"



SILVER CASCADE IN THE NOTCH.



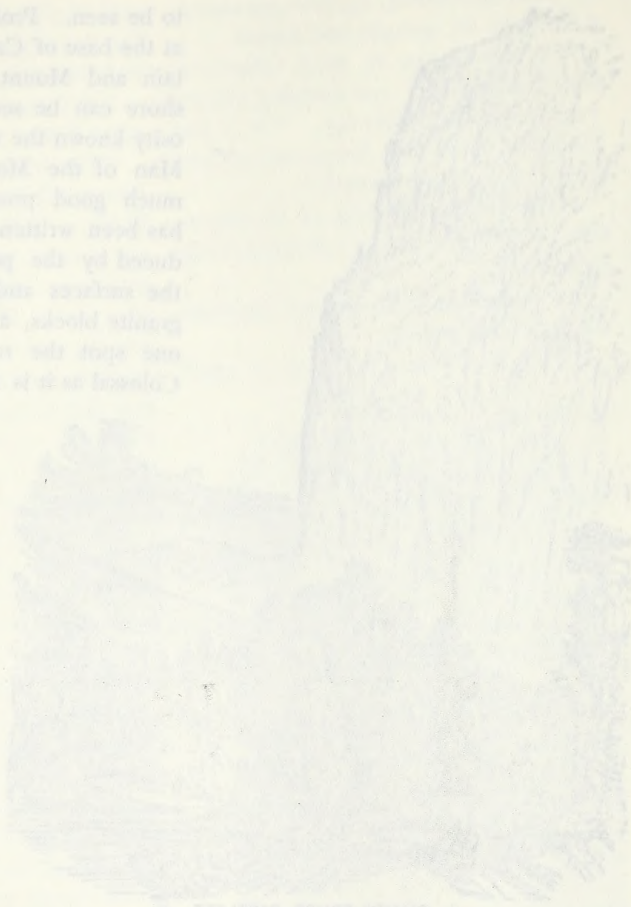


GIANT'S STAIRS, BARTLETT.

Meanwhile,
The sun in his setting, sent up the last smile
Of his power, to baffle the storm. And, behold
O'er the mountains embattled, his armies, all gold,
Rose and rested; while far up the dim airy crags,
Its artillery silenced, its banners in rags,
The rear of the tempest its sullen retreat
Drew off slowly, receding in silence, to meet
The powers of the night, which, now gathering afar,
Had already sent forward one bright signal star.

A whole host of natural beauties and attractive scenes lie at hand near this great mountain caravansary. Turn in any and all directions, at every point a view greets the vision which rivals the touches of an almost divine brush on Oriental canvas. Avenues lead through a perfect labyrinth of forests in all directions, and many are the famous sights to be seen. Profile Lake lies close by at the base of Cannon or Profile Mountain and Mount Lafayette. From its shore can be seen that inspiring curiosity known the world over as the "Old Man of the Mountain," about which much good prose and passable poetry has been written. The profile is produced by the peculiar combination of the surfaces and angles of five huge granite blocks, and when viewed from one spot the resemblance is perfect. Colossal as it is in its proportions, being seventy feet from chin to forehead, the lines are softened by distance, and the sphynx itself is not carved more justly. There it stands, calm, grand, majestic, wearing from age to age the same undisturbed expression of sovereign and hoary dignity — the guardian spirit of the region. No wonder the simple red man, as he roamed these wilds, should pause as he caught sight of this great stone face gazing off through the mountain openings into the distant valley, and worship it as the countenance of his Manitou. All are impressed with it, and its influence is magnetic.

To climb Mount Lafayette will be scarcely less interesting than the ascent of Mount Washington, though it is more tedious, as it has to be made wholly on foot. But the charming views from its sides and summit will repay the labor of the tourist. A fine view of the Franconia Mountains can be obtained from the summit of Bald Mountain, to



the top of which a carriage road has been constructed.

Following down the outlet of Profile Lake, the head-waters of the Pemigewasset, one may visit with profit and pleasure Walker's Falls, the Basin, the Cascades, and the Flume. The Flume is one of those rifts in the solid rock caused by some titanic force in ages long since. For many years there hung suspended far up above the path a huge granite boulder. In 1883 a sudden mountain storm caused a torrent to dash through the chasm, and the boulder became a subject for history. It disappeared, thus partially explaining how it was originally lodged in its former resting place. A short distance below the Flume are the Georgiana Falls, where the water descends for more than a hundred feet over a sheer precipice.

Franconia is a fairyland of wonderful fascination; and the weary of body and mind, or the despondent and languid invalid, and no less the strong and healthy, will find their physical faculties invigorated, and the mind and soul elevated by a sojourn among the attractions of that lovely town. It was with the deepest regret that we turned from those delightful regions.



WHITE MOUNTAINS, FROM THE GLEN.

Our time was not lost, for as we pant and struggle in "life's ceaseless toil and endeavor," a thousand memories come to cheer us from those sojourns in this romantic and magnificent mountain land.

Again at Bethlehem Junction we follow the main thoroughfare through the mountains to the great chain of hotels of world-wide fame known as the Twin Mountain House, Fabyan's, and the



Crawford House. Up the valley of the Ammonoosuc to the Twin Mountain House, which takes its name from two prominent peaks of the Franconia range, is a delightful ride. We are now in the midst of the mountain region, the White Mountain plateau. Here nature, *en dishabille*, with locks unkempt and loosened zone, reclines at ease in her most secret chamber, beyond the reach of intrusion, and neither thinking of, nor caring for, the critical philosophy of the outside world; an emerald-crowned Cleopatra, revelling in the midst of her great vassals.



SQUAM LAKE AND MOUNT CHOCORUA.

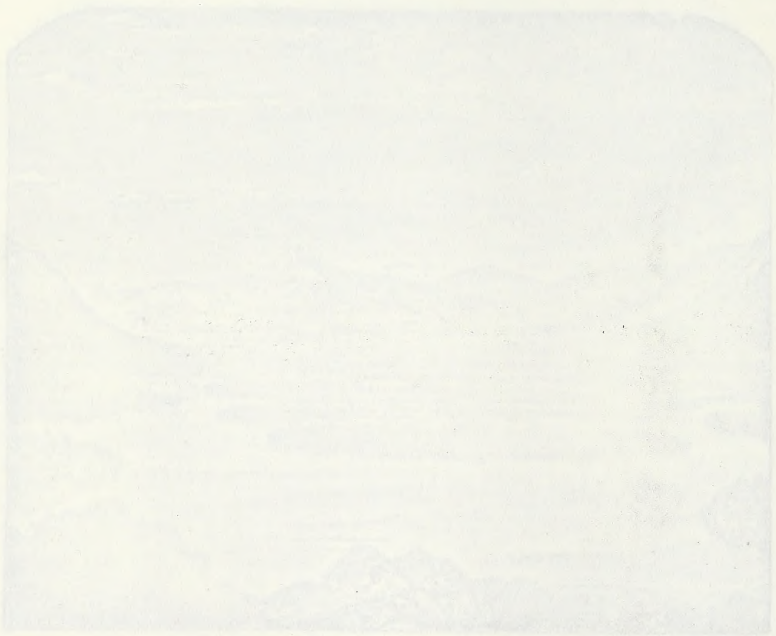
The Twin Mountain House, like Fabyan's and the Crawford House, is a post-office. It is a hostelry, also, that is not surpassed in its management, cuisine or in magnificence by any in the chain.

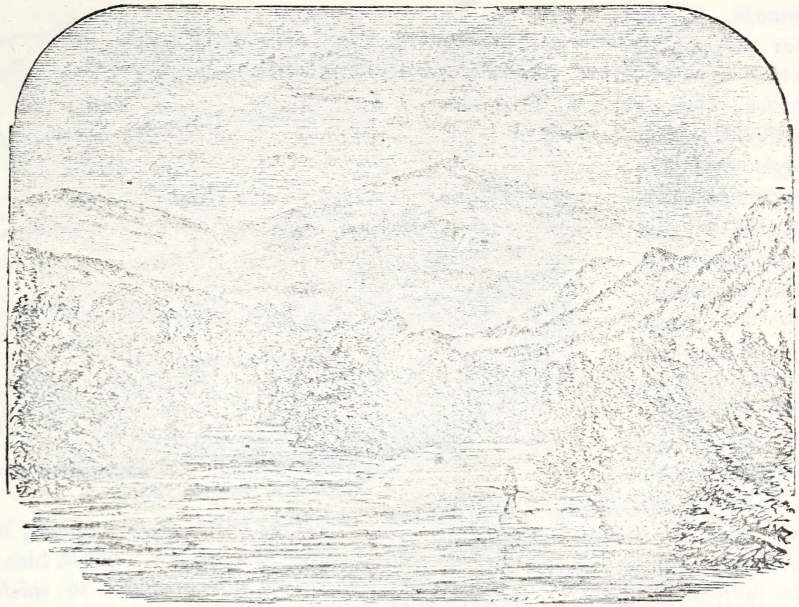
"It is good to be here," said Molly, lying back in her chair on the long piazza, "while the wind blows fair, as in Indian myth blew the breeze from the Land of Souls."

"Do you remember the other time we were here, Molly?" asked Fritz, "and the beautiful moonlight evenings we enjoyed?"

"Oh, yes. How many nights we sat here or promenaded among the trees. It was in September and the moon was full. As she arose over the eastern hills and threw her light upon the valley beneath, I never saw her more majestic. The soft, mellow radiance of the queen of night filled every nook and crevice with light. The trees waved their branches, and beckoned the woodland nymphs forth to a dance on the green. Surely, it seems as if Shakespeare must have had just such evenings in his mind when he wrote "Midsummer Night's Dream."

"Ah, that was a 'Lover's Pilgrimage,'" observed Fritz, grimly, "now it is a pilgrimage for — "





MOUNT MADISON, IN GORHAM.

"What?"

"You interrupted me; we will call it an æsthetic pilgrimage."

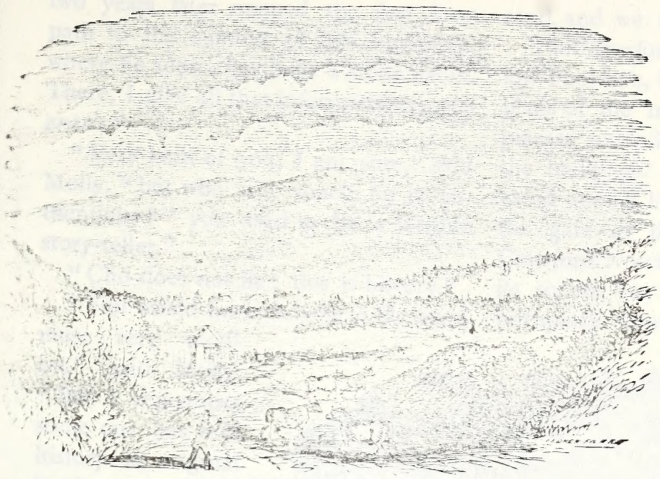
What days those were we passed in the upland region. Fabyan's is situated in the very heart of the White Hills and is the objective point for all tourists. From the verandas of this spacious hotel, one obtains an uninterrupted view of the whole Presidential Range, and can watch the course of the train of cars as it creeps slowly up the precipitous sides of Mount Washington.

Taking the train at Fabyan's, one glides rapidly up the steepest practical grade to the Base station, where he leaves the ordinary passenger coach and takes his seat in a car designed to be pushed up the Mount Washington Railroad. After the warning whistle the train starts slowly on its journey — the grandest sensation of the whole trip to the ordinary traveller. The most magnificent scenery is soon spread before the tourist. No other three miles of railway in the world affords such a succession of wild and startling views as the passenger has on his mountain ride on this iron line up the steep inclination of this mighty summit of the great northern range. We get glimpses of the wide valley below, the bold landscape ever changing, yet always filled with grand and startling outlines. Up and up we go. We pass Gulf station, Naumbet station, Jacob's Ladder, and the monument of stones which marks the spot where, in 1855, Miss Lizzie Bourne of Maine died from exposure. At last we are at the summit, in front of the hospitable looking Tip Top House. We are standing at an altitude of over six thousand feet above the sea, or to be exact, 6,293 feet, according to Professor Guyot, on the highest point of land with one exception east of the Rocky Mountains.

"Isn't the thought inspiring," I remarked to my companions, "that we are on the highest land for which our fathers fought a century ago?"

"And is it not the theme the *ultima*





MOUNT MORIAH, IN GORHAM.

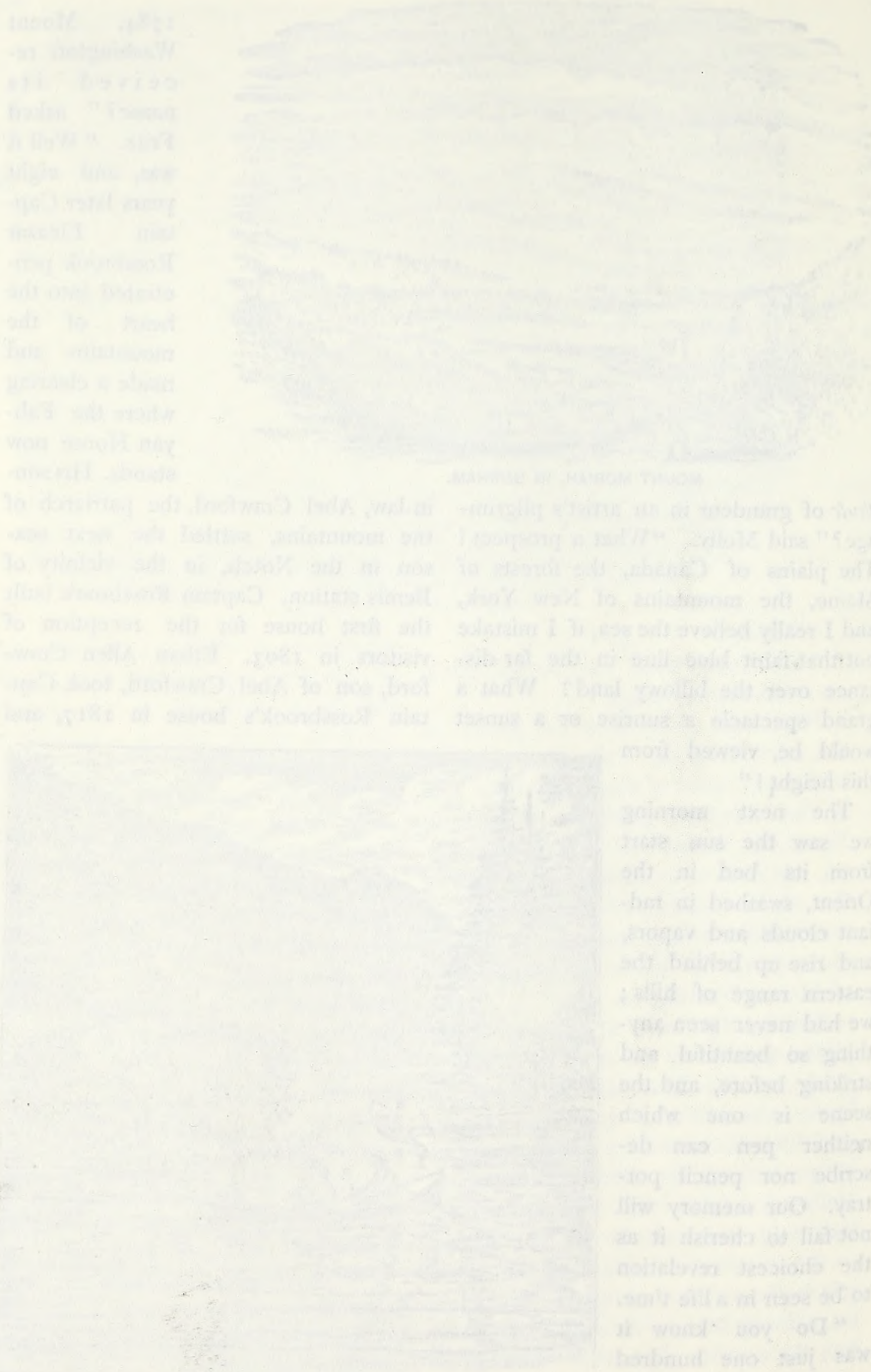
thule of grandeur in an artist's pilgrimage?" said Molly. "What a prospect! The plains of Canada, the forests of Maine, the mountains of New York, and I really believe the sea, if I mistake not that faint blue line in the far distance over the billowy land! What a grand spectacle a sunrise or a sunset would be, viewed from this height!"

The next morning we saw the sun start from its bed in the Orient, swathed in radiant clouds and vapors, and rise up behind the eastern range of hills; we had never seen anything so beautiful and striking before, and the scene is one which neither pen can describe nor pencil portray. Our memory will not fail to cherish it as the choicest revelation to be seen in a life time.

"Do you know it was just one hundred years ago this very year, 1784, Mount Washington received its name?" asked Fritz. "Well it was, and eight years later Captain Eleazar Rossbrook penetrated into the heart of the mountains and made a clearing where the Fabyan House now stands. His son-in-law, Abel Crawford, the patriarch of the mountains, settled the next season in the Notch, in the vicinity of Bemis station. Captain Rossbrook built the first house for the reception of visitors in 1803. Ethan Allen Crawford, son of Abel Crawford, took Captain Rossbrook's house in 1817, and



ECHO LAKE.



two years later opened the first foot-path to the summit of this mountain, where he soon after built a stone cabin. There, I give all that information to you *gratis*."

"Very kind of you, I am sure," said Molly, "but who will vouch for its authenticity?" you used to be a terrible story-teller."

"Clio does not lie; this is history."

"You would have us believe the staid muse very modest," said Molly. "But I remember some one has said history is a great liar."

"A libel, a *positive* libel! Shall we believe nothing?"

"Only absolute truth. Do you believe in the Trojan war? Do you believe that Marshal Ney said at Waterloo, 'Up guards and at them?'"

"Do you believe there is a Mt. Washington? Your iconoclasts would destroy everything. There are White Mountain legends, of course, but there is also White Mountain history, and the time is not so remote but that the data can be relied upon."

"No one can argue with you, Fritz," answered Molly. "I accept your data in this case. You are welcome to wear the wreath of victory."

A night spent at the White Mountain House, one of the old-fashioned hostelries, cheery, hospitable, and with an excellent cuisine, cool, airy chambers, where one is made to feel at home by the urbane landlord, Mr. R. D. Rounsend, and we turned from this section.

The Crawford House, four miles below Fabyan's, is one of the finest in its plans of the mountain houses, its wide piazzas extending the entire length of the buildings. It is magnificently situated upon a little plateau, just north of the gate of the White Mountain, or Crawford Notch. The Saco River has its source not far from the house, its birthplace being a picturesque little lake. At the right hand Mount Willard rears its shapely mass, from whose summit a glorious view can be obtained. The ascent is easily accomplished by carriage, and the prospect, though not so grand and wild as that from Mount Washington, exceeds it in picturesque beauty. The whole valley of the Saco, river of the oak and elm, lies spread before the vision. The grand outlines of the gorge, the winding road through the whole extent, the leaping cascades flashing in the sunshine, all appear before the eye as in a picture. One feels like exclaiming with Cowper:



LEDGES ON MOUNT HAYES, IN GORHAM.





GIANT'S GRAVE, NEAR CRAWFORD HOUSE.

"Heavens! what a goodly prospect spreads around,
Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,
And glittering towers and gilded streams,
The stretching landscape into smoke till all decays.

One of the beauties of the Notch is the Flume, a brook that goes leaping through its curious zigzag channel of rock on the side of Mount Webster, hastening on its way to join the deeper current of the Saco. Then here is "Silver Cascade," which is above the Flume, a series of leaping, dashing, turning waterfalls, descending now in a broad sheet of whitened foam, then separating into several streams, and again narrowing to a swift current through the rocky confined channel. The visitor will pause by its whitened torrent, loth to depart from the scene.

The White Mountain Notch, after Mount Washington, is the great natural feature of the range. For three miles the road follows the bottom of a chasm between overhanging cliffs, in some places two thousand feet in height, and at others not more than twenty-five feet apart. This is the great thoroughfare of travel, from the northern towns on the Connecticut to Conway and the Saco valley, and *vice versa;* and through it pass the headwaters of the Saco, which afterwards broadens out into a great river, and flows with rapid course through the loveliest of valleys to the sea. Much of the natural wildness and grandeur of the pass has been destroyed by laying the line of the Portland and Ogdensburg Railroad, which has been graded through the ravine. Railroads serve a great utilitarian purpose, but they have their defects; it seems out of place to ride across Egypt or the Holy Land behind a locomotive; a prancing steed or a camel with tinkling bells seems the most fitting motive power. There is nothing sentimental about a railroad, but after all who would care to return to the old methods of locomotion?

The Willey House, famous in story, stands upon the Notch road nestling under the steep acclivity of Mount Willey, which rises some two thousand feet behind the house.

"Why don't some of our authors use more of the historical material of this region in story writing than they do?" asked Fritz.

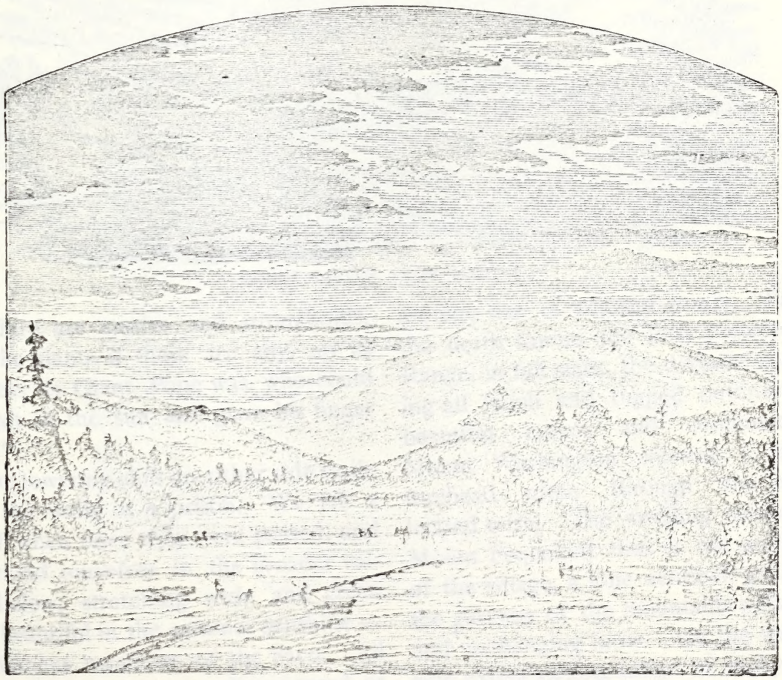
"The material is so romantic that romance can add nothing to it," answered Molly. "But you forget Hawthorne. His Ambitious Guest has imparted a weird interest to the event. He makes a young man, travelling through the Notch, partake of the hospitality of the family on the fatal night. At the fire-

side they fall to talking of their individual plans, the guest expressing himself as desirious of achieving fame. It seemed a terrible thing to him to die and to be forgotten, to leave no name behind and no monument to mark his resting place. In the midst of the conversation the ruin came, and the ambitious guest, flying with the family, found his burial with the others. The story will live in Hawthorne long after the true facts have been forgotten; or they will live because Hawthorne's narrative will have conferred immortality upon them."

This memorable event happened on the night of Monday, the twenty-eighth of August, 1826. A terrible storm of wind and rain prevailed, the mountain branches of the Saco and the Ammonoosuc speedily overfilled their rocky channels, and the steep sides of hills loosened by the rain swept down upon the valleys, destroying many an ancient landmark. One of these slides swept down toward the Willey House, then occupied by Samuel Willey, his wife, and family. The frightened inmates, seeking safety by flight from the impending ruin, were overwhelmed by the avalanche and perished, while the house remained untouched. The bodies of two sons and one daughter were never found; the rest of the Willey household lie buried in a small cemetery enclosure near the mansion house of Willey Farm at North Conway.

A most charming ride is that down the line of the Saco river to North Conway, whether by rail or stage. The beauty and boldness of the scenery on either side alternately enchants and awes.

"It reminds me of Switzerland," said Fritz, who had travelled on the continent, "only there are more rocks and



VIEW FROM BRIDGE IN BERLIN.



ledges visible. The lower Alps are clothed in green and the upper ones in perennial snow. The Simplon Pass is not nearly so rugged as the Notch. Only in the West among the Rockies is there anything to compare with this. But below, a few miles, we have a view as pleasant as Christian and Hopeful saw from the Delectable Mountains."

"And do we have to pass Doubting castle, as they did?" asked Molly. "I don't think I should care for their experience with giants and giantesses."



MOUNT CARTER, FROM GORHAM.

"Here are castles and strongholds, but the giants, if there are any, are as helpless as Giant Pope was, who could only sit in the sun and gnaw his finger nails."

The towering cliffs on either side smile like the walls of a prison. We felt a relief when once they were passed, and we found ourselves in the broader valley below, stretching wide and green and beautiful in the summer sunshine — the famous meadows of the Saco. All of the savage aspects disappeared or were seen only at a distance. Glimpses were caught now and then of charming vistas, with the waters of the Saco gleaming brightly between the trees. No fairer valley can be found in our land than that of the Saco; and as for skies and sunsets, stop at North Conway and see what cannot be matched in Italy or the Orient.

That is what we did. A broad, level plain, five miles long by three wide, is the site of the village, which is a quiet and picturesque rural hamlet of the average size of country towns. Far in the north towers the lofty Presidential Range, in full sight, the distance softening all harsh and rugged outlines into beautiful curves and combinations, Mount Washington wearing a snowy forehead often through the entire heated term. The swelling summit of Mount Pequakett rises at the northeast of the village, a lone sentinel, guarding the gateway of the mountains with bold and unchanging brow. On the western side extends a long range of rocky hills,



with the single spire-like summit of Chocorua far beyond, piercing the blue vault of heaven.

Sitting on the cheerful piazzas of any of the many hotels, one can breath the mountain air as freely as if they sat under the tower of Fabyan's or the French roof of the Twin Mountain House, but much of the grandeur of course is missed. The mountains do not seem to frown down upon you; they smile rather, and seem to beckon and wave as if desiring to gain your closer acquaintance. To know the mountains you must visit them, press their scarred, rocky sides, feel their cool breezes on your forehead, then you will love them, reverence them. And this privilege is free to every one. Great railroads penetrate into the very heart of the hilly region, and the cost of travel is reduced to such a minimum that the poorest man can once in a while take his family for a pleasant sojourn among the mountains. One can start from Boston in the morning, take a dinner at the Pemigewasset House, Plymouth, and at night eat his supper at Fabyan's. And even a short visit is so refreshing, so invigorating to mind and body, that it repays when even the sight is not a novel one.

Glorious, grand, old mountain, lifting thy brow among the eternal snows; thou needst not the presence of Jove, nor the voice of a Homer to consecrate thee; and although Greeks and Trojans have never battled at thy base, still to us art thou dearer than Ida's wooded height where the gods sat enthroned to witness that divinely-recorded combat. Thy hoary peaks bear the names of chiefs and heroes who are not myths, and in the hearts of the people they are an everlasting memory.



WHITE MOUNTAIN NOTCH.



EARLY ENGLISH POETRY.*

By Professor Edwin H. Sanborn, LL.D.

Our Saxon ancestors when they conquered England, were rude, barbarous, and cruel. The gods of their worship were bloodthirsty and revengeful. Odin, their chief divinity, in his celestial hall drank ale from the skulls of his enemies. In the year 596, the Monk Augustine, or Austin, was sent by Pope Gregory to attempt their conversion to christianity. He and his associates were so successful that on one occasion ten thousand converts were baptized in one day. Of course their conversion was external and nominal. They still clung to their old superstitions and customs. But with the new religion came new ideas.

Manuscripts were circulated; monasteries and schools were founded, and learning was somewhat diffused. The Saxon language is marked by three several epochs:

1st. From the irruption of the Saxons into Britain, A. D. 449, to the invasion of the Danes, including a period of 330 years.

2d. The Danish-Saxon period, continuing to the Norman conquest, A. D. 1066.

3d. The Norman-Saxon era, running down to the close of Henry II's reign. Of the first period, but a single specimen remains, and that a quotation by King Alfred; of the 2d period, numerous specimens both in verse and prose are extant; with the last period, the annals of English poetry commence.

The three dialects of these three literary epochs illustrate fully the changes which the old Saxon tongue underwent during the five centuries of its growth into the modern English.

Learning was chiefly confined to the church, during the dark ages; of course, the great lights of Saxon England were prelates, except Alfred, and most of them wrote in Latin.

The venerable Bede (born 673, died 735), as he is styled, who wrote in the eighth century, was a profoundly learned man for those times. His writings embrace all topics then included in the knowledge of the schools or the Church. His works were published at Cologne, in 1612, in eight folio volumes. Another of the ornaments of this century was Alcuin, librarian and pupil of Egbert, Archbishop of York. He enjoyed a European reputation; was invited to France, by Charlemangne, to superintend his own studies; and was thought by some to have been the founder of the University of Paris. He was contemporary with Bede, was acquainted with the Greek, Latin, and Hebrew, languages and composed treatises on music, logic, rhetoric, astronomy and grammar; besides lives of saints, commentaries on the Bible, homiles, epistles and verses.

From the age of these authors learning declined till Alfred appeared. "At my accession to the throne," he remarks, "all knowledge and learning were extinguished in the Englsh nation, insomuch, that there were very few to the south of the Humber who understood the common prayers of the Church, or were capable of translating a single sentence of Latin into English; but to the north of the Thames, I cannot recollect so much as one who could do this." King Alfred was an eminent lover and promotor of learning. His works in the Saxon tongue, both original and translated, were numerous and valuable. His glory

* From the Bay State Monthly for May, 1885.

as a scholar is not eclipsed by his fame as a legislator. In both respects he has no peer in England's line of Kings. He is reputed to have been the founder of the University of Oxford, as well as the originator of the "Trial by Jury." He died A. D. 900 or 901.

John Scot, or Johannes Scotus Engena, flourished during Alfred's reign, was a lecturer at Oxford, and the founder or chief prompter of scholastic divinity. The earliest specimen of the Anglo-Saxon language extant is the Lord's prayer, translated from the Greek by Ealdfride, Bishop of Sindisfarne, or Holy Island, about the year 700:

"Urin Fader thic arth in heofnas;
Our father which art in heaven;
sic gehalgud thin noma;
be hallowed thy name;
to cymeth thin ryc;
to come thy kingdom;
sic thin willa sue is in heofnas & in
be thy will so is in heaven and in
eorthe;
earth;
urin hlaf ofirwistlic sel us to daig;
our loaf super-excellent give us to day;
and forgefe us scylda urna;
and forgive us debts ours;
sue we forgefan scyldgum urum;
so we forgiven debts of ours;
and no inlead usig in custnung;
and not lead us into temptation;
ah gefrig usich from ifle.
but free us each from evil.

The new Danish irruptions again arrested the progress of learning, and ignorance and misery, as is usual, followed in the train of war. Alfred had restored learning and promoted the arts of peace. But his successors failed to sustain the institutions he planted. He is said to have shone with the lustre of the brightest day of summer amidst the gloom of a long, dark, and stormy, winter. Before the Norman conquest the Anglo-Saxon tongue fell into disrepute; and French teachers and French manners were affected by the high-born. During the reign of Edward, the Confessor, it ceased to be cultivated; and after the Conqueror, it became more barbarous and vulgar, as it was then the sign of servility, and the badge of an enslaved race.

As early as the year 652, the Anglo-Saxons were accustomed to send their youth to French monasteries to be educated. In succeeding centuries the court and nobility were intimately allied to the magnates of France; and the adoption of French manners was deemed an accomplishment. The conquerors commanded the laws to be administered in French. Children at school were forbidden to read their native language, and the English name became a term of reproach. An old writer in the eleventh century says: "Children in scole, agenst the usage and manir of all other nations, beeth compelled for to leve hire own langage, and for to construe his lessons and thynges in Frenche, and so they haveth sethe Normans came first into England." The Saxon was spoken by the peasants, in the country, yet not without an intermixture of French; the courtly language was French with some vestiges of the vernacular Saxon.

The Conqueror's army was composed of the flower of the Norman nobility. They brought with them the taste, the arts, and the refinements, they had acquired in France. European schools and scholars had been greatly benefitted by studying Latin versions of Greek philosophers from the Arabic. Many learned men of the laity also became teachers, and the Church no longer enjoyed a monopoly of letters. They travelled into Spain to attend the Arabic schools.

It is a remarkable fact that Greek learning should have travelled through Bagdad to reach Europe.

The Arabs were as fond of letters as of war. In the eighth century, when they overran the Asiatic provinces, they found many Greek books which they read with eagerness. They translated such as best pleased them into Arabic. Greek poetry they rejected because it was polytheistic. Of Greek history they made no use, because it recorded events prior to the advent of their prophet. The politics of Greece and its eloquence were not congenial to their despotic notions, and so they passed them by. Grecian ethics were suspended by the Koran, hence Plato was overlooked. Mathematics, metaphysics, logic, and medicine, accorded with their tastes. Hence they translated and studied Aristotle, Galen, and Hippocrates, and illustrated them with voluminous commentaries. These works stimulated native authors to write new treatises. The Arabs, therefore, became distinguished for their skill in logic, medicine, mathematics, and kindred studies. They founded universities during the eighth century in the cities of Spain and Africa. Charlemagne commanded their books to be translated into Latin; thus Aristotle entered Europe through Asia by the double door of the Arabic and Latin tongues, and, by long prescription, still holds his place in European schools.

Charlemagne founded the universities of Bononia, Pavia, Paris, and Osnaburg, in Hanover. These became centres for propagating the new sciences. The Normans, too, shared in the general progress of learning, and carried with them their attainments into England. The wild imagination of the Saracens kindled a love of romantic fiction, wherever their influence was felt. The crusades made the Europeans intimately acquainted with the literature of the Arabs. Says Marton, who maintains that romantic fiction originated in Arabia, in his "History of English Poetry," "Amid the gloom of superstition, in an age of the grossest ignorance and credulity, a taste for the wonders of oriental fiction was introduced by the Arabians into Europe, many countries of which were already seasoned to a reception of its extravagancies by means of the poetry of the Gothic scalds, who, perhaps, originally derived their ideas from the same fruitful region of invention.

"These fictions coinciding with the reigning manners, and perpetually kept up and improved in the tales of troubadours and minstrels, seem to have centred about the eleventh century in the ideal histories of Turpin and Geoffrey of Monmouth, which record the suppositious achievements of Charlemagne and King Arthur, where they formed the groundwork of that species of narrative called romance. And from these beginnings or causes, afterwards enlarged and enriched by kindred fancies fetched from the crusades, that singular and capricious mode of imagination arose, which at length composed the marvellous machineries of the more sublime Italian poets, and of their disciple Spenser." The theory which traces romantic fiction to the Arabs is but partially true. The entire literature of that age was monstrous, full of the most absurd and extravagant fancies. History was fabulous; poetry mendacious and philosophy erroneous. Theology abounded in pious frauds. Monks and minstrels vied with each other in the invention of lying legends to adorn the lives of heroes and saints. All classes of the community shared in the general delusion, and the supernatural seemed more credible than the natural. In tracing the progress of learning, in England, I propose, during the remainder of the present paper to

discuss one inconsiderable yet *important* element of modern civilization, which is often entirely overlooked. I refer to "Lyric Poetry."

The lyre is one of the oldest of musical instruments. Its invention is ascribed to a god. Its Saxon name is harp. It was the favorite instrument of the ancient Hebrews, as well as of the Greeks. The Saxons, Britons and Danes regarded it with veneration, and protected by legal enactments those who played upon it. Their persons were esteemed inviolable and secured from injuries by heavy penalities. By the laws of Wales, slaves were forbidden to practice upon it; and no creditor could seize the harp of his debtor. That minstrels were a privileged class is manifested from king Alfred's penetrating the Danish camp (878) disguised as a harper. Sixty years after a Danish king visited King Athelstan's camp in the same disguise. It was also said of Aldhelm, one of the leading scholars of the eighth century: "He was an excellent harper, a most eloquent Saxon and Latin poet, a most expert chanter, or a singer, a doctor egregius, and admirably versed in scriptures and liberal sciences." The minstrel was a regular and stated officer of the Anglo-Saxon kings. Poetry is always the earliest form of literature; song the earliest form of poetry. The Muse adapts her lessons to the nation's infancy and adds the charm of melody to verse. No nation is destitute of lyric poetry. Even the North American Indians have their war songs, though their individual worship of their gods has prevented the creation of any national poetry for associated worship. The Scandinavians have but one term for the poet and the singer. The Northern *scald* invented and recited his own songs and epics. In other countries the poet and minstrel performed separate duties. "The Minstrels," says Bishop Percy, "were an order of men in the Middle Ages who subsisted by the arts of poetry and music, and sang to to the harp verses composed by themselves and others. They appear to have accompanied their songs with mimicry and action. They are called in Latin of the day *histriones*, *Mimi* and *Scurrae*. Such arts rendered them exceedingly popular in this and in neighboring countries, where no high scene of festivity was esteemed complete that was not set off with the exercise of their talents; and where so long as the spirit of chivalry existed, they were protected and caressed, because their songs tended to do honor to the ruling passion of the times, and to encourage and foment a martial spirit."

They were the legitimate successors of the bards and scalds of early times whose art was considered divine and their songs worthy of regal patronage. They were the historians, genealogists, poets, and musicians, of the land. The word minstrel is derived from the Latin *minister*, a servant, because they were classed among the King's attendants. An earlier Saxon name for this class of performers was "Gleeman," in rude English, a Jogeler or Jocular; Latin, "Joculator." The word "glee" is from the Saxon "gligg," meaning music; and the meaning now attached to that word shows how intimately associated were pleasure and music in the national mind. The harp was the most ancient of Saxon musical instruments. It continued in use for a thousand years. It was well known in the time of Chaucer. His *Frere* could play upon it and sing to it; the merry "wife of Bath" had frequently danced to it in her youth. It was an ordinary accompaniment of revels and tavern festivals. It continued in use till the reign of Elizabeth. In

Dr. Percy's "Reliques of ancient English poetry" he speaks of the minstrels as an order of men in the Middle Ages, highly honored, retained and pensioned by kings, lavishly rewarded by nobles, and kindly entertained by the common people. *Ritson in his "Ancient Songs" admits that such an "order" of singers existed in France, but never in England; that individuals wandered up and down the country chanting romances and singing songs or ballads to the harp or fiddle; but that they never enjoyed the respect of the high born or received favors from them. The church evidently looked upon them with disfavor, as the enemies of sobriety and the promoters of revelry and mirth. In the sixteenth century they lost all credit and were classed, in penal enactments, with "rogues and vagabonds." One reason of the decline of minstrelsy was the introduction of printing and the advance of learning: that which might afford amusement and pleasure when sung to the harp, lost its point and spirit when read in retirement from the printed page. Their composition would not bear criticism. Besides, the market had become overstocked with these musical wares; as the religious houses had with homilies and saintly legends. The consideration bestowed on the early minstrels "enticed into their ranks idle vagabonds," according to the act of Edward I, who went about the country under color of minstrelsy; men who cared more about the supper than the song; who for base lucre divorced the arts of writing and reciting and stole other men's thunder. Their social degeneracy may be traced in the dictionary. The chanter of the "gests" of kings, *gesta ducum regumque*, dwindled into a gesticulator, a jester: the honored jogelar of Provence, into a mountebank; the jockie, a doggrel ballad-monger.

> Beggars they are by one consent,
> And rogues by act of Parliament.

What a fall was there from their former high estate and reverence. The earliest minstrels of the Norman courts, doubtless, came from France, where their rank was almost regal.

Froissart, describing a Christmas festival given by Comte de Foix in the fourteenth century, says:

"There were many Mynstrels as well of hys own as of strangers, and eache of them dyd their devoyres in their facalties. The same day the Earl of Foix gave to Hauralds and Minstrelles the sum of 500 franks, and gave to the Duke of Tonrayns Mynstreles gouns of cloth of gold furred with ermyne valued at 200 franks."

The courts of kings swarmed with these merry singers in the Dark Ages, and such sums were expended upon them, that they often drained the royal treasuries. In William's army there was a brave warrior named Taillefer, who was as renowned for minstrelsy as for arms. Like Tyrtæus and Alemon, in Sparta, he inspired his comrades with courage by his martial strains, and actually led the van in the fight against the English, chanting the praises of Charlemagne, and Roland. Richard Coeur de Lion was a distinguished patron of minstrels as well as "the mirror of chivalry." He was sought out in his prison in Austria by a faithful harper who made himself known by singing a French song under the window of the castle in which the king was confined. Blondel was the harper's name. The French song translated reads thus:

> Your beauty, lady fair,
> None views without delight;
> But still so cold an air
> No passion can excite.

*Ritson and Bishop Percy speak of different ages: one describing the rise and the other the decline of minstrelsy.

Yet still I patient see
While all are shun'd like me.
No nymph my heart can wound
If favor she divide,
And smiles on all around,
Unwilling to decide;
I'd rather hatred bear,
Than love with others share."

Edward I had a harper in his train, in his crusade to the Holy Land, who stood by his side in battle.

That same king in his conquest of Wales is said to have murdered all the bards that fell into his hands lest they should rouse the nation again to arms. Gray's poem, "The Bard," was written upon that theme. I will quote a few lines:

"Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
Dear as the light that visits these eyes,
Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—
No more I weep. They do not sleep.
On yonder cliffs a griesly band,
I see them sit; they linger yet,
Avengers of their native land."

That the minstrel was a privileged character in England down to the reign of Elizabeth is proved by history, by frequent allusions to them in the current literature of the times, and by the large body of songs, ballads, and metrical romances, still extant which are ascribed to them. They were essential to the complete education of a knight as tutors: for no accomplishment was more valued in the days of chivalry than the playing of the harp and the composition of songs in honor of the fair. Before the origin of printing they acted as publishers of the works of more renowned poets by public recitations of their works. The period of their greatest celebrity was about the middle of the fifteenth century. The minstrel chose his own subject and so long as he discoursed to warriors of heroes and enchanters, and to gay knights of true love and fair ladies, he would not want patient and gratified listeners.

The great sources of Gothic romance are a British History of Arthur and his wizzard, Merlin, by Walter, Archdeacon of Oxford, translated into Latin by Geoffrey of Monmouth; the history of Charlemagne and his twelve peers, forged by Turpin, a monk of the eighth century; the History of Troy, in two Latin works, which passed under the names of Dares Phrygius and Dictys Cretensis; and the History of Alexander the Great, originally written in Persic and translated into Greek by Simeon Seth, A. D. 1070, and again turned into Latin by Giraldus Cambrensis about the year 1200. These four works with variations, additions, and dilutions, formed the staple of romantic fiction in verse in the Dark Ages.

The minor songs and ballads which were called forth by passing events were usually amorous, sportive, gay, and often gross, yet suited to a rude age.

Ellis in his specimens of the early English poets has given us sketches of one hundred and sixty-one writers of songs from the year 1230 to 1650, after a careful search through this whole period for literary gems. The first edition of his work consisted almost entirely of love songs and sonnets; the revised edition has greater variety; but our circle of ideas is so enlarged, our habits are so different from those of by-gone centuries, that we look over this rare collection of old poems, rather to learn the manners of the people, than to enjoy the diction of their songs. We cannot doubt that this species of poetry excited an important influence when it was the staple of popular education and amusement.

A maxim is current among us which has been successively ascribed to many great thinkers, which shows the value usually set on compositions of this kind.

It is this: "Let me make the songs of a people and I care not who makes their laws."

A ballad is a story in verse whose incidents awaken the sympathies and excite the passions of those who listen. The song is designed to express deep emotion, joy or sorrow, hope or fear and appeals directly to the feelings. Here, often, the singing is more than the sentiment; the tones of the chanter are often more touching than the thoughts of the Emperor. A national ode must have a national element in it; it must reflect the passions that burn in the people's breasts. Local topics, too, may call forth a general interest when they describe trials or triumphs which all may share. Says Carlyle: "In a peasant's death-bed there may be the fifth act of a tragedy. In the ballad which details the adventures and the fate of a partisan warrior or a love-lorn knight,—the foray of a border chieftain or the lawless bravery of a forrester; a Douglass, or a Robin Hood,—there may be the materials of a rich romance. Whatever be the subject of the song, high or low, sacred or secular, there is this peculiarity about it, it expresses essentially the popular spirit, the common sentiment, which the rudest breast may feel, yet which is not beneath the most cultivated. It is peculiarly the birth of the popular affections. It celebrates some event which the universal heart clings to, which, for joy or sorrow, awaken the memories of every mind." Hence we learn the history of a nation's heart from their songs as we learn their martial history from their armor.

The oldest song, set to music, which is now known is the following:

"Summer is y-comen in,
Loude sing cuckoo:
Groweth seed,
And bloweth mead,
And springeth the wood now;
Sing Cuckoo!
Ewe bleateth after lamb,
Lowth after calf cow;
Bullock starteth,
Buck resteth
Merry sing cuckoo!
Cuckoo, Cuckoo!
Well sings thou cuckoo!
Ne swick thou never now.

The old ballads seem to have no paternity. They spring up like flowers, spontaneously. Most of them are of unknown date and unknown authorship. The structure, language, and spelling of many have been so modified, by successive reciters, that their original form is now lost. We have a short summary of King Arthur's history, the great hero of romance, in a comparatively modern ballad. I will quote it:

Of Brutus' blood, in Brittane born,
King Arthur I am to name:
Through Christendome and Heathynesse
Well known is my worthy fame.
In Jesus Christ I doe beleeve;
I am a Christyan born:
The Father, Sone and Holy Gost
One God I doe adore.
In the four hundreed nintieth yeere
Over Brittaine I did rayne,
After my Savior Christ his byrth:
What time I did maintaine.
The fellowshippe of the table round
Soe famous in those dayes:
Whereatt a hundred noble Knights
And thirty sat alwayes:
Who for their deeds and martiall feates,
As bookes dou yet record,
Amongst all other nations
Wer feared through the world.
And in the castle of Tayntagill,
King Uther me begate
Of Agyana, a bewtyous ladye,
And come of hie estate.
And when I was fifteen yeer old,
Then was I crowned Kinge:
All Brittaine that was att an uprore
I did to quiett bring
And drove the Saxons from the realme,
Who had oppressed this land:
All Scotland then throughe manly feates
I conquered with my hand.
Ireland, Denmarke, Norway,
These countryes won I all
Iseland, Getheland and Swothland;
And mad their kings my thrall
I conquered all Galya,
That now is called France:
And slew the hardye Froll in Field
My honor to advance.
And the ugly gyant Dynabus
Soe terrible to vewe,
That in Saint Barnard's Mount did lye,
By force of armes, I slew;

And Lucyus, the emperor of Rome
I brought to deadly wracke;
And a thousand more of noble knightes
For feare did turn their backe;
Five kings of "Haynims" I did kill
Amidst that bloody strife;
Besides the Grecian emperor
Who also lost his liffe.
Whose carcasse I did send to Rome
Cladd pourlye on a beere;
And afterward I past Mount Joye
The next approaching yeer.
Then I came to Rome where I was mett
Right as a conquerer
And by all the cardinalls solempnelye
I was crowned an emperor.
One winter there I mad abode;
Then word to mee was brought
Howe Mordred had oppressed the crown;
What treason he had wrought.
Att home in Brittaine with my queene:
Therefore I came with speed
To Brittaine back with all my power
To quitt that traterous deede.
And soon at Sandwich I arrivde
Where Mordred me withstoode.
But yett at last I landed there
With effusion of much blood.
Thence chased I Mordred away
Who fledd to London right,
From London to Winchester, and
To Comeballe took his flight.
And stile I him pursued with speed
Tile at the last wee mett:
Uhevby an appointed day of fight
Was there agreed and sett
Where we did fight of mortal life
Eche other to deprive,
Tile of a hundred thousand men
Scarce one was left alive.
There all the noble chevalrye
Of Brittaine took their end
Oh see how fickle is their state
That doe on feates depend.
There all the traiterous men were slaine
Not one escapte away
And there dyed all my vallyant knights
Alas! that woful day!
Two and twenty yeere I ware the crown
In honor and grete fame;
And thus by deth* suddenlye
Deprived of the same.

Some distinguished English critics, like Warton and Dr. Warburton, maintain that the materials as well as the taste for romantic fiction were derived almost exclusively from the Arabians. They assume therefore that the traditions, fables and mode of thought in Northern Asia from whence the Scandinavians and Germans are supposed to have originated, were identical with those which the secluded people of Arabia afterwards incorporated into their literature. It is more natural to assume that there is always a similarity in the mythologies, as in the manners, religion, and armor of rude ages and races. Respect for woman was a characteristic of the northern nations of Europe, and not of the Mohammedans. This is an all pervading element in romantic and chivalric fiction. The Northmen believed in giants and dwarfs; in wizzards and fairies; in necromancy and enchantments; as well as the Oriental natives. It is reasonable, therefore, to assume that the immense tide of song which inundated Europe from the eleventh to the sixteenth century, under the form of metrical romances, ballads, and songs, was made up of confluent streams from classical, Oriental, and Gothic mythologies. The Troubadours of Province (from Provincia, by way of eminence), the legitimate successors of the Latin citharœdi, the British bards, the northern scalds, the Saxon gleemen, and English harpers, all contributed in turn to form English minstrelsy and French romance. The Latin tongue ceased to be spoken in France about the ninth century. The new language used in its stead was a mixture of bad Latin and the language of the Franks. As their speech was a medley, so was their poetry. As the songs of chivalry were the most popular compositions in the new or Romance language, they were called Romans, or Romants. They appeared about the eleventh century. The stories of Arthur and his round table are doubtless of British origin. It is evident that the Northmen had the elements of chivalry in them long before that institution became famous, as is shown by the story of Regner Lodbrog, the celebrated warrior and sea king, who landed in Denmark about the year 800. A Swedish Prince

* The song makes Arthur record his own death.

Some distinguished English critics, like Warton and Dr. Warburton, maintain that the materials as well as the taste for romantic fiction were derived almost exclusively from the Arabians. They assume therefore that the traditions, fables and mode of thought in Northern Asia from whence the Scandinavians and Germans are supposed to have originated, were identical with those which the se-

had intrusted his beautiful daughter to the care of one of his nobles who cruelly detained her in his castle under pretence of making her his wife. The King made proclamation that whoever would rescue her should have her in marriage. Regner alone achieved her rescue. The name of the traitorous man was Orme, which in the Islandic tongue means a serpent, hence the story that the maiden was guarded by a dragon, which her bold deliverer slew. The history of Richard I. is full of such romantic adventures. Shakespeare, in his play of King John, alludes to an exploit of Richard in slaying a lion, whence the epithet "Cœur de Lion," which is given in no history. He says:

"Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose
Against whose furie and unmatched force,
The aweless lion could not wage the fight
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand:
He that perforce robs lions of their hearts
May easily winne a woman's."

This allusion is fully explained in the old romance of Richard Cœur de Lion. The King travelling as "a palmer in Almaye," from the Holy Land, was seized as a spy and imprisoned. Being challenged to a trial of pugilism by the King's son, he slew him. The King to avenge his son's death let in a hungry lion upon the royal prisoner. The King's daughter, who loved the captive, sent him forty ells of white silk "kerchers" to bind about him as a defence against the lion's teeth and claws. The romance thus proceeds:

The kever-chefes he toke on hand,
And aboute his arme he wonde,
And thought in that ylke while
To slee the lyon with some gyle
And syngle in a kyrtyle he strode
And abode the lyon fyers and wode,
With that came the jaylere,
And other men that with him were
And the lyon them amonge;
His pawes were stiffe and stronge.
His chamber dore they undone
And the lyon to them is gone
Rycharde sayd Helpe Lord Jesu!
The lyon made to him venu,
And wolde him have alle to rente;
Kynge Rycharde beside hym glente
The lyon on the breste hym spurned
That about he turned,
The lyon was hongry and megre,
And bette his tail to be egre;
He loked about as he were madde,
Abrode he all his pawes spradde.
He cryd lowde and yaned wyde.
Kynge Richarde bethought him that tyde
What hym was beste, and to him sterte
In at the thide his hand he gerte,
And rente out the beste with his hond
Lounge and all that he there fonde.
The lyon fell deed on the grounde
Rycharde felt no wem ne wounde.

On such fictitious incidents in the romances of past ages, Shakespeare undoubtedly built many of his dramas. The story of Shylock in the Merchant of Venice is found in an old English ballad. I will quote a few stanzas to indicate the identity of Shylock and "Germutus, the Jew of Venice."

The blondie Jew now ready is
With whetted blade in hand
To spoyle the bloud of innocent,
By forfeit of his bond,
And as he was about to strike
In him the deadly blow;
Stay, quoth the judge, thy crueltie
I charge thee to do so.
Sith needs thou wilt thy forfeit have
Which is of flesh a pound;
See that thou shed no drop of bloud
Nor yet the man confound
For if thou do, like murderer
Thou here shalt hanged be;
Likewise of flesh see that thou cut
No more than longs to thee;
For if thou take either more or lesse
To the value of a mite
Thou shalt be hanged presently
As is both law and right.

It is reasonable to suppose the miser thereupon departed cursing the law and leaving the merchant alive.

There is, also, a famous ballad called "King Leir and His Daughters," which embodies the story of Shakespeare's tragedy of *Lear*. It commences thus:

So on a time it pleased the king
A question thus to move,
Which of his daughters to his grace
Could show the dearest love;
For to my age you bring content,
Quoth he, then let me hear,
Which of you three in plighted troth
The kindest will appear.

To whom the eldest thus began;
Dear father, mind, quoth she
Before your face to do you good,
My blood shall render'd be;
And for your sake, my bleeding heart
Shall here be cut in twain
Ere that I see your reverend age
The smallest grief sustain.
And so wilt I the second said;
Dear father for your sake
The worst of all extremities
I'll gently undertake,
And serve your highness night and day
With diligence and love;
That sweet content and quietness
Discomforts may remove.
In doing so you glad my soul
The aged king replied;
But what sayst thou my youngest girl
How is thy love ally'd?
My love quoth young Cordelia then
Which to your grace I owe
Shall be the duty of a child
And that is all I'll show.

This honest pledge the King despised and banished Cordelia. The ballad accords with the drama in the catastrophe. Both have the same moral and the same characters. The ballad is doubtless the earlier form of the story. Possibly the minstrel and dramatist may have borrowed from a common source. Good thoughts, good tales and noble deeds, like well-worn coins, sometimes lose their date and must be estimated by weight. Ballad poetry is written in various measures and with diverse feet. The rhythm is easy and flows along trippingly from the tongue with such regular emphasis and cadence as to lead instinctively to a sort of sing-song in the recital of it. Ballads are more frequently written in common metre lines of eight and six syllables alternating. Such is the famous ballad of "Chevy Chace," * which has been growing in popular esteem for more than three hundred years. Ben Jonson used to say he would rather have been the author of it than of all his works. Sir Philip Sidney, in his discourse on poetry, says of it: "I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglass that I found not my heart more moved than with a trumpet." Addison wrote an elaborate review of it in the seventieth and seventy-fourth numbers of the *Spectator*. He there demonstrates that this old ballad has all the elements in it of the loftiest existing epic. The moral is the same as that of the Iliad:

"God save the king and bless the land
In plenty, joy and peace
And grant henceforth that foul debate
Twixt noblemen may cease,"

Addison, in Number 85 of the *Spectator*, also commends that beautiful and touching ballad denominated "The Children in the Wood." He observes, "This song is a plain, simple copy of nature, destitute of the helps and ornaments of art. The tale of it is a pretty, tragical story and pleases for no other reason than because it is a copy of nature." It is known to every child as a nursery song or a pleasant story. A stanza or two will reveal its pathos and rhythm. The children had been committed by their dying parents to their uncle:

The parents being dead and gone
The children home he takes,
And brings them straite unto his house
Where much of them he makes.
He had kept these pretty babes
A twelve month and a daye
But for their wealth he did desire
To make them both away

An assassin is hired to kill them; he leaves them in a deep forest:

These pretty babes with hand in hand
Went wandering up and downe;
But never more could see the man
Approaching from the town:
Their pretty lippes with black-berries
Were all besmeared and dyed
And when they saw the darksome night
They sat them down and cried.
Thus wandered these poor innocents
Till death did end their grief,
In one another's armes they dyed
As wanting due relief:
No burial this pretty pair
Of any man receives
Till robin red-breast piously
Did cover them with leaves.

* 7th vol. Child's British Poets.

There is a famous story book written by Richard Johnson in the reign of Elizabeth, entitled, "The Seven Champions of Christendom." *

The popular English ballad of "St. George and the Dragon," is founded on one of the narratives of this book, and the story in the book on a still older ballad, or legend, styled "Sir Bevis of Hampton." This, too, resembles very much Ovid's account of the slaughter of the dragon by Cadmus. In the legend of Sir Bevis the fight is thus described:

"Whan the dragon that foule is
Had a sight of Sir Bevis,
He cast up a loud cry
As it had thondered in the sky,
He turned his belly toward the sun
It was greater than any tonne;
His scales was brighter than the glas,
And harder they were than any bras
Betwene his sholder and his tayle
Was 40 fote without fayle,
He woltered out of his denne,
And Bevis pricked his stede then,
And to him a spere he thraste
That all to shivers he it braste.
The dragon then gan Bevis assayle
And smote Syr Bevis with his tayle
Then down went horse and man
And two rybbes of Bevis brused than."

Suffice it to say the knight at last conquered and the monster was slain. The same story is repeated in the ballad of "St. George and the Dragon," with variations. There a fair lady is rescued:

"For, with his lance tnat was so strong,
As he came gaping in his face,
In at his mouth, he thrust along,
For he could pierce no other place;
And thus within the lady's view
This mighty dragon straight he slew."

* Childs British Poets, 1: 139 and 149.

The martial achievements of this patron saint of the "Knights of the Garter" are considered apocryphal, and, in 1792, it required an octavo volume by Rev. J. Milner to prove his existence at all. Emerson says he was a notorious thief and procured his prelatic honors by fraud.

The English history is to a considerable extent embodied in the national songs. Opinions, prejudices, and superstitions, however, are oftener embodied in them than facts. This species of literature has been very potent for good or ill in revolutionary times. Kings and parties have been both marred and made by them. The martial spirit, in all ages, has been kindled by lyrics; national victories have been celebrated by them; and by them individual prowess has been immortalized.

The English people were famous for their convivialty and periodical festivals such as May Day, New Years, sowing-time, sheep-shearing, harvest home, corresponding to our Thanksgiving and Christmas. All these occasions were enlivened with songs and tales. The Christmas carol and story are famous in England's annals. Scott says:

"All hail'd with uncontroll'd delight
And general voice the happy night,
That to the cottage as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down.
'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year."

BOOK REVIEWS.

ORIENTAL RELIGIONS AND THEIR RELATION TO UNIVERSAL RELIGION. By SAMUEL JOHNSON, with an introduction by O. B. FROTHINGHAM. *Persia*, Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1885.

This is the third volume of the series, and was not quite completed at the time of Mr. Johnson's death in 1882. The other volumes, on *India* and *China*, created much interest in the world of religious and ethnical study, a prominent London publisher and literateur saying to a friend of the present writer that nothing more would need to be written of China for the next quarter of a century. Max Muller testified to the high value of Mr. Johnson's work.

In the study of the various religions, the author finds in each some peculiar manifestation of the universal religious sentiment. In Southern Asia he clearly sees nature almost absorbing the individual and hence a pantheistic vagueness and vastness in which man does not realize a complete sense of personality. But in the North and West the same Indo-European race comes to a self-conscious individuality and there is the "evolution and worship of personal will." Mr. Johnson's first chapter on "Symbolism" brings out this epoch of will development as illustrated by the Persians, — the human soul impressing itself upon the material world — and finding outside itself natural emblems to express its religious life. "Symbolism is mediation between inward and outward, person and performance, man and his environment." "Work is the image man makes of himself on the world in and through nature." Mr. Johnson finds the personal element becoming supreme in these people of Northern and Western Asia.

Perhaps there has never been so philosophical and satisfactory a treatment of the Fire-Symbol, which, however, our author says is not peculiar to the religion of Persian Zoroaster, as we find in Mr. Johnson's chapter under that head. As light, heat, cosmic vital energy, astronomical centre, as all producing and all sustaining force, the sun and the other burning and brilliant objects lighted therefrom, furnish very much of the symbolism of all religions. "The Sun of Rightousness" is a favorite figure with Jew and Christian. It is doubtless as incorrect to characterize the Persians as "fire worshipers" as it would be to say that Christians, who use the same symbol, give their worship to the symbol rather than the Being symbolized. Still our author finds this emblem a very important one in the religion of the followers of Zoroaster and thinks he detects a progress in thought and civilization marked by the coming of the people to give religious regard to the sun and heavenly bodies, instead of fire kindled by human hands — a new stability of being corresponding with the passage of early people's art of nomadic or shepherd life into agriculture with its fixed abodes and domestic associations.

The two deities of the Zend Avesta, Ormuzd and Ahriman, the good and the evil in perpetual conflict, could not have been conceived of in Southern Asia where the human will is kept under, and where self-consciousness is so moderately developed. This battle is in the Avestan faith and morals largely in the

human breast, and is the same that Paul is conscious of in the combat he describes between himself and sin that was in him. The Avestan *Morals* are brought out by Mr. Johnson in their original and exceeding purity.

But the larger sweep of Mr. Johnson's purpose carries him into an exhaustive and most interesting consideration of Persian influence upon the Hebrew faith and thought — through the conquests of Cyrus and Alexander — and through Maurchaeism and Gnosticism — down to Christendom.

Mahometanism is, in our author's mind, the culmination of the religion of personal will, and he devotes many glowing and instructive pages to bringing out the meaning and heart of the religion of Islam, especially in its later and in its more spiritual developments. The final object of the volume is to show the relation of the religion of personal will to universal religion.

Of course our author has not been foolish and unfair enough to portray the perversions and lapses of this particular type of Oriental faith and ethics; but his aim has been to set forth its essential principles and to show how they spring from the universal root.

The study of comparative religions, and hence of the universal religion, is one of the characteristics and glories of our time. Once every people despised, as a religious duty, every nation and every religion but its own, and sword and fagot were employed, as under divine command, to exterminate all strange manifestations of religious sentiment. Now the advance guard of civilization is giving itself to devout and thankful study of all the religions under the sure impression that they will prove to be one in origin and essence: and so a sweeter human sympathy and a more complete unity are beginning to be realized among men.

No man has in most respects been better fitted for this study than was the lamented author of these books. Mr. Johnson was almost or quite "a religious genius," with an enthusiasm of faith in the invisible and the ideal, which few men have ever shown; and his devoutness was equalled by his catholicity. His religious lyrics enrich our Christian paslmody, while his published discourses, mingling philosophical light with fervor of a transcendent faith in God and man, rank among the grandest utterances from the American pulpit and platform. No American can afford to miss the power and influence of such a mind; and no student of religion should fail to have in his possession Johnson's *Persia*.

S. C. Beane.

"THE OVERSHADOWING POWER OF GOD. A synopsis of a new philosophy concerning the nature of the soul of man, its union with the animal soul, and its gradual creation through successive acts of overshadowing and the insertion of shoots, to its perfection in Jesus the Christ; with illustrations of the inner meaning of the Bible, from the Hebrew roots; offering to the afflicted soul the way of freedom from inharmony and disease. By Horace Bowen, M. D.; transcribed in verse by Sheridan Wait, with chart and illustrations by M. W. Fairchild. Vineland, N. J. New Life Publishing Co., 1883."

This book of Dr. Bowen's opens into a field of thought that has heretofore mostly escaped the survey of theologians and philophers: classes that are supposed to be in pursuit of essential truth concerning both God and man. Its leading aim seems to be to present a reliable clew to those truths by an unusual interpretation of the Scriptures as a revelation of creative order. The author stands with a comparatively small class of ardent explorers

who have come to see "the light of the world" under a new radiance; a radiance that actually gives it the breadth and power of its claim.

Dr. Bowen's personal career in coming to this light, as related in the preface, is full of interest; and this preface is impressively wrought with the system of creative law that he aims to outline, and that the verse of Mr. Wait labors to elaborate. This author is firmly loyal to the sacred Scriptures as divine revelation, and, as such, he aims to show that, in their inmost sense, they systematically unfold the creative process, which consists of divine operations in the human soul by which, through varied series of growth, it becomes fully conjoined to, and illuminated with creative life — the light and life of Jesus, the Christ. The process from Adamic to Christ states of soul, Dr. Bowen finds was effected through successive births by "the overshadowing power of God;" so the immaculate conception of the virgin, that gave "the highest" full embodiment in Jesus Christ was simply a revelation of the ultimation of creative power in outward realms; as such, "was the completion of the plan for the creation of man, through a serial gradation of overshadowings, or the sowing of seed and the insertion of shoots"— this "individual case being but the universal method of God in creation."

Dr. Bowen goes on to show the relation and bearing of this ultimate order of creative life in the human form to the mental and physical conditions of man, and holds it to be the saving term to our human nature, in all respects.

The body of the book, consisting of nearly five hundred pages of "verse" by Mr. Wait, is an ingenious elaboration of the principles and forms of this order, especially as it is found held in the Hebraic Roots, throughout the incomparable system of divine revelation. But, indisputably, the treatise would have been far more forcible and impressive if it had been dressed with the direct and vigorous style shown by the author in his preface. Not the least in significance in this remarkable publication is a pocketed chart by Miss Fairchild. But the whole must be perused and pondered in order to give proper impressions of its real value. To the mind of the writer of this brief notice, the book will greatly aid the struggling thought of this manifestly transitional era, in that it points so distinctly to the oncoming theological science that is to effect a complete revolution in prevailing conceptions of creative order. W. H. K.

PHILOSOPHIÆ QUESTOR: or Days in Concord. By JULIA R. ANAGNOS. Boston: D. Lothrop and Company.

This is a little book — only sixty pages — but it is entirely unique in its plan and style. Its purpose is to give an outline sketch of two seasons of the School of Philosophy. To secure this purpose, the author has taken as "a sort of half heroine the shadowy figure of a young girl;" and, as seen to her, the proceedings of the school are sketched. Most of the persons and places have fictitious names; Mr. Alcott is called "Venerablis;" Concord, "Harmony;" the school, "the Acadame." Mr. Emerson retains his real name; the girl, who observes and writes, is "Eudoxia."

One who opens the book will be apt to read it through, not as much for its real value as for its quaint style and sometimes beautiful epxressions.

ONE SUMMER. A REMINISCENCE.

By Annie Wentworth Baer.

It was a beautiful morning in June. The sun was just peeping through the pines fringing the eastern horizon; fleecy mists were rising, like "ghosts of the valley," from every brook and low place in field and pasture, betokening a warm, fair day. As I opened the heavy front door of Mr. Wetherell's old gambrel-roofed house, and stepped out onto the large flat stone at the door-sill, every blade of grass was glistening with dew-drops; such a sweetness pervaded the air as one only realizes when the dew is on the grass and bushes. At my right, close to the door-stone, a large bush of southern-wood, or man's-first-love, was growing; just beyond it and under the "middle-room" windows two large, white-rose bushes were bending beneath the weight of a multitude of roses and buds. A large yellow-rose bush claimed the left, and spread itself over the ground. Single red roses were standing guard at the corner of the house. A rod or more below the front door the garden fence stood and looked as if it had been standing for many a year. It was made of palings, pointed; I should think it was five feet high. The posts had begun to lean into the garden and the palings were covered with a short green moss, which seemed soft and growing in the dew. The old gate swung itself to after me with a bang, and I noticed that a string with a brick fastened to it and tied to the gate at one end, and twisted around a stake driven into the ground a few feet from the gate, was the cause of its closing so quickly. Red-cherry trees loaded with small green cherries were growing on one side of the garden; purple-plum trees skirted the other side; and I knew full well how two months later those creased, mouldy-looking plums would be found hiding in the short, green grass beneath the trees.

Peach-trees were leaning over the fence in the southeast corner; a long row of red-currant bushes ran through the middle of the garden; English gooseberry bushes threw out their prickly branches laden with round, woolly fruit at the north end. Rows of hyssop, rue, saffron, and sage, and beds of lettuce, pepper-grass, and cives, all had their place in this old-fashioned garden. In the southwest corner an immense black-currant bush was growing on both sides of the fence. Out

in the field below the garden two Bell-pear trees, as large as elms, were bending their branches, loaded with fruit, a luscious promise for the autumn-time. A button-pear tree, just beyond, was making up in quantity what its fruit lacked in quality.

While I was exploring this well-cultivated spot, Mrs. Wetherell called me to breakfast. The kitchen was a large room, running across one end of the house; it had four windows in it, two east and two west. All this space was filled with the fragrance of coffee and cornmeal bannocks.

Mrs. Wetherell said: "I don't know as you will like your coffee sweetened in the pot, but I always make ours so."

I assured her I should.

During breakfast Mr. Wetherell passed me some cheese, and I asked Mrs. Wetherell if she made cheese.

"Not this month," she replied, "in July and August I shall. I am packing butter now."

"Do you think you are going to be contented back here? — you won't see as much going on as you do at home," Mr. Wetherell asked me.

"O, yes," I answered; "I expect to enjoy myself very much."

Samanthy, the daughter, now well advanced in life, seemed very solemn and said very little. I wondered if she were sick, or unhappy. A little later in the day, while I was watching Mrs. Wetherell salt a churning of butter in the back porch, she said to me: "You must n't mind Samanthy, she isn't quite right in her head: a good many years ago she had a sad blow." She hesitated; I disliked to ask her what it was, so I said "Poor woman!" "Yes," said her mother, "she is a poor soul. She was expecting to be married to Eben Johnson, a young man who worked on our new barn. She got acquainted with him then, and after a year or so they were promised. Eben was a good fellow, a j'iner by trade. He lived in the village. In the fall before they would have been married, in the spring, he had typhoid fever, and they sent for Samanthy. She went and took care of him three weeks, and then he died. She came home, and seemed like one in a maze. After a little while she was took with the fever, and liked to died, and my two girls, Margaret and Frances, both had it and died with it. Samanthy has never been the same since she got well. Her health has been good, but her mind is weak." I had noticed that Mrs. Wetherell seemed very much broken in health and spirits, and after hearing this story I did not wonder that the blows of Providence had weakened her hold on life.

Samanthy was very shy of me at first, but after a few days she would talk in her disjointed way with me.

One morning I was out in the well-house. The well was very deep, and by leaning over the curb, and by putting one's arms around one's head, one could see the stars mirrored in the bottom of the dark old well. Samanthy came out for some water, while I was star-gazing in this way. She said: "What you lost?"

"O, nothing. I am only looking at the stars."

Samanthy looked as if she thought I might be more profitably engaged. I took hold of the handle of the windlass, swung off the great oaken bucket, and watched it descend its often-traveled course, bumping against the wet, slippery rocks with which the well was stoned.

Samanthy said: "You can't pull that up; it 's heavy."

"Let me try," I said. "I never drew water with a windlass."

I had a much harder task than I supposed, but succeeded in swinging the bucket onto the platform of the curb, and turned the water into Samanthy's pail. I never asked permission to draw another bucketful.

I noticed below the well a large mound, grass-grown, with an apple-tree growing on its very top. I wondered how it came there, and one day asked Mr. Wetherell.

He said: "That's where we threw the rocks and gravel out of the well fifty years ago; we never moved it. It grassed over, and that apple-tree came up there; it bears a striped apple, crisp and sour."

I thought, What a freak of Nature! and I wished that many more piles of rubbish might be transformed into such a pretty spot as this.

Below the mound stood the old hollow tree; its trunk was low and very large; one side had rotted away, leaving it nearly hollow. Still there was trunk enough left for the sap to run up; and every year it was loaded with fruit.

Close by the path across the field to the road stood the Pang apple-tree. This tree was named Pang because a dog by that name was sleeping his last sleep beneath the tree. He was much beloved by the family. I thought, What a pretty place to be buried in! and a living monument to mark his grave. From the stories I heard of Pang, I know he must have been a fine dog, and I should have liked to have known him.

Just back of the house stood the cider-house. At this season of the year the wood for summer use was stored there, but in autumn all the neighbors brought their apples, and ground them into cider. Samanthy told me how she used to clean the cider nuts with a shingle; this was when she was small.

She said: "A cousin of mine, living at Beech Ridge, got his arm caught while cleaning the pummy out, and ground it all up. After that father was afraid for we children to do it."

Back of the building I saw thousands of little apple-trees, growing from the pomace which was shoveled out there year after year.

The loft, over the part where the cider-mill was, was the corn-house. I went up over the wide plank stairs and looked around.

Traces of snapping-corn and of white-pudding corn were hanging over a pole at one end. A large chest, filled with different kinds of beans, stood at one side. On the plates which supported the rafters, marks made in this wise — 𝍸 — told of the bushels of corn carried up there and spread on the clean, white floor.

These marks had been made by many hands, and I wondered where they were now. Some undoubtedly were sleeping the

> "Sleep that knows not breaking:
> Morn of toil, nor night of waking."

Others, perhaps, were making their mark somewhere else.

"Independence Day," as Mr. Wetherell called it, was observed in a very liberal manner on the farm. A lamb was slaughtered, green peas were picked, and a plum-pudding made.

Lemonade, made of sparkling spring water, was a common drink. Mr. Wetherell told me how his father always kept the day. He brought out the large blue punchbowl and square

cut-glass decanters, which his father used on such occasions.

The next morning after the Fourth, I started out through the field for the pasture. The grass was tall, and it waved gently in the morning breeze. The whiteweed and clover sent forth an agreeable perfume. In the low ground buttercups were shining like gold dollars, sprinkled through the tall herdsgrass. Yellow-weed, the farmer's scourge, held up its brown and yellow head in defiance.

On a knoll, a little before I reached the graveyard, I passed over a piece of ground where the winter had killed the grass roots. Here I found sorrel, cinquefoil, and a few bunches of blue-eyed grass growing. Nature seemed to try to conceal the barrenness of the spot with beauty. It was a grave, decorated.

Off to my right, in a piece of rank grass, where branches of dock had sprung up, bobolinks were swinging on the pale, green sprays, filling the air with melody. "Bobolink, bobolink, spirk, spank, spink, chee, chee, chee!"

I knew that "Mrs. Robert of Lincoln" was sitting contentedly on her little round nest, under a tuft of grass, very near the sweet singer. I paused at the graveyard, and looked over the wall. I read: "Margaret and Frances Wetherell, daughters of John and Hannah Wetherell, aged 18 and 20 years." I knew these were the girls who had died of the fever; a twin gravestone had been put up to their graves. Another stone told of a little girl, two and a half years old — Catherine. I reckoned up the date, and had she been living, she would have been over forty years old. Many other stones stood there, but I left them without reading the inscriptions, and hastened on to the pines.

I stepped over the low wall between the field and pasture and walked down by the brook until I came to the Stony Bridge. This I crossed and followed up on the broad wheelpath. The pines smelled so sweet: the grass was short and green: everything seemed calm and cool. I sat down by a large Norway pine and watched the birds. Right below me I saw a fox-hole, with the entrance so barricaded with sticks and stones, that I felt very sure poor Reynard must have been captured unless he dug out somewhere else. I began to walk around. Six or seven feet to the south of the besieged door, I discovered another entrance. I don't know whether some animal was still living in the old house, or no: but this hole looked as if it were used. A little pine grew in front, a juniper made its roof and spread its fine branches over the door, squaw vines and checkerberry leaves grew on either side.

I walked on in the wheelpath. On the north side many tall Norway pines were growing, with white pines scattered here and there. Crimson polygalas were carpeting the ground in open spaces; pale anemones and delicate star-flowers were still blooming under the protection of small pines; wild strawberries were blossoming in cold places; and I wondered when they would fruit.

Finally I came to an open field, or what looked like land that had been cultivated. Hosts of bluets and plots of mouse-ear everlasting, had taken possession of the land. Small pines were scattered here and there, like settlers in a new country. Junipers were creeping stealthily in, as if expecting the axe. There were traces of where a fence had run along. I con-

cluded that this was years ago a field, but now the cows roamed over it at will.

Going around in the edge of the woods I came to four pines growing from one root; two grew on each side close together, and left a fine seat between the pairs. I sat down there, and felt thankful that I was living, and that my abiding-place was among the granite hills of New England.

Soon I saw something move a few rods beyond me in the woods. I looked again and saw the finest woodchuck I ever saw. He stood in a listening attitude. I suppose he had heard me, but had not seen me. His fur was yellow and brown mixed; his nose and feet were black; his countenance was expressive of lively concern. He disappeared and I left my sylvan seat, and walked up where the woodchuck had been standing. I found his home and numerous little tracks around the door. I hastened off, because I feared my presence would worry him.

I knew it must be near noontime, so I began to retrace my way. I walked up through the pasture and passed the "Great Ledge." This ledge was on the side of a steep hill. One side of it was perpendicular thirty feet. It was covered with crisp, gray moss. In the chinks and crannies on the top, short grass was growing in little bunches.

As I followed down in the lane which led from the pasture to the cow-yard, striped squirrels were playfully skipping through the dilapidated wall, coming out, and disappearing; sitting down and putting their forefeet up to their faces as if they were convulsed with laughter to think how the old black-and-white cat had gone to sleep lying on the wall in the sun, only a few rods below them.

Dinner was ready, as I expected. I told Mrs. Wetherell of my walk over the Stony Bridge.

"Yes," she said. "Years ago, when I kept geese, one night I went out to feed them and I found that they had n't come. I knew something must be the matter. I started for the brook. When I got out on the hill by the graveyard, I heard the gander making an awful noise. I hurried on, and, when I got to the corner of the field, I found a fox jumping at the old gander as he was walking back and forth in front of the geese and goslings. I screeched and the fox run. The geese came right up to me. I was pretty pleased to save them. I had two geese and thirteen goslings beside the gander."

I said: "Is that a ledge out in the field where sumachs and birches are growing?"

Mrs. Wetherell said: "Yes; and that piece of ground is where Father Wetherell raised the last piece of flax. I don't suppose you ever saw any growing?"

"No," I said. "Only in gardens. A field must be very handsome."

"Yes, the flower is a bluish purple, with a little yellow dot in the middle."

I asked her when they cut it.

"O, they never cut it; they pulled it after the seeds got ripe; then they would beat the seeds out of the pods. These pods look like little varnished balls. When the seed was out, the flax was laid in a wet place in the field for weeks; occasionally the men would turn it over. When it was well rotted they dried it and put it up in the barn until March. Then Father Wetherell would take it down and brake it in the

brake. After that he would swingle it over a swingling-board, with a long knife; then he made it into hands of flax. The women used to take it next and comb it through a flax-comb; this got out all the shives and tow. There was a tow which came out when it was swingled, called swingle tow. Mother Wetherell said that, years before, when she was young she used to use this to make meal-bags and under-bedticks of. But I never used any of it."

I asked her how they used the flax after it was combed.

"Then it was wound onto the distaff."

"What was that?" Mrs. Wetherell smiled at my ignorance, but proceeded kindly to explain.

"A distaff was made of a small pine top. They peeled off the bark, and when it was dry, tied down the ends, and put the other end onto the standard of the wheel. Then they would commence and wind on the flax. A hand of flax would fill it. I used to be a pretty good hand to spin tow on a big wheel, but I never could spin linen very even. Old Aunt Joanna used to spin linen thread; and Mother Wetherell used to buy great skeins of her. She said it was cheaper to buy than to spend so much time spinning."

Mrs. Wetherell told me that I should go up in the garret and see the wheels and all the old machinery used so long ago.

That evening I asked Mr. Wetherell: "Has there ever been a field beyond the pines?"

"Yes," he said: "Father cleared that piece nigh onto eighty year ago. We always called it 'the field back of the pines.' When father got old, and I kinder took the lead, I said we better turn that field out into tne paster. He felt bad about it at first, but when I told him how much work it was to haul the manure over there, and the crops back, he gave in. Them Norrerway pines are marster old; I s'pose they 'd stood there a hundred and fifty year."

I felt a thrill of pity for the old man, now at rest. He must have been nearly at the base of life's western slope, when he rescued those few acres from the forest. The little field was his pride. I think it ought to have been left, while he lived.

One morning when Lucy, as Mrs. Wetherell called her, was washing at the farm, she said to me: "Did you ever have your fortin told?" I answered, "No."

"Well," she said, "I dunno as I b'lieve all they say, but some can tell pretty well. Did you ever try any projects?"

"No. How is that done?" I asked.

"O! there 's ever so many! One is, you pick two of them big thistles 'fore they are bloomed out, then you name 'em and put 'em under your piller; the one that blooms out fust will be the one you will marry. 'Nuther one is to walk down cellar at twelve o'clock at night, backwards, with a looking-glass in your hand. You will see your man's face in the glass. But there! I don't know as its best to act so. You know how Foster got sarved?"

"No. How was it?"

"Why! Did n't you never hear? Well, Foster told the Devil if he would let him do and have all he wanted for so many year, when the time was out, he would give himself, soul and body, to the Devil. He signed the writing with his blood; Foster carried on a putty high hand, folks was afear'd of him. When the time was up, the Devil

brake. After that he would swingle it over a swingling-board, with a long knife; then he made it into hanks of flax. The women used to take it next and comb it through a flax-comb; this got out all the shives and tow. There was a tow which came out when it was swingled, called swingle tow. Mother Wetherell said that, years before, when she was young she used to use this to make meal-bags and under-petticks of. But I never used any of it."

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"Yes," he said: "Father cleared that piece nigh onto eighty year ago. We always called it the field back of the pines." When father got old, and I hadn't took the land, I said we better

came: I guess they had a tough battle. Folks said they never heard such screams, and in the morning his legs and arms was found scattered all over the cowyard."

I recognized in this tragic story, Marlowe's Faustus. I was much amused at Lucy's rendering.

A few weeks afterwards she told me how the house where she lived was haunted. I asked her, "Who haunts it?"

"Why!" she said, "it's a woman. She walks up and down them old stairs, dressed in white, looking so sorrowful-like, I know there must have been foul play. And then such noises as we hear overhead! My man says that it's rats. Rats! I know better!"

I thought that Lucy wanted to believe in ghosts, so I did n't try to reason with her, —

> "For a man convinced against his will
> Is of the same opinion still."

Lucy was quite an old woman; and I used to think that washing was too hard work for her; but she seemed very happy. All the while she was rubbing the clothes over the wooden washboard, or wringing them out with her hands, she would be singing old-fashioned songs, such as Jimmy and Nancy, Auld Robin Gray, and another one beginning "In Springfield mountain there did dwell." It was very sad!

These songs were chanted, all in one tune. If the words had not been quaint, and suggestive of a century or more ago, I think the entertainment would have been monotonous.

Lucy brought the news of the neighborhood. One morning she came in, and said: "John King's folks thinks an awful sight of themselves, sence Calline has been off. She has sot herself up marsterly. They have gone to work now and painted all the trays and paint-kags they can find red, and filled them with one thing another, and sot them round the house. No good will come of that! When you see every thing painted red, look out for war; it's a sure sign."

One evening late in summer, when I came in from a walk through the fields, I found in the back porch all the implements for cheese-making. Mrs. Wetherell said: "It's too warm to make butter, now dog-days have come in, so I am going to make cheese."

That night all the milk was strained into the large tub. The next morning this milk was stirred and the morning's milk strained into it. Then Mrs. Wetherell warmed a kettleful and poured into the tub, and tried it with her finger to see if it was warm enough. She said: "My rennet is rather weak, so I have to use considerable."

After she had turned the rennet in, she laid the cheese-tongs across the tub, and spread a homespun tablecloth over it, and looking up to me, she said: "In an hour or so that will come."

I made it my business, when the hour was out, to be back in the porch. Mrs. Wetherell was stirring up the thick white curd, and dipping out the pale green whey, with a little wooden dish. After she had "weighed it," she mixed in salt thoroughly. She asked me to hand her her cheese-hoop and cloth, which were lying on the table behind me. She put one end of the cloth into the hoop and commenced filling it with curd, pressing it down with her hand. When it was nearly full she slipped up the hoop a little: "to give it a chance to press," she said. After this, she put the cheese between two cheese-boards, in the press, and

began to turn the windlass-like machine, to bring the weights down.

"Now," said she, "I shall let this stay in press all day, then I shall put it in pickle for twenty-four hours. The next night I shall rub it dry with a towel, and put it up in the cheese-room. Now comes the tug-o'-war! I have to watch them close to keep the flies out."

The forerunners of autumn had already touched the hillsides, and my thoughts were turning homeward, when one Saturday morning Mr. Wetherell came in and said: "Miss Douglass, don't you want to ride up to the paster? I'm going up to salt the steers."

Mrs. Wetherell hastened to add: "Yes, you go; you hain't had a ride since you been here. Old Darby ain't fast, but he 's good."

Eagerly I accepted the invitation, and in a few minutes we set off.

Darby was a great strong white horse, with minute brown spots all over him. Mr. Wetherell told me stories of all the people, as Darby shuffled by their houses, raising a big cloud of dust.

When we came to a sandy stretch of road, Mr. Wetherell said: "This is what we call the Plains. Here is where we used to have May trainings, years and years ago. Once they had a sham-fight, and I thought I should have died a-laughing. I was nothing but a boy. We always thought so much of the gingerbread we got at training; I used to save my money to spend on that day. Once, when I was about thirteen year old, a *passel* of us boys got together to talk over training. Jim Barrows said that old Miss Hammet (she lived over behind the hill there) had got a cake baked, with plums in it, for training, and was going to have five cents a slice for it. He said: 'Now, if the rest of you will go into the house and talk with her, I will climb into the foreroom window, and hook the cake out of the three-cornered cupboard.' We all agreed. I went in, and commenced to talk with the old woman; some of the boys leaned up against the door that opened into the foreroom. After a little while we went out and met Jim, down by the spring, and we ate the cake. Some way a-nother it did n't taste so good as we expected. There was an awful outscreech when she found it out. Jim was a mighty smart fellar. He married a girl from Cranberry Medder, and they went down East. I have heard that they were doing fust-rate."

After riding for some time through low, woody places, where the grass grew on each side of the horse's track, we came to the main traveled road. Thistles were blooming and going to seed, all on one stock. Flax-birds were flying among them filling the air with their sweet notes. Soon we turned into a lane, and came to the pasture-bars. Mr. Wetherell said: "You stay here with Darby, and I will drive the steers up to the bars, and salt them."

I got out of the wagon, and unchecked Darby's head, and led him up to a plot of white clover, to get a lunch. Nature seemed to have made an uneven distribution of foretop and fetlock in Darby's case, his foretop was so scanty and his fetlocks so heavy. A fringe of long hairs stood out on his forelegs from his body to his feet, giving him quite a savage look. As I looked down at his large flat feet, I felt glad that he did n't have to travel over macadamized roads.

I sat down on some logs which were

lying at one side, and listened to the worms sawing away, under the bark.

Soon Mr. Wetherell came back with the steers, and dropped the salt down in spots. We watched them lick it up.

I asked Mr. Wetherell why those logs were left there.

"O, Bascom is a poor, shiftless kind of a critter. I s'pose the snow went off before he got ready to haul them to the mill; but if he had peeled them in June or July, they would have been all right; but now they will be about sp'iled by the worms."

Mr. Wetherell got Darby turned around after much backing and getting up, for the lane was narrow, and we started homeward.

As we rode slowly along, Mr. Wetherell asked me: "Have you ever been to the beach?"

I told him, "Yes, and I enjoyed it."

He said: "I always liked to go, but Mis' Wetherell has a dread of the water, ever since her brother Judson was drowned."

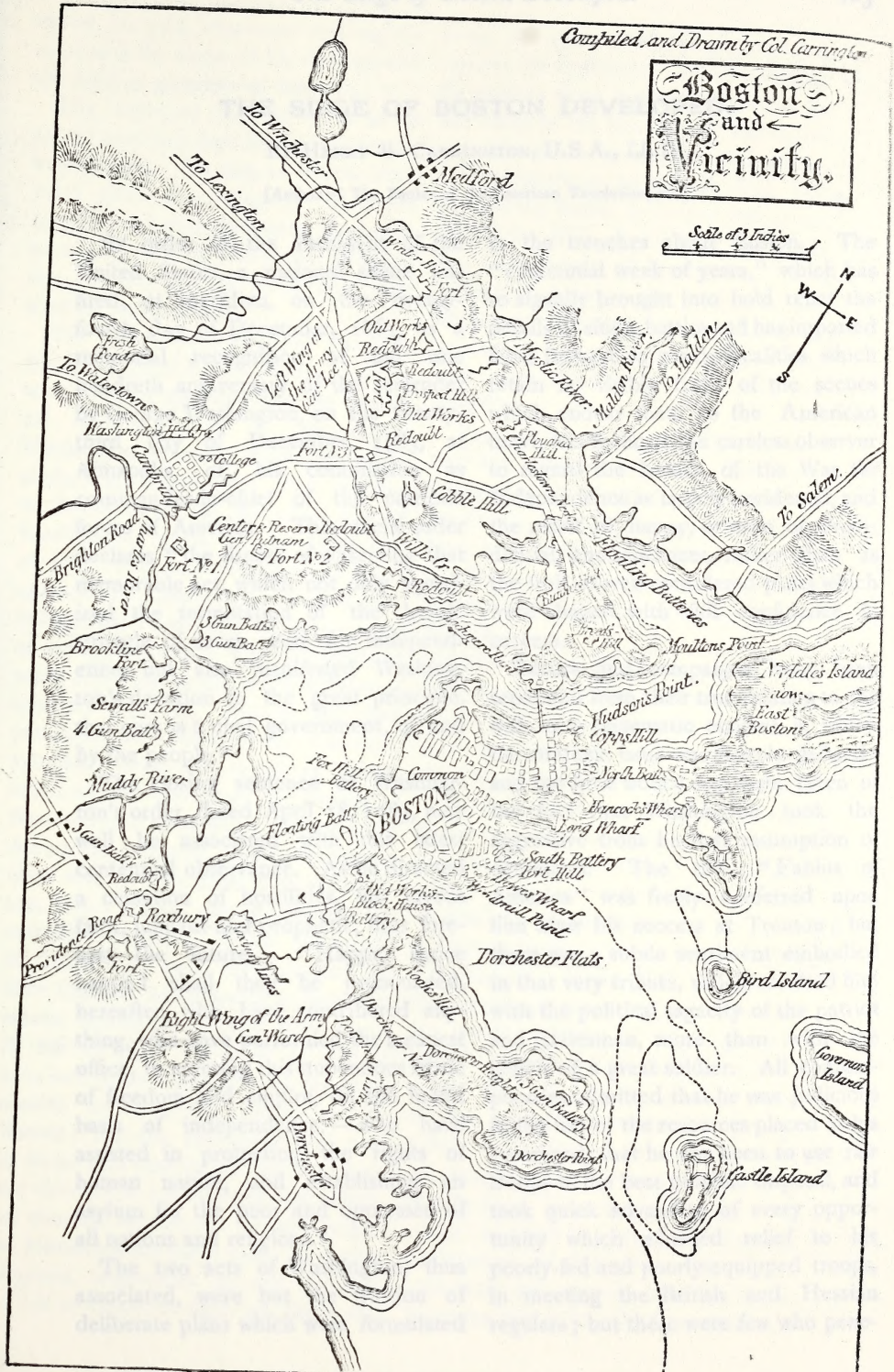
"Was he a sailor?" I asked.

"Yes, he was a sea-capt'n. He married a Philadelphy woman, and they sailed in the brig Florilla. She was wrecked on the coast of Ireland. She run on a rock, and broke her in two amidships. Her cargo was cotton, the bales floated in ashore, and formed a bridge for a second or so. The first mate and one of the sailors ran in on this bridge, but the next wave took them out and scattered them, and there was no way to save the rest. Judson and his wife, and all the crew, except the mate and one sailor, were all drowned. The mate stayed there for some time, and buried the bodies which washed ashore. He found Judson's body first, and had most given up finding his wife's, when one day she washed into a little cove, and he buried them side by side. He came here to our house, and told us all about it. It was awful. It completely upsot Mis' Wetherell. Her health has been poor for a good many year. She has bad neuralgy spells."

"Come, Darby, get up! you are slower than a growth of white oaks."

After several vigorous jerks, Darby started off at a long, swinging gait, and we soon reached home.

Only once more did I watch the sun go down behind the western hills, lighting them up with a flood of crimson light; while a tender, subdued gleam rested for a moment on the eastern summits, like the gentle kiss a mother gives her babe, when she slips him off her arm to have his nap.


Compiled and Drawn by Col. Carrington
Boston and Vicinity.
Scale of 3 Inches
N
W
E
S
To Winchester
To Lexington
Medford
Winter Hill Fort
Out Works Redoubt
Redoubt
Prospect Hill
Out Works
Redoubt
Fresh Pond
To Watertown
Washington's Head Qrs.
Left Wing of the Army Genl Lee
Mystic River
Malden River
To Malden
Charlestown Neck
Cambridge
College
Fort No 3
Cobble Hill
To Salem
Brighton Road
Charles River
Centre Reserve Redoubt
Genl Putnam
Fort No 2
Fort No 1
Willis's C
Redoubt
Floating Batteries
3 Gun Batt
3 Gun Batt
Brookline Fort
Boulton's Point
Winnisimmet Ferry
Hudson's Point
Scarlls Farm
4 Gun Batt
Muddy River
Fox Hill Battery
Common
North Battery
Copps Hill
Hancock's Wharf
Long Wharf
Floating Batt
BOSTON
3 Gun Batt
Redoubt
South Battery
Fort Hill
Old Works
Block House
Battery
Roxbury
Providence Road
Fort
Landing Lines
Dorchester Flats
Bird Island
Right Wing of the Army
Genl Ward
Roxbury Neck
Dorchester Neck
Town Battery
Dorchester
Dorchester Works
Castle Island

THE SIEGE OF BOSTON DEVELOPED.

By Henry B. Carrington, U.S.A., LL.D.

[Author of The Battles of the American Revolution, etc.]

By order of the President of the United States, a national salute was fired, at meridian, on the twenty-fourth day of December, 1883, as a memorial recognition of the one hundreth anniversary of the surrender by George Washington, on the twenty-third day of December, 1783, at Annapolis, of his commission as commander-in-chief of the patriotic forces of America. This official order declares "the fitness of observing that memorable act, which not only signalized the termination of the heroic struggle of seven years for independence, but also manifested Washington's devotion to the great principle, that ours is a civil government, of and by the people."

The closing sentence of Washington's order, dated April 18, 1783, may well be associated with this latest centennial observance. As he directed a cessation of hostilities, his joyous faith, jubilant and prophetic, thus forecast the future: "Happy, thrice happy! shall they be pronounced, hereafter, who have contributed anything, who have performed the meanest office, in erecting this stupendous fabric of freedom and empire, on the broad basis of independence, — who have assisted in protecting the rights of human nature, and establishing an asylum for the poor and oppressed of all nations and religions."

The two acts of Washington, thus associated, were but the fruition of deliberate plans which were formulated in the trenches about Boston. The "centennial week of years," which has so signally brought into bold relief the details of single battles and has imparted fresh interest to many localities which retain no visible trace of the scenes which endear them to the American heart, has inclined the careless observer to regard the battles of the War for Independence as largely accidental, and the result of happy, or even of Providential, circumstances, rather than as the fruit of well-considered plans which were shaped with full confidence in success.

Battles and campaigns have been separated from their true relation to the war, as a systematic conflict, in which the strategic issue was sharply defined; and too little notice has been taken of the fact that Washington took the aggressive from his first assumption of command. The title "Fabius of America" was freely conferred upon him after his success at Trenton; but there was a subtle sentiment embodied in that very tribute, which credited him with the political sagacity of the patriot and statesman, more than with the genius of a great soldier. All contemporaries admitted that he was judicious in the use of the resources placed at his command, that he was keen to use raw troops to the best possible disposal, and took quick advantage of every opportunity which afforded relief to his poorly-fed and poorly-equipped troops, in meeting the British and Hessian regulars; but there were few who pene-

trated his real character and rightly estimated the scope of his strategy and the sublime grandeur of his faith.

The battles of that war (each in its place) have had their immediate results well defined. To see, as clearly, their exact place in relation to the entire struggle, and that they were the legitimate sequence of antecedent preparation, requires that the preparation itself shall be understood.

The camps, redoubts, and trenches, which engirdled Boston during its siege, were so many appliances in the practical training-school of war, which Washington promptly seized, appropriated, and developed. The capture of Boston was not the chief aim of Washington, when, on the third day of July, 1775, he established his headquarters at Cambridge. Boston was, indeed, the immediate objective point of active operations, and the issue, at arms, had been boldly made at Lexington and Concord. Bunker Hill had practically emancipated the American yeomanry from the dread of British arms, and foreshadowed the finality of National Independence. However the American Congress might temporize, there was no alternative with Washington, but a steady purpose to achieve complete freedom. From his arrival at Cambridge, until his departure for New York, he worked with a clear and serene confidence in the final result of the struggle. A mass of earnest men had come together, with the stern resolve to drive the British out of Boston; but the patriotism and zeal of those who first begirt the city were not directed to a protracted and universal colonial resistance. To the people of Massachusetts there came an instant demand, imperative as the question of life or death, to fight out the issue, even if alone and single-handed, against the oppressor. Without waiting for reports from distant colonies as to the effect of the skirmish at Lexington and the more instructive and stimulating experience at Breed's Hill, they penned the British in Boston and determined to drive them from the land. Dr. Dwight said of Lexington: "The expedition became the preface to the history of a nation, the beginning of an empire, and a theme of disquisition and astonishment to the civilized world."

THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL EQUALIZED THE OPPOSING FORCES. The issue changed from that of a struggle of legitimate authority to suppress rebellion, and became a contest, between Englishmen, for the suppression, or the perpetuation, of the rights of Magna Charta.

The siege of Boston assumed a new character as soon as it became a part of the national undertaking to emancipate the Colonies, one and all, and thereby establish one great Republic.

From the third of July, 1775, until the seventeenth of March, 1776, there was gradually developed a military policy with an army system, which shaped the whole war.

Many battles have been styled "decisive." Many slow tortures of the oppressed have prepared the way for heroic defiance of the oppressor. Many elaborate preparations have been made for war, when at last some sudden outrage or event has precipitated an unlooked-for conflict, and all preparations, however wisely adjusted, have been made in vain. "I strike to-night!" was the laconic declaration of Napoleon III, as he informed his proud and beautiful Empress, that "the battalions of France

were moving on the Rhine." The march of Lord Percy to Concord was designed to clip off, short, the seriously impending resistance of the people to British authority. With full recognition of all that had been done, before the arrival of Washington to assume command of the besieging militia, *as the "Continental Army" of America*, there are facts which mark the months of that siege, as months of that wise preparation which ensured the success of the war. Washington at once took the offensive. He was eminently aggressive; but neither hasty nor rash. Baron Jomini said that "Napoleon discounted time." So did Washington. Baron Jomini said, also, that "Napoleon was his own best chief-of-staff." So, pre-eminently, was Washington.

The outlook at Cambridge, on the third of July, 1775, revealed the presence of a host of hastily-gathered and rudely-armed, earnest men, well panoplied, indeed, in the invulnerable armor of loyalty to country and to God; fearless, self-sacrificing, daring death to secure liberty; but lacking that discipline, cohesion, and organized assignment to place and duty, which convert a mass of men into an army of soldiers. Washington stated the case, fairly, in the terse expression: "They have been accustomed, officers and men alike, to have their own way too long already."

The rapidly succeeding methods through which that mass of fiery patriots became a well-ordered army, obedient to authority, and accepting the delays and disappointments of war with cheerful submission, will stand as the permanent record of a policy which cleared the way for an assured liberty.

As early as 1775, Lord Dartmouth had asserted, with vigor, that Boston was worthless as a base, if the authority of the Crown was to be seriously defied by the colonies, acting in concert. He advocated the evacuation of Boston, and the consolidation of the royal forces at New York. Washington, early after his arrival at Cambridge, saw that the British commander had made a mistake. His letters to Congress are full of suggestions which citizens could only slightly value, so long as they saw Boston still under British control. It is difficult to see how the war could have been a success, if New York had been occupied, in force, by Lord Howe in 1775, and the rashness of Gates had not precipitated the skirmish at Lexington and the battle of Bunker Hill. It is no less hard to see where and how Washington could have found time, place, and suitable conditions for that practical campaign experience which the siege of Boston afforded.

The mention of some of these incidents will suggest others, and illustrate that experience.

A practical siege was undertaken, under the most favorable circumstances. The whole country, near by, was in sympathy with the army. The adjacent islands, inlets, and bays swarmed with scouting parties, which cut off supplies from the city. The army had its redoubts and trenches, and the heights of Bunker Hill were in sight as a pledge of full ability to resist assault. As a fact, no successful sortie was made out of Boston during the siege; but constant activity and watchfulness were vital to each day's security. Provisions were abundant and the numerical strength was sufficient. System and discipline alone were to be added.

The details of camp-life in the immediate presence of skilled enemies compelled officers and men, alike, to

learn the minutest details of field engineering. Gabions, fasces, abattis, and other appliances for assault or defence were quickly made, and all this practical schooling in the work of war went on, under the watchful co-operation of the very officers who afterward became conspicuous in the field, from Long Island to Yorktown. THE CAMP ABOUT BOSTON MADE OFFICERS. Its discipline dissipated many colonial jealousies; and there was developed that confidence in their commander, which, in after years, became the source of untold strength and solace to him in the darkest hours of the war.

The details of the personal work of the commander-in-chief read more like some magician's tale. Every staff department was organized under his personal care, so that he was able to retain even until the end of the war his chief assistants. Powder, arms, provisions, clothing, firewood, medicines, horses, carts, tools, and all supplies, however incidental, depended upon minute instructions of Washington himself.

A few orders are cited, as an illustration of the system which marked his life in camp, and indicate the value of those months, as preparatory to the ordeal through which he had yet to pass.

To withhold commissions, until some proof was given of individual fitness, involved grave responsibility. He did it. To punish swearing, gambling, theft, and lewdness, evinced a high sense of the solemnity of the hour. He did it. To rebuke Protestants for mocking Catholics was to recognize the dependence of all alike upon the God of battles. He did it. To repress gossip in camp, because the reputution of the humblest was sacred; to brand with his displeasure all conflicts between those in authority, as fatal to discipline and unity of action, and to forbid the settlement of private wrongs, except through established legal methods, showed a clear conception of the conditions which would make an army obedient, united, and invincible. These, and corresponding acts in the line of military police regulations, and touching every social, moral, and physical habit which assails or enfeebles a soldier's life and imperils a campaign, run through his papers.

It is in the light of such omnipresent pressure and constraint that we begin to form some just estimate of the relations which the siege of Boston sustained to the subsequent operations of the war, and to the work of Lee, Putnam, Sullivan, Greene, Mifflin, Knox, and others, who were thus fitted for immediate service at Long Island and elsewhere, as soon as Boston was evacuated.

It is also through these orders that the careful student can pass that veil of formal propriety, reticence, and dignity which so often obscured the inner, the tentative, elements of Washington's military character.

While the slow progress of the siege afforded opportunity to study the contingencies of other possible fields of conflict, a double campaign was made into Canada: namely, by Arnold through Maine, and by Montgomery toward Montreal. This was based upon the idea that the conquest of Canada would not only protect New England on the north, but compel the British commanders to draw all supplies from England. The fact is noted, as an evidence of the constant regard which the American commander had

for every exposed position of the enemy which could be threatened, without neglecting the demands of the siege itself. Frequent attempts were made to force the siege to an early conclusion. The purpose was to expel or capture the garrison before Great Britain could send another army, and open active operations in other colonies, and not, merely in the indolence of the mere watchdog, to starve the enemy into terms. "Give me powder or ice, and I will take Boston," was the form in which Washington demanded the means of bombardment or assault, and gave the assurance that, if the river would freeze, he would force a decisive issue with the means already at command.

Meanwhile, he sent forth privateers to scour the coast and search for vessels conveying powder to the garrison; and soon no British transport or supply-vessel was secure, unless under convoy of a ship-of-war.

At last, Congress increased the army to twenty-four thousand men and ordered a navy to be built. Washington redoubled his efforts, confident that Boston was substantially at his mercy; but seeing as clearly that the capture or the evacuation of the city would introduce a more general and desperate struggle, and one that would try his army to the utmost.

At this juncture, General Howe was strongly reinforced. When he succeeded Gates, on the tenth of October, 1775, he "assumed command of all his Britannic Majesty's forces, from Nova Scotia to Florida," and thus indicated his appreciation of the possible extent of the American resistance. It was a fair response to the claim of Washington to represent "*The Colonies, in arms.*" Howe's reinforcements had reported for duty by the thirty-first of December. During the preceding months, and, in fact, from his arrival at Cambridge, Washington had freely conferred with General Greene. That young officer had studied Cæsar's Commentaries, Marshal Turenne's Works, Sharp's Military Guide, and many legal and standard works upon government and history, while drilling a militia company, the Kentish Guards, and following the humble labor of a blacksmith's apprentice. He fully appreciated the value of the hours spent before Boston. Together with General Sullivan, who, as well as himself, commanded a brigade in Lee's division, he looked beyond the lines of the camp rear-guard, and spent extra hours in discipline and drill, to bring his own command up to the highest state of proficiency.

The following is the theory which he entertained, in common with Washington, as to the proper method for prosecution of the war; and he so expressed himself, when he first encamped before Boston and united his destinies with those of America.

His words are worthy of double recognition by the citizens of the United States, because they not only furnish a key to the embarrassments which attended the uncertain policy of Congress during the Revolution, but they illustrate some of the embarrassments which attended the prosecution of the war of 1861–65.

First. "One general-in-chief."

Second. "Enlistments for the war."

Third. "Bounties for families of soldiers in the field.

Fourth. "Service: to be general, regardless of place of enlistment."

Fifth. "Money loans to be effected equal to the demands of the war."

Sixth. "A Declaration of INDEPENDENCE, with the pledge of all the resources of each Colony to its support."

Such was the spirit with which the American army hastened its operations before Boston. Every week of delay was increasing the probability that Great Britain would occupy New York, in force. The struggle for that city would be the practical beginning of the war anew, and upon a scientific basis.

Lord Dartmouth alone had the military sagacity to give sound advice to the British cabinet. He maintained that by the occupation of New York, and the presence of a strong naval force at Newport, Rhode Island (within striking distance of Boston), and the control of the Hudson River, the New England Colonies would be so isolated, as neither to be able to protect themselves, nor to furnish aid to the central Colonies beyond the Hudson River.

For the same reason, an adequate garrison at New York might detach troops to seize the region lying on the waters of the Delaware and Chesapeake, and thereby separate the South from the centre. When General Howe, in 1775, formally urged the evacuation of Boston and the occupation of New York and Newport, he also advised the seizure of "some respectable seaport at the southward, from which to attack seacoast towns, in the winter."

Washington never lost sight of the fact, that, while an important issue had been joined at Boston, its solution must be so worked out as to conserve the general interests of the Colonies as a Nation, and that the delay which was incident to scarcity of powder, and the resulting inability to assault the city, was to be employed, to the utmost, in preparing the troops for an ultimate march to New York, there to face the British in the field.

The reinforcement of General Howe, at midwinter, when an attack upon the American lines would be without hope of success, quickened Washington's preparations for crowding the siege, while constantly on the watch for some manifestation of British activity in other directions.

Within a week after the garrison of the city had been thus strengthened, Washington learned that Clinton had been detached, to make some expedidition by sea. General Lee, then in Connecticut on recruiting service, was ordered to New York to put the city in a condition for defence, and arrived on the very day that Clinton anchored at Sandy Hook. Clinton, however, neglected his opportunity, and sailed southward to attack Charleston. Lee also went South, to co-operate with Governor Rutledge, in the defense of that city. The repulse of that expedition at Fort Sullivan (afterwards called Fort Moultrie) could not be known to Washington; but the knowledge that the British had enlarged their theatre of active war was a new stimulus to exertion.

The strain upon the American Commander-in-Chief, in view of this rapid development of hostilities beyond the reach of his army, was intense. Clinton had been authorized to burn all cities that refused submission. In a letter to Congress, Washington wrote: "There has been one single freeze, and some pretty good ice," but a council of war opposed an assault. At last he conceived an alternative plan, in the event that he would not have sufficient powder to risk a direct assault, and the two plans were balanced and

matured in his own mind with the determination to act promptly, and solely, at his own independent will.

Few facts testify more significantly of the value to the army and the American cause of that long course of training, in the presence of the enemy, than the preparations thus made by Washington, without the knowledge of most of the officers of his command. He collected forty-five batteaux, each capable of transporting eighty men, and built two floating batteries of great strength and light draught of water. Fascines, gabions, carts, bales of hay, intrenching-tools, and two thousand bandages, with all other contingent supplies, were gathered, and placed under a guard of picked men.

Three nights of *mock bombardment* kept the garrison on the alert, awaiting an assault. "On the night of the fourth of March, and through all its hours, from candle-lighting time to the clear light of another day, the same incessant thunder rolled along over camps and city; the same quick flashes showed that fire was all along the line, and still, both camps and city dragged through the night, waiting for the daylight to test the work of the night, as daylight had done before."

When daylight came, —

"Two strong redoubts capped Dorchester Heights."

By the tenth of March, the Americans had fortified Nook's Hill, and this drove the British from Boston Neck. Eight hundred shot and shell were thrown into the city during that night. On the morning of March 17, the British embarked for Halifax.

Five thousand American troops entered the city, under General Ward (the venerable predecessor of Washington) as the last boats left.

On the eighteenth of March, and before the main army had entered Boston, General Heath was ordered to New York with five regiments of infantry and a part of the field artillery.

On the twenty-seventh, the whole army, excepting a garrison of five regiments, was ordered forward, General Sullivan leading the column.

On the evening of April fourteenth after the last brigade marched, Washington started for his new field of duty.

The siege of Boston is indeed memorable for that patient, persistent pressure by which the Colonists grasped, and held fast, all approaches to the city, until a sufficient force could be organized for a systematic siege; but, as the eye rests upon an outline map of the principal works of the besieging force, and we try to associate Ploughed Hill, Winter Hill, Prospect Hill, and other memorable strongholds, with the surroundings of to-day, we are glad to find an abounding source of comfort in the assurance, that the whole struggle for our National Independence is indelibly associated with the names, the vigils, and the experiences which belong to those long months of education in the art and appliances of war.

Swiftly as that well-instructed army moved to New York, they had only time to gain position, before they realized the value of their training in the trenches and redoubts around Boston; and no battle or siege, including the capture of Yorktown, is without its tribute to the far-reaching influence which that training assured.

The echoes of the national salute which have so recently commemorated the one hundredth anniversary of the close of the official career of Washington as commander-in-chief of the army

of the Revolution, may well be associated with those midnight salvos of artillery which crowned his first campaign with an enduring success, and, once for all, rescued the soil of the Bay State from the tread of a hostile foot.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

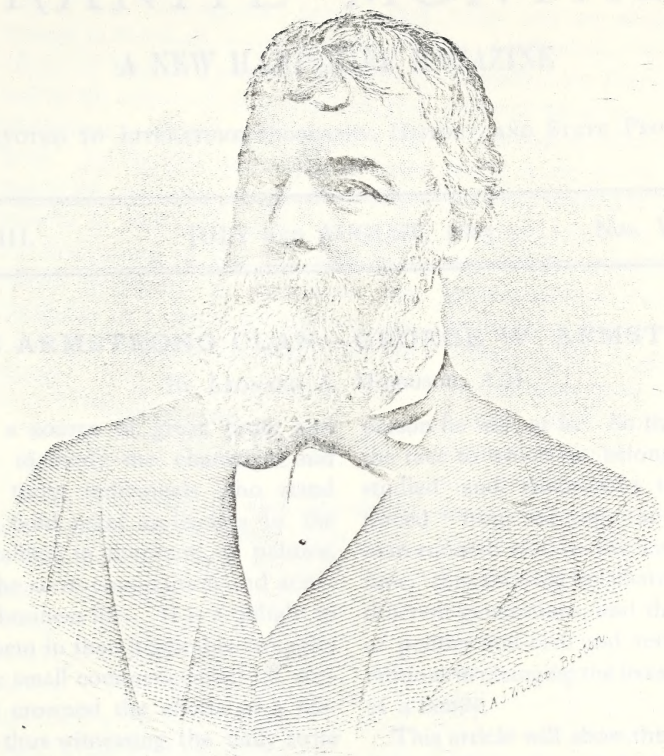
EIGHT years ago the idea was conceived of establishing the GRANITE MONTHLY. It was to be a magazine devoted to the interests of the old Granite State and it appealed at once to the pride and encouragement of all New Hampshire people, thus speedily gaining their good will and hearty support. While some articles have appeared in our columns of a general character, the larger number has been of those specially relating to the history, the industries, the literature, and the people of this State; so that the bound volumes of the GRANITE MONTHLY are, of themselves, a library of strong and direct interest to every citizen of New Hampshire, and, indeed, no less to many now removed from this State.

The *Bay State Monthly* is the result of an idea of the publisher to found a similar magazine in Massachusetts. Although only in its second year it has fairly won for itself a right to live by meeting a want in the literary field of that State, and it has already been warmly received.

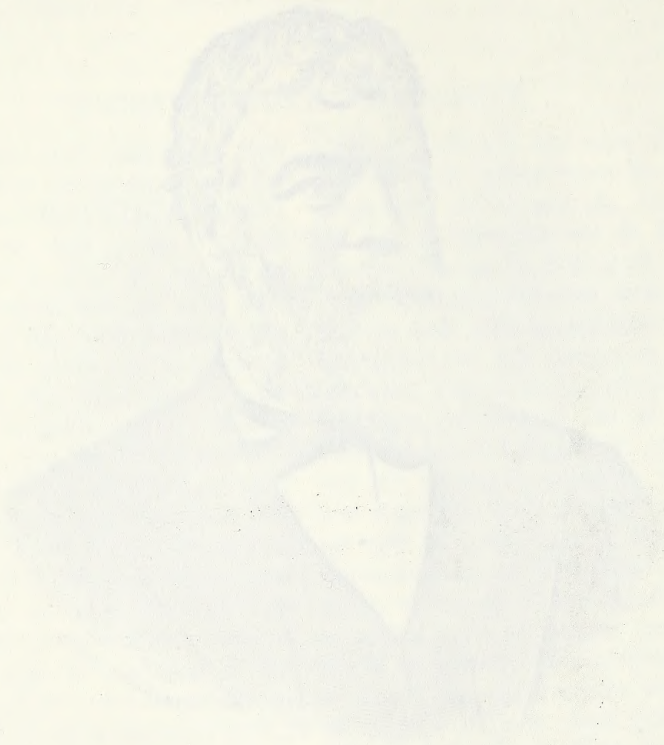
In the future, the magazine will maintain the character it has had in the past, at the same time, constantly keeping in view the subject of improvement. Our field is fertile in historical materials, of which only a little has yet been incorporated in this publication. As time goes on, the GRANITE MONTHLY will represent more and more fully the literature of the State, and we believe will ever constantly gain the increasing support and confidence of its patrons.

We wish to thank the patrons of the GRANITE MONTHLY for their hearty support in the past and ask for its continuance in the future. We have but entered upon the wide field opened for the magazine; it is by no means exhausted. Be not over-modest in sending in articles — If they are appropriate, they will be used in time.

The subscription list of the magazine should be doubled and trebled. Let every one of our friends — and there are many more than a thousand who have sustained their interest in the publication from its first number — let all act as missionaries to help on the good work by introducing it to their neighbors and friends.



G. E. Armstrong.



THE

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THE ARMSTRONG CLAN.—GEORGE W. ARMSTRONG.

BY LEONARD A. MORRISON, A.M.

IT is a source of great profit and pleasure to study the characters and lives of those individuals who stand forth in bold relief as leaders in the sacred calling, in literature, in politics, and in the stern competition and activities of business life. It is a delight to follow them in their honorable struggles from the small commencement till success has crowned the efforts of a lifetime, — thus witnessing the daily strife and the final triumph.

But the history of no individual is fully written by the mere announcement of the details of his own personal biography. As one's influence reaches forward into futurity, so one's history may be said to stretch backward, beyond his own personal existence, into the generations of his predecessors.

There must be taken into account the mysterious influences received from generations of ancestors, and which, in a large degree, have made him constitutionally, physically, and mentally the person he was, or is. So the history of the race to which he belongs must be studied and described; the lineage traced "from the time the memory of man runneth not to the contrary until now," thus showing the characteristics of different generations, and the influence of politics and civil and religious commotions in changing the lives and actions of a family.

This article will show the process of the transformation and development, through successive generations, of the sturdy, persistent, pugnacious Scotchman into the active, equally persistent, broader-minded, and successful man, and public-spirited American citizen.

In a belt of country in the southern part of Scotland, near the border of England, and now embraced in the counties of Dumfries and Roxburgh, once dwelt some of the most renowned of the Scottish Lowland clans, among whom were the clans Johnston, Elliott, Douglass, Maxwell, Chisholm, and Armstrong.

Of the clan Armstrong this article will speak. It was one of the most noted, most numerous, and most powerful of the Lowland clans. The section of country the Armstrongs occupied, being near the English border, was called the "Debateable Land," and though in Scotland, it was subject to the claims of England, and was often overrun by the armies of each kingdom, and sometimes stripped and despoiled by both. By the very necessities of their condition, and the troubled circumstances in which they were placed by the lawlessness of the age, they were forced to resort to expedients not justifiable in a more enlightened era. Like the neighboring clans, they followed

> "The simple plan,
> That they should take, who had the power,
> And they should keep, who can."

It is interesting to note the origin and antiquity of the name Armstrong. It was, without doubt, conferred upon some individual of great physical strength, or to keep in perpetual remembrance some act of devotion and bravery. This view of the subject is sustained by the tradition that a Scottish king, having his horse killed under him in battle, was immediately remounted by Fairbairn, his armor-bearer, who took the king by the thigh and set him on his saddle. For this timely assistance the king rewarded him with lands upon the border, and gave him the appellation of *Armstrong*, and assigned him for crest, an armed hand and *arm;* in the left hand a leg and foot in armor, couped at the thigh, all proper. This crest is borne at the present day in the arms of some branches of the family.

The name is an ancient one, and is found spelled in forty-four different ways. It was born in the county of Cumberland, England, in 1235, or six hundred and fifty years ago; at Berwick-on-Tweed in 1335. Letters of safe conduct were granted to William Armstrong in 1362 and 1363.

It is not till 1376 that any of the name can be identified as belonging to Liddesdale, in the "Debateable Country," but they may have been there many years before.

Though members of the family were found at the places before mentioned, yet they were only a few miles distant from the points inhabited by the great mass of the Armstrongs, and it is not unreasonable to suppose that they were members of the same great family.

Soon after 1376, Alexander and David Armstrong come in view. Robert Armstrong and Margaret Temple, his wife, were in possession of a portion of a manor in Thorpe, England, in 1377. Mangerton was an important seat of the Armstrongs, and the residence of Thomas Armstrong, the chief of one of its branches and brother of Johnnie Armstrong, of Gilnockie. The original deed to the family having been lost or destroyed, the town and lands were regranted by Francis, Earl of Bothwell, to Lancilot Armstrong, on the ninth of October, 1586, and remained in the possession of his descendants till about 1730.

Another important seat of the family was at the "Hollows," in Canobie, and on the bank of, or near, the river Esk. Here dwelt Johnnie Armstrong, sometimes called "Gilnockie," a celebrated border chieftain, who caused both English and Scotch considerable trouble. He was treacherously taken prisoner, with many of his retainers, in 1530, by King James V of Scotland, and he and thirty-five of his men were hanged at Carlenrig. His name is

still a familiar one upon the border, and in the border poetry.

From my memoranda of a visit to this interesting locality in 1884, I make the following extracts: —

On May 5, 1884, after visiting Abbotsford, Melrose, and the tomb of Sir Walter Scott at Dryburgh Abbey, I took the train at St. Boswell's station for New Castleton.

Before this town was reached, the sun was sinking behind the western hills and flooding their loftiest summits with his glorious light. In the southwest, black, surging clouds of billowy darkness came rolling up the sky, rendered more dark and vivid by the brightness of the rays of the setting sun. The old cemetery of Castleton, a bleak and lonely spot on the hillside, where repose many of the Armstrongs, was plainly in view.

Night came on apace. As blackness settled down over slumbering mountains, hills, and vales, I reached the "Debateable Country"; was in the old home of the Elliotts, the Johnstons, the Scotts, the Armstrongs, and other border families whose conflicts have made these localities historic, and the clashing of whose swords and spears, echoing through the advancing years, have reached this distant age, and distant climes.

On the morning of May sixth, riding over an excellent road (as all roads are excellent in Great Britain), through woods, bright with Scotch primroses and various flowers, where golden pheasants and other protected game could be distinctly seen, I visited the "Hermitage Castle," built in 1244, six miles distant, the ancient seat of the Douglasses, and an interesting ruin. The old cemetery at Castleton was inspected. Many names common in the Scotch settlements in the United States were found inscribed upon the memorial tablets.

There were stones erected to the Rev. Mr. Robert Armstrong, who died April 16, 1732, aged seventy-two, being born in 1660. He was the father of Dr. John Armstrong, a somewhat noted physician and poet, of London, whose writings can be found in the Linen Hall Library, in Belfast, Ireland.

There were stones to the Rev. William Armstrong and to Robert Armstrong, *shepherd*, thus denoting his avocation, which is common in the old burial-places.

One mile south of New Castleton are the four spanning arches of the railroad bridge which cross the bonnie stream known as the Liddel River. Near this, and on the southwest bank of the stream, can be seen the ruins of Mangerton Castle, an ancient Armstrong stronghold. This is twenty miles northeast of Carlisle, England.

A short distance from the Ettleton Cemetery, near the road, but in a field, is the old "Millholm Cross" erected in memory of some Armstrong as early as 1350. It is of light sandstone, bronzed and seamed by time. Carved upon it are the letters I. H. S. and M. A. A. A., while below is a sword with the point to the earth. The cross has undergone some changes at a late period; but it is an exceedingly interesting relic of the past.

The Ettleton Cemetery lies on the sloping side and near the top of a great swelling hill. The country is in full view for miles around, and the high hills are dark with the brown heather in the clear light of this spring day.

In the centre of the yard, upon a tall marble shaft, is this inscription: —

"In this spot, near which rest the

ashes of his forefathers, is interred William Armstrong, of Sorbytrees, who, to the great grief of the neighborhood, was shot without challenge or warning by the Rev. Joseph Smith, incumbent of Walton, Cumberland, on the night of Wednesday, the sixteenth day of April, 1851, in the thirty-eighth year of his age."

The minister was slightly deranged, and died soon after his acquittal.

Here are buried Thomas Armstrong, born as early as 1689; also James, born 1705, and Archibald, born 1692, besides Walter and others of the name.

Leaving the cemetery, I reached Kirshopefoot, three miles away, and took tea at "Kirshop House," in England, with William Armstrong, Esq., and his interesting wife, who are the hospitable proprietors. He is a laird, or large landowner, and well educated, and about the only representative of the Armstrongs in this locality.

Arrived at Langholm in the evening, and saw the sword of "Gilnockie" Armstrong in the museum.

On May 7, went by rail to Gilnockie station, and from thence to the spot where his castle or mansion stood, which was pointed out on the east bank of the Esk.

Three hundred and fifty-five years "have joined the years beyond the flood" since the grounds were trod by "Gilnockie" Armstrong, and which the border chief shall see "never again." The site is plainly visible at the right of the highway, on a bold, high precipice impending over the river. There is the mound with its rough and uneven surface, with the deep depressions which mark the basement, and the ditches about three sides of his fort. The latter were filled with water to prevent the entrance of his foes, while from the rear of the fort, if hard pressed, he could escape down the steep embankment to the river.

The spot is green with ferns and carpeted with clinging mosses. The tall trees, in which the birds were singing merrily, furnished abundant shade, while the flowing, murmuring waters of the river Esk made sweetest music.

In plain view, but on the opposite side of the river in an open field, is the "Hollows Tower." Its walls of stone are solid and substantial and of considerable thickness. It was erected previous to 1525, and stone steps lead to its summit. Here Johnnie Armstrong, the redoubtable chief of the Scottish border, gathered wild and adventurous spirits about him, living in sumptuous state, and ready at all times for a raid into England, or against a hostile clan to rescue friends or to punish enemies. To show "the irony of fate" the castle is no longer used for human habitation, but in it was a pen in which several dogs were confined.

This clan had many places of strength in these parts, such as Sark, Kinmont, Hollgreen, Hollis, Mumbyhirst, the Castle of Harelaw, Irving Castle near Langholm, Whitehaugh, Mangerton, Puddington, Hilles, and others; yet Gilnockie Hall, or the home at the Hollows just described, was the strongest of all.

It may be stated here, that the clan Armstrong, in its palmiest days, in 1528, with its adherents, numbered upward of three thousand horsemen. The disruption of the clan was in 1530. In 1537 three hundred of them were under English protection, and later six hundred and thirty of them and their retainers are mentioned as having been

similarly situated. It has been supposed that the latter figure very nearly represented the numerical strength of the Armstrongs after the breaking up of the confederation in 1530.

As has been stated, Johnnie Armstrong, called "Gilnockie," was the greatest chief of the clan, and a farther notice may not be inappropriate.

He had three brothers, "Thomas, the Larde" of Mangerton, Alexander, and George.

"Gilnockie" kept twenty-four well-horsed and able men about him continually, and though he harassed the English counties as far as Newcastle, and laid them under tribute, yet he molested not his own countrymen.

King James, having heard great complaints of outrages upon the border, went south, with a large army, determined to extirpate the marauders. He encamped at the head of the river Ewes, at a place now called Cant, or Camp Knowes. To him, there, "Gilnockie" with forty-eight of his friends repaired, hoping for the king's clemency. They were treacherously ensnared, and brought before the king. He came before the king, clad with all the pomp and magnificence of the first prince in Europe. His proffers of service and aid were sternly rejected. Seeing that he was entrapped, and his life was to be forfeited (putting his language into modern English), he exclaimed proudly to the king: "I am but one fool to seek grace at your graceless face. But had I known, sir, that you would have taken my life this day, I would have lived upon the borders in despite of King Harrie and you both, for I know King Harrie would weigh down my best horse with gold to know that I was condemned to die this day."

So he and thirty-five of his men were carried to Carlenrig, and to the branches of trees were hanged, and buried in the churchyard, and till a recent period their graves could be pointed out.

He was the Robin Hood of the border, and after the grasses have for three hundred and fifty-five years grown above him, and waved in the summer breezes, his name is still held in great respect by the peasantry of the locality. They assert that the trees upon which he and his followers were hanged withered away as a token of the injustice of the deed.

"Where rising Teviot joins the frosty-lee
Stands the huge trunk of many a leafless tree;
No verdant woodbine wreaths their age adorn;
Bare are the boughs, the gnarled roots uptorn;
Here shone no sunbeam, fell no summer dew,
Nor ever grass beneath the branches grew,
Since that bold chief who Henry's power defied,
True to his country, as a traitor died.
Yon mouldering cairns, by ancient hunters placed
Where blends the meadow with the marshy waste,
Mark where the gallant warriors lies; but long
Their fame shall flourish in the Scotian song,—
The Scotian song, whose deep impulsive tones
Each thrilling fibre, true to passion, owns,
When, soft as gales o'er summer seas that blow,
The plaintive music warbles love-lorn woe,
Or, wild and loud, the fierce exulting strain
Swells its bold notes, triumphant o'er the slain."

Quoting again from my notes of travel: "After leaving the 'Hollows Tower' of 'Gilnockie' Armstrong, the churchyard at Canobie was inspected, where many of this clan are buried, and there the most ancient memorial stones were found, with the following inscriptions:—

"'Here lies Francis Armstrong in Fairlowes, who died Oct. ye 9th, 1735, aged sixty-three years,' being born in 1672.

"'Here lies Francis Armstrong who died in the water on the Lord's day,

November 1, 1696, as he went from Kirk after sermon; aged twenty years.'

There were also buried Thomas, George, William, and Robert Armstrong, with many others of their race.

The arms were carved on some of the stones. The crest: A hand with dagger.

The following describes the early arms of some of the clan Armstrong, and, with slight variations, were borne by various branches of the family:—

Arms. An arm ppr. habited gu. issuing out from the side of the escutcheon, and holding the lower part of a broken tree eradicated, vert, the top leaning to the dexter angle.

At Stubholm, near Langholm, was born the great wit of the clan, Archie Armstrong.

Having stolen a sheep, he was so closely followed by the enraged shepherd that he had only time to reach his home and deposit the carcass of the sheep in the cradle, when the shepherd entered and accused him of the theft; but Archie assumed an air of innocence and, in the character of nurse, deliberately entailed upon himself the curse contained in these lines:—

> "'If e'er I did sae fause a feat
> As thin my niebour's faulds,
> May I be doom'd the flesh to eat,
> This vera cradle haulds.'"

He subsequently became jester to His Majesty Charles I; but was dismissed in disgrace for the poignancy of his wit and keen satire; his subjects being members of the nobility.

Though this clan was in great strength upon the border several centuries ago, yet numerous branches or colonies, springing from the parent stock, located, at an early date, in the northern counties of England. One settled at Corby, Lincolnshire, another at Thorpe, Nottinghamshire, and another in Yorkshire.

The race is not numerous in the locality in which it originated, yet many members of it are found in England, great numbers in Ireland, and not a few in the United States and the British Provinces. It is safe to assert that every person of the name of Armstrong, who *rightfully* bears that name, is descended from the powerful clan on the border in the "Debateable Country." *

Soon after the death of Queen Elizabeth, in 1603, William Armstrong, of the Mangerton branch, settled in the county of Fermanaugh, Ireland. Soon after, his nephew, Andrew Armstrong, joined him, and they were the founders of a numerous and prominent race.

The Armstrongs of Ballycumber, county Clare, are from the Mangerton family. The Armstrongs of Gallen, Kings County, as well as those of Garry Castle and of Castle Iver, Kings County, are descended from "Gilnockie" Armstrong.

Major A. Armstrong, at whose pleasant home, "Gilnockie," Westcombe Park, Blackheath, S. E. London, resides his mother and sisters, is of the "Gilnockie" branch of the family.

Among the many estimable members of the race in Ireland must not be omitted Thomas Armstrong, J. P., of Portadown, county of Armagh, a solid business man, whose grandfather used, annually, to make a pilgrimage to the *old* home of his ancestors upon the Scottish border.

* For much of the information of the *clan* Armstrong, the author of this article is indebted to the very valuable work entitled "The History of Liddesdale, Eskdale, Ewesdale, Wauchopedale, and the Debateable Country." By Robert Bruce Armstrong. Published, 1883, by David Douglass, Edinburgh, Scotland.

Then there is William E. Armstrong, Esq., solicitor, whose fluent and nimble tongue has won many cases in court, as well as entertained his guests with the aid of his agreeable family, at his attractive home at No. 12 Clifton Street, off Antrim Road, Belfast, Ireland.

Among other descendants of the early emigrants to Ireland, from the border, are the Armstrongs of county Sligo and town of Sligo, on the west coast of Ireland, who have been residents there since 1650, at least. This family is represented by the Rev. James Armstrong, an Episcopal clergyman of pleasing address and winning manners.

From his cheerful manse at Castlerock, county of Londonderry, a romantic and enchanting place, he can look forth upon the heaving waters of the broad Atlantic, and in the whirlwind of the storm and tempest can hear its wildest music, as the angry waves lash themselves against the precipitous cliffs.

Having sketched, in a general way, the history of the clan to its disruption, in 1530, of its collateral branches, which settled in Ireland and in England, and mentioned a few of its living members in the three kingdoms, a brief notice will be given of some representatives of an American family, the progenitors in a direct line of the subject of this notice, whose face adorns these pages.

In April, 1719, a valiant band of Scotch Presbyterians founded the settlement of Londonderry and Windham, New Hampshire. They had crossed the stormy Atlantic the previous year, and part of the company came from the parish of Aghadowey, county of Londonderry, in the north of Ireland. The Rev. James McGregor was their pastor here, as he had been there.

Many of this Scotch race had previously fled from Scotland to Ireland to avoid religious persecution; many, to avail themselves of the liberal grants of land in the province of Ulster, made by the government. It is estimated that, in 1641, twenty thousand English and one hundred thousand Scotch were then residing there.

Disliking the English government, the Established Church, the landlords, and the land system, this colony in New Hampshire had made a new departure and planted a new settlement in the American wilderness. Thousands upon thousands of this same race, the best blood ever introduced into America, followed them, founding new settlements in Pennsylvania, Virginia, North and South Carolina. Their hearts were filled with bitter memories, and with hatred of the British government when they came to America. Going always upon the frontier, their sentiments were widely propagated, and the accession of the vast numbers of this obstinate, plucky, valiant, moral, and intellectual race made possible the success of the American Revolution in 1776, and the establishment of this great Republic.

Some of the Londonderry, New Hampshire, settlers were emigrants themselves from Scotland to Ireland, and a part of them had participated in the heroic defence of Londonderry, in Ireland, in 1688–89.

(1) Charter Robert Armstrong came early to New Hampshire, and was was one of the original proprietors of Londonderry, on June 21, 1722. He came from the north of Ireland, but when he or his forefathers emigrated from Scotland to Ireland cannot be stated with certainty, nor has it been ascertained to which branch of the family, upon the border, he belonged. As has been shown, the Christian name *Robert* appeared often among the Arm-

strongs in the "Debateable Land," cropping out in different generations, as it has on this side of the "blue sea." Tradition and evidence point to Charter Robert Armstrong as the progenitor of this American Armstrong family. He had two children: one died on the passage to America; the other was

(2) Deacon John Armstrong, who was born in the north of Ireland, in 1713, and emigrated to America when young. In the historic town of Windham, New Hampshire, a part of the old Londonderry settlement, is an antiquated farmhouse, built in 1762 by him, which was his home till his death, May 6, 1782. He was an occupant of this farm in 1738, which is the homestead of the family in the town, and still resided upon by the descendants. He married Janet ——, who died on October 12, 1776, aged seventy years. They had seven children. His son,

(3) David Armstrong, was born June 11, 1747; lived in Windham, New Hampshire; signer of the Association Test, in 1776. He married, January 8, 1775, Elizabeth Hemphill, and died June 21, 1836. Eleven children. His son,

(4) Robert Armstrong, was born April 6, 1779; lived in Windham, New Hampshire; married Alice Park, and died August 21, 1849. Six children. His son,

(5) David Armstrong, was born in Windham, November 8, 1806; removed to Boston, Massachusetts, in 1826, where he resided till his death, September 14, 1851. He was a ship-carpenter. He met, and married, in Charlestown, Massachusetts, Mahalia Lovering. She was born in Loudon, New Hampshire, on February, 4, 1810, and now resides in Boston. Her parents were John and Elizabeth (Winslow) Lovering. The latter was a direct descendant of Governor Edward Winslow, who was Governor of Massachusetts in 1633, 1636, and 1644, and was a passenger in the Mayflower in 1620. Mr. Armstrong had three children survive him. His only son is the subject of this sketch.

(6) George W. Armstrong was born in Boston, Massachusetts, August 11, 1836. He was educated in the public schools of that city. Was an attendant of the Hawes School, which was a noted institution, opened in 1823, and closed as a grammar school in 1859. In connection with this it may be well to state the fact, not generally known, that this was the first place in America where singing was introduced and taught as a school exercise. The teacher was that noted man, whose fame as a musician was wide as the world, the late Lowell Mason.

In 1884 "The Hawes School Boys" instituted an organization, having for its object an annual reunion of its members. This body has a membership of some one hundred and fifty persons, widely scattered, living in all sections of the country.

In this association Mr. Armstrong has a warm interest, takes an active part, and is its present vice-president.

In his fourteenth year, the one in which he was to be graduated from the grammar school, by the severe illness of his father he was obliged to leave the studies in which he delighted, and was thrown upon his own resources, to fight the battle of life, which he has fought so well and so successfully.

He did not start absolutely penniless, like many of our most successful men. The legacy he received from his father's estate was the sum of eighty-

three dollars. With this amount, and with a strong constitution, good habits, an abundance of pluck, and Yankee grit and the dogged persistence and tenacity which Scotchmen and their descendants possess, he commenced the long, hard, unequal contest.

In 1850 he began his first work, which was that of a penny-postman, and his district was the whole of South Boston. This was in the early days of the California "gold fever" excitement and the labor was extremely arduous and exacting on a "steamer day."

He was next employed on the South Boston Gazette, Sunday News, and as newsboy in State Street. During his life as newsboy he won many friends among men of wealth, standing, and influence, who were drawn toward him by his courteous ways and manly bearing. Among those whose friendship he won in those early days, the time of his small beginnings, and has retained as warm friends through the vicissitudes of long years of business life to the achieved success and prosperity of the present, are the present collector of the port of Boston, the Hon. Roland Worthington, Curtis Guild, the late Charles O. Rogers, of the Boston Journal, and many of the newspaper men of that day.

On March 26, 1852, he became a newsboy on the Boston and Albany Railroad, where he remained nine years. For eighteen months he was employed in various positions, as brakeman, as baggage-master, as sleeping-car conductor, and as conductor on the regular trains. He then left the employ of the company and became manager of the news business on that road. Three years later he became half-owner of the restaurant and newsroom in the Boston and Albany station in Boston, and in 1871 became sole proprietor, which business he still retains. In 1865 he bought King's baggage-express, and immediately organized the "Armstrong's Transfer," which has attained such magnitude and importance. He added passenger-carriages, and perfected a system for the accommodation of railroad passengers which is unsurpassed. It is a source of much satisfaction to him to know that no just claim against the Transfer for loss of property or delay in delivery was ever the subject of litigation. He has won the confidence of the larger and wealthier railroad corporations in New England. Courteous to all, he has gained the friendship and kindness of the traveling public, which is always slow in giving its approbation and confidence.

In 1882, with the very valuable assistance of Edward A. Taft, he organized the "Armstrong Transfer Company," becoming its president, and Mr. Taft its general manager. This company does a large business in Boston, and is destined to attain the leading position among those facilities which add so much to the convenience of travelers in the United States.

The magnitude of the business can be estimated from the fact that it is no uncommon thing for twenty-five hundred pieces of baggage to be transferred from one point to another in a single day.

In 1869 he purchased the news business on the Fitchburg Railroad, and in 1877 extended it over the entire Hoosac Tunnel line. In 1875 he extended his restaurant and news business over the Eastern Railroad, being owner of all dining-rooms and newsrooms at Boston, Massachusetts; Portsmouth, Wolfborough Junction, New

Hampshire; at Portland, Maine, and at Springfield, Pittsfield, Palmer, and South Framingham, Massachusetts, on the Boston and Albany Railroad. His newsboys are upon all trains, and all impure literature is rigorously excluded from their sales.

His life is full of business activities. He is a director in a number of corporations; among them is the Worcester, Nashua, and Rochester Railroad, now being reorganized, and in which he takes an active part.

He is a man of strong character, strictly upright in his business relations, public spirited, urbane in his manners, kind and sympathetic in his nature, has a wide circle of acquaintances and a strong corps of personal friends.

But to know a man fully, he must be seen in the retirement of his home, in the society of wife, children, and friends.

Mr. Armstrong is happy in his home and finds his keenest enjoyment in the domestic circle. He lives upon an attractive but unpretentious estate in Brookline, Massachusetts, where a generous hospitality is dispensed.

He married December 10, 1868, Miss Louise Marston, of Bridgewater, New Hampshire, who died on February 17, 1880. Their children were: Mabelle, born February 21, 1870; Louise, born October 22, 1871; died, December 22, 1876.

His present wife is Flora E., daughter of Dr. Reuben Greene, of Boston. They have one child, Ethel Armstrong, born June 7, 1884. Mrs. Armstrong is well adapted to adorn his home and brighten his life.

COOS IN THE LEGISLATURE.

James W. Baldwin, representative from Clarksville and Pittsburg, is a Democrat. He was born in Barneston, Province of Quebec, June 2, 1846, and came in childhood, 1854, to Pittsburg, where he has since lived. He is a farmer, and with his brother, George W. Baldwin, owns a farm of fifteen hundred acres in the valley of the Connecticut and Indian Stream. He harvests one hundred and fifty tons of hay and one thousand bushels of grain. He has served two terms as selectman and several years as supervisor. He attends the Methodist Church, has a nice house pleasantly situated on the river-road, is of steady habits, good looking, unmarried, and in the market for an offer.

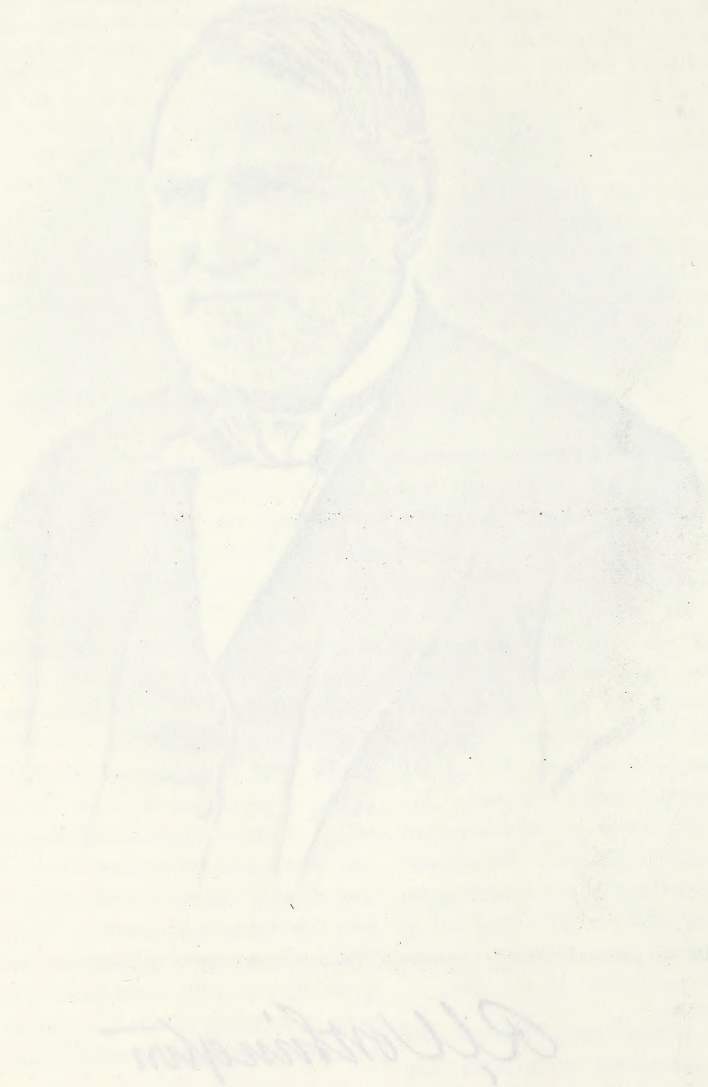
Sidney B. Whittemore, Democrat, of Colebrook, his native town, born July 21, 1839, married May 1, 1861, Emeline C. Corbett of Stewartstown, has a farm of two hundred and seventy-five acres, devoted chiefly to hay, grain, and potatoes. He has been six terms selectman, treasurer of Coos County two years, moderator, collector of taxes, and is serving his second term on the State Board of Agriculture. Until it was disbanded, he was captain of Company I, Third Regiment, N. H. N. G. He attends the Methodist Church, and is a Mason. Children, Albert F., born May 13, 1865; Everett S., born Oct. 29, 1874.

Mr. Whittemore is a descendant of (1) Rev. Aaron Whittemore of Pembroke; (2) Benjamin, of Salisbury; (3) John, who settled in Coos County in 1812, at the instigation of Daniel Webster, to care for his interests in Dixville; and of (4) Benjamin and Almira (Chandler) Whittemore, his parents. Benjamin Whittemore was a prominent man in town affairs, — for many years a selectman, a member of the Legislature several terms, and county commissioner.

Clark Stevens, Democrat, represents Stratford. Mr. Stevens was born in Maidstone, Vt., May 23, 1839; married Nov. 7, 1867, Mary S. Schoff of Stratford. He has been selectman of Stratford for three years. Mr. Stevens moved to New Hampshire in 1847;



R. L. Worthington



settled in Columbia. At the breaking-out of the Rebellion, he enlisted in Company F, Second N. H. V., served three years and two months; re-enlisted in First N. H. heavy artillery, Company I, promoted to second lieutenant, and served to June 25, 1865; forty-eight months in service. He was taken prisoner at the first battle of Bull Run, July 21, 1861. Exchanged after Donaldson. Six children, — Charles O., Julia E., Pearley C., Mary M., Alice, and Mabel; all at home. Mr. Stevens is engaged in the lumber business, and owns five hundred acres of land in four farms.

Mr. Stevens' great-grandfather, Isaac from Connecticut, was a soldier in the Revolution, went to Canada with Gen. Arnold, and on his return took up land and settled in Stratford; his grandfather Rich settled in Maidstone; Orson, the father, moved to Columbia. Mason, and attends Baptist Church. Mr. Stevens was wounded four times.

ROLAND WORTHINGTON.

COLLECTOR OF THE PORT OF BOSTON.

ROLAND WORTHINGTON, Collector of the Port of Boston, and the principal proprietor and editor of the Boston *Evening Traveller*, is one of the veteran figures of New England, and, indeed, of American journalism. He was born in Agawam, Massachusetts, September 22, 1817, and in the sixty-eighth year of his age is still in the full vigor of a well-preserved manhood, hale, hearty, and erect, and enters into the activities of business life with as much zest as ever.

His father was a sturdy, intelligent farmer, who took a lively interest in public affairs, and filled several of the town offices.

Collector Worthington received his education in the district schools of his native place, and after the manner of the farmers' sons of his boyhood days, graduated into the sterner school of work at the early age of twelve. From that time until he reached his twentieth year he was employed in various capacities, supporting and educating himself as he went along. In March, 1837, he went to Boston, and found employment in the counting-room of the *Daily Advertiser*. For six years he had the valuable experience of association with the business department of that paper, which, with Nathan Hale as its editor, was indisputably the leading daily of New England, both in point of enterprise and influence. So close had been Mr. Worthington's application to business that, in 1843, his health was seriously impaired, and, under advice, he sought its restoration by a trip abroad. He crossed the Atlantic, and made a journey up the Mediterranean, touching at various points, and enlarging his knowledge of Europe by actual observation. Returning to this country he then passed a winter at the South, where he acquired a practical insight into the political and social conditions of that section, which proved valuable to him as the great questions which culminated in the civil war developed themselves.

In June, 1845, having returned to Boston with fully-renewed health, Mr. Worthington took charge of the *Daily Evening Traveller*, and its history and his own have ever since been one and inseparable.

The *American Traveller* was launched on January 1, 1825, Royal L. Porter being its first editor. Later, the *Stage Register*, a journal which had for its

principal feature several columns of stage line advertisements, was incorporated with the *American Traveller*. With the issue of the new *Daily Evening Traveller*, the first number of which appeared on April 1, 1845, the *American Traveller* became its semi-weekly issue, and the *Stage Register* was transformed into the *Weekly Traveller*. This programme of publication is maintained to the present time, the *Boston Evening Traveller* (daily), the *American Traveller* (semi-weekly), and the *Weekly Traveller*, all being regularly issued in large and steadily-growing editions from the well-known Traveller Building, on the corner of State and Congress Streets, facing the Old State House — in many respects the most striking newspaper site in the city. The first number of the *Daily Evening Traveller* was a four-page sheet, about 14 x 20, bearing the imprint of Upton, Ladd, and Company as the publishers; but that firm very soon afterwards relinquished all connection with it. Its originators and first editors were Rev. George Punchard and Deacon Ferdinand Andrews. They projected it as a strictly Orthodox paper, devoted to the zealous advocacy of the temperance cause. Rev. Mr. Punchard was popularly spoken of as "the bishop of the Orthodox churches of New Hampshire," in which state he had been preaching with marked ability and power. Mr. Andrews, his associate, was a Deacon of the Pine Street Church. Together they set the moral and social standards of the *Traveller* high, and though they have both long since ceased their connection with it, and passed to their rest, the paper to this day is conspicuous for the respect with which it treats all religious and moral movements, its constant and vigorous advocacy of the temperance reform, and its careful exclusion of all matter that would give offence in the family circle. In this way it has steadily enjoyed, and still retains, the enviable distinction of being one of the cleanest newspapers in the country, and this, with its enterprise in the legitimate news field and the high order of literary work constantly displayed in its editoral columns, have secured it a warm welcome in thousands of the best homes of Boston, Massachusetts, and far and wide throughout New England. The credit of laying the basis of its permanent success as a vigorous, wide-awake, robust, daily journal belongs unquestionably to Mr. Worthington. He brought with him, from his experience on the *Advertiser*, a large fund of practical wisdom as a publisher, and a natural endowment of creative and originative faculty besides, which, from the date of his connection with the *Traveller* to the present writing, has been the dominating factor in its development.

Mr. Worthington's name is identified with some notable steps in the progress of journalism. The newspaper life of Boston, at the time he first entered it, was a very stately and slow-going affair. All the dailies of the Hub, save the *Mail* and *Times*, were six-penny sheets, and newsboys were not permitted to cry any of them for sale on the streets. Their very rigid ideas of what dignity required confined them to circulations acquired "by subscription only." In August, 1848, Daniel Webster was announced to address a meeting of his neighbors at Marshfield on the political issues of the hour. General Taylor had been for some time nominated for the Presidency, but the "God-like Daniel" had played the part of Achilles, "sulking in his tent." There was intense interest on the part of the people of the State, and of the whole country to hear what he would say

when he broke silence. Mr. Worthington saw his opportunity in connection with this event, and engaged Dr. James W. Stone, a well-known and expert stenographer of that time, to go to Marshfield and report Mr. Webster's address in full. To make sure the enterprise should not miscarry, the young publisher drove Dr. Stone himself to the scene of operations, secured the great expounder's personal co-operation in perfecting the *verbatim* report of his speech, and then drove the doctor with his notes back to Boston. Other reporters were there for the older dailies, but Mr. Worthington's push distanced them all, and early next morning a *Traveller* Extra was on the streets of Boston, and had an immense sale. Large editions were rapidly called for, and the newsboys of Boston cried it lustily all day long. The speech was that ever memorable one in which Webster described Taylor's nomination, in the now historic phrase, as one "not fit to be made." From the *Traveller's* report it was sent specially to the New York *Herald*, and from that time on till the organizing of the Press Association, the *Traveller* was the New York *Herald's* Boston correspondent. Still the prejudice of the older publishers against the crying of the newspapers by boys on the streets remained; and Mr. Worthington's innovation was regarded unfavorably, even by some of his own business associates. He was obliged to seek a personal interview with the President of the Eastern Railroad in order to obtain a permit for a boy to go upon the ferry-boat in the afternoon to sell his evening paper. He persisted in the innovation, however, and by another energetic stroke made it a permanent feature of the newspaper business. When the news of the French Revolution of 1848 and the dethronement of Louis Philippe arrived at New York, it was sent by telegraph to the Boston reading-room. The telegraph office, by a curious blunder, sent a copy of the despatch to the three Boston evening papers. Mr. Worthington saw instantly the importance of the news, though its value seems to have escaped immediate observation in the offices of his rivals. He ran off *Traveller* Extras as quickly as his press facilities would allow, and his press-room was kept at the high-pressure point of activity until late in the evening, satisfying the demand for this startling piece of foreign intelligence. The newsboys' cries of '*Traveller* Extra,' 'Revolution in France,' 'Fall of Louis Phillipe,' '*Traveller* Extra,' were heard on every great thoroughfare, and from that moment the day of newspaper sales "by subscription only" was gone by. The dispatch which the *Traveller* thus used to such advantage is said to have been the first sent over the telegraph wires from New York that was ever published in Boston.

Another feature of newspaper offices, which is now stereotyped by general use, but the iniatition of which in Boston belongs also to Mr. Worthington, is the staring placards, or bulletins, giving the brief heads of the latest news of the day. In passing it may be said that the *Traveller's* present daily-painted bulletins, in blue and red, are commonly remarked upon as at once the clearest and most ornamental exhibited in front of any newspaper office in the city, and at any time of the day, when stirring news is coming over the wires, a large crowd is sure to be found flocking to them. They are the work of Mr. William H. Webster, the cashier and confidential clerk of Mr. Worthington, who has been in the *Traveller's* counting-room for twenty years, and whose skill in rapid and clear lettering is best

seen, perhaps, upon an election night, State or National, when his swiftly and boldly-drawn bulletins, short, crisp, and legible as print, are read by admiring thousands, who invariably pack the large square in front of the Old State House.

The *Traveller's* first publication office was at No. 47 Court Street. In April, 1852, its home was removed to the Old State House, and later it was established on its present advantageous and commanding site, in the large and convenient Traveller Building, which has recently become the property of Mr. Worthington.

The paper enjoys a deservedly high character for political courage and consistency. This is due, beyond question, to the positiveness of views on all public questions which has been a strong personal trait of its manager. Mr. Worthington was one of the earliest of the Free Soilers of Massachusetts, and is remembered by all the survivors of "the men of '48," as a staunch and steadfast member of the little band of men who at that early date foresaw and welcomed the conflict with the slave power, and who were in fact the advance guard of the great Republican party, which was twelve years later to take the destiny of the nation into its keeping. When the Republican party was organized, Mr. Worthington, in common with his brother Free-Soilers, at once joined it, and carried his paper with him, though this last step cost him a conflict of opinion with Editor Andrews, who was strongly disposed to follow the lead of Daniel Webster's famous speech of the seventh of March, 1852. It was wholly due to Mr. Worthington's inflexible attachment to the Free-Soil idea that Mr. Andrews's views were overruled and the *Traveller* held true to the policy which has ever since made it one of the most fearless and ablest exponents of the Republican creed. At Mr. Worthington's instance the brilliant Manton Marble, who later became nationally distinguished as the editor of the New York *World*, then took the managing editorship of the *Traveller*. Young Marble was then only in his twenty-second year, but he filled the positon with signal ability until Samuel Bowles, who became famous later as the founder of the *Springfield Republican*, joined the paper in 1857. Mr. Marble and Mr. Bowles could not work in the harness together and the former left for a broader field of labor in New York. Mr. Bowles became the managing editor of the *Traveller* on the thirteenth of April, 1857, and threw up the position on the tenth of August following. His connection with the paper was brief and brilliant, but, for Mr. Worthington, very costly and all but fatal. Mr. Bowles entered upon the project of uniting the *Atlas*, the *Bee*, and the *Chronicle*, with the *Evening Traveller* and founding upon the consolidation a great quarto, modelled after the New York *Tribune*, to be supported by the highest literary talent, and to be first-class in every respect. Mr. Bowles failed utterly, and, soured by his failure, he left his post and started for Springfield without giving any notice to his colleagues, leaving Mr. Worthington in the lurch to struggle out of the quagmire of debt into which his Quixotic editorial management had conducted the concern. Mr. Bowles was succeeded as managing editor by Mr. Joseph B. Morss, who put into its columns many years of solid and effective work. The war for the Union came and the price of the paper was advanced to four cents, and later to five cents a copy. The *Traveller* showed great enterprise in the collection and publication of war news, and,

in common with all the other wide-awake newspapers of that period, made rapid strides in circulation in consequence. Mr. Reuben Crooke followed Mr. Morss as managing editor of the paper, under Mr. Worthington's direction. An indefatigable worker, a ready and well-informed writer, and a man who carried his conscience into all his editoral labors. Mr. Crooke well sustained the *Traveller's* reputation as a champion of sturdy Republicanism in politics, and kept it on the right side in all the moral reform movements of the time. He still remains with the paper as its first associate-editor. Mr. James.W. Clarke followed him as the *Traveller's* managing editor in 1879. Mr. Clarke is recognized by his brother journalists as wielding a pen of rare facility and brilliance; in the line of political writing, his articles have a vigor and force and, when occasion offers, a humorous and caustic quality which have won for the *Traveller* a host of new friends and admirers, and confirmed the high favor in which it has so long been held by Republican readers.

The *Traveller* has shown a truly remarkable foresight in discussing the political situations of the past few years. It seems to have divined, as if by intuition, the safe and the sagacious course for its party to take, and its counsels, not always taken, have been well-nigh invariably verified by the events. In 1860 it was the first paper to suggest, as the successor of Governor Banks, the man who became the great war governor of the Commonwealth. When Governor Talbot's declination to accept a renomination in 1879 necessitated the choice of a new standard bearer against the formidable candidacy of General Butler, the *Traveller* brought forward the name of Honorable John D. Long. Against the united and strenuous opposition of the other Republican dailies of Boston it urged Mr. Long's nomination upon the Convention, and he was nominated and elected. In 1882 it warned its party against the nomination of Mr. Bishop, and urged the selection of Mr. Crapo as the opponent that year of General Butler. The party disregarded its advice, and went to defeat as it had presaged. In 1883 again, against every other Republican paper in Boston, it insisted that Honorable George D. Robinson was the wisest nomination that could be made against Governor Butler, basing its argument on the claim, which it repeated over and over again, that necessarily Governor Butler must be met on the stump and talked down before the people, and that Mr. Robinson was emphatically the man for that service. The party came near to making another nomination, but at the eleventh hour the *Traveller's* advice was taken, Mr. Robinson was nominated, and in the campaign which followed Governor Butler was beaten — exactly as the *Traveller* had said he would be — by Mr. Robinson's contest with him on the stump. In the larger field of national politics the paper has shown the same intelligence and insight. A strong and consistent exponent of the radical or stalwart type of Republicanism, it, nevertheless, counselled the party with great earnestness against the continuance of the faction fight precipitated in 1880–81 between the Grant–Conkling and Blaine–Garfield wings. Again and again it foretold the national overthrow of Republicanism if the feud was kept up. In the event of last November its wisdom in this regard was fully borne out. When the Chicago Convention was about to meet in June last the *Traveller* appealed most earnestly to the New England delegates to join the Arthur

column early and secure the defeat of Mr. Blaine, whose candidacy it plainly intimated would, in its belief, be perilous to the party at the polls. Over and over again it warned the Massachusetts delegation that the Edmunds movement was farcical, because it had no chance of success, and recorded its opinion that, if it was persisted in, Mr. Blaine's nomination would be secured on the second or third ballot at the latest. In all these forecasts the *Traveller* proved to be absolutely correct. The Edmunds movement proved to be utterly barren of result, Mr. Blaine was nominated on the second ballot as the direct result of the action of Massachusetts, and in the end, as it had feared, Mr. Blaine and the party suffered national defeat. This is a remarkable record of politcal far-sightedness, and the credit of it belongs to Mr. Worthington, who has, at all the turning-points of affairs, laid down its course, and inspired its utterance. A keen and close observer of the current of public affairs, with a strong faculty for perceiving the practical points in a political situation, his judgment has given the paper this singular pre-eminence as a sound and safe political guide. Although writing but little himself he is a very ready and correct critic of good writing, and has always drawn around him, by an instinctive appreciation of literary talent, an editorial corps of capable and accomplished writers. Always a warm admirer of Honorable Chester A. Arthur, he sturdily championed him against the hostile criticism of the so-called half-breed presses, at the time of his nomination for the Vice-Presidency. When President Garfield's death was announced Mr. Worthington promptly undertook to correct the prejudice created against the new President in the public mind by the same presses, and the *Traveller's* predictions of a conservative, capable, and patriotic administration by Mr. Arthur were abundantly realized in the three years which followed. Without solicitation President Arthur tendered to Mr. Worthington the office of Collector of the Port, in April, 1882. A bitter opposition was made to his confirmation by Senator Hoar, purely on political grounds, but the appointment was confirmed by a very large majority, and even those who then opposed it now concede that he has proved a most efficient Collector, has conducted the business of the office with an eye single to the service of the government and the business community which has to do with the Custom House, and has never allowed partisan considerations to interfere with the managment of the large force of employes under his orders. It is doubtful, indeed, if true civil-service reform has been carried out more perfectly in any government office in the country than at the Boston Custom House under Collector Worthington. His term expires in May, 1886. When he retires the United States government will lose an excellent officer, but the *Boston Traveller* will have to be congratulated on regaining the full benefit of the undivided energies and attention of the man who laid the basis of its prosperity so securely, and who has given it the masterly managment which has made it what it is.

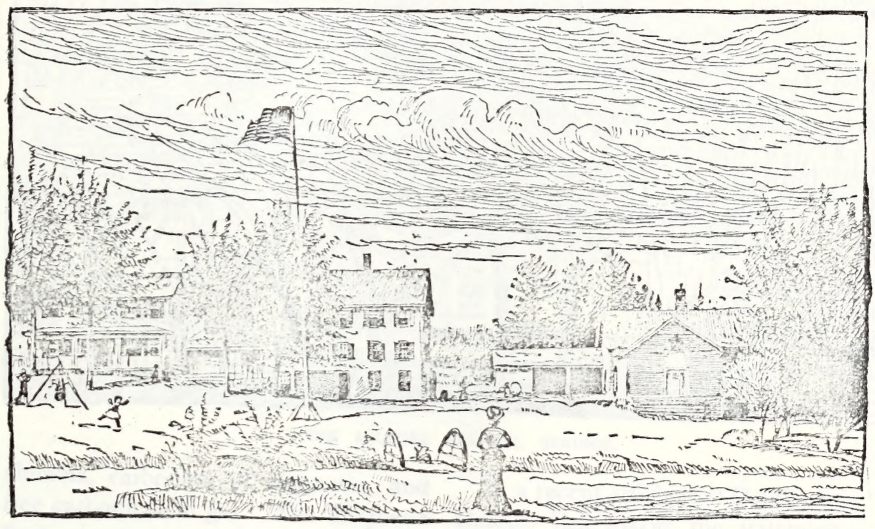
MILFORD SPRINGS,

MILFORD, N.H.

THE MILFORD SPRINGS are situated in the south-east section of the town of Milford, Hillsborough County, New Hampshire, about ten miles north-west of Nashua.

Early in the present century the valuable medicinal qualities of the waters from the Milford Springs became widely known from the many remarkable cures effected by their use. The original discovery has been attributed, by well-authenticated tradition, to Ebenezer Sargent, who, in the year 1818, guided by a dream or vision of his dying son, commenced to dig for the health-giving fountain. At the depth of ten feet a living spring was disclosed, from which, for three quarters of a century, the healing waters have poured in a copious and never-failing stream. In this prosaic age it seems almost necessary to apologize for dreams and visions; but, without attempting to prove that they are of supernatural or Divine origin, it is a fact that many discoveries as well as inventions have been made when the dreamer was asleep, — when the mind, freed from bodily pains and mental cares, seemed to have a clearer vision, or operated by a sense unused and valueless in waking-moments.

It is a matter of fact that the value of the waters had to be discovered, and that they were known very widely nearly seventy years ago. It is only of late years, however, that science has lent its aid to analyze the water, and demonstrate its curative properties. The most noticeable feature of the water from these springs is its almost absolute purity. The most careful analysis of the water from the various springs disclose the presence of less than six grains of mineral matter to



THE OLD MILFORD SPRINGS HOUSE AND STABLES.



the gallon, and the absence of all impurities. Shortly after the first discovery several springs became known to the owner, distinguished each from the other by some peculiarity. Perhaps the best known of these is the Ponemah, which contains silica, oxide of iron, carbonate of lime, carbonate of soda, sulphate of soda, sulphate of potash, chloride of sodium, and magnesia. The Iron Spring contains sulphate of iron, sulphate of soda, sodium

pilgrimages were made from great distances, and wonderful cures were reported. The owner of the property was offered a munificent sum for the land on which the springs were situated, but could not be induced to dispose of it for many years. The neighboring farmers reaped a harvest in entertaining the numerous visitors, and their accommodations were taxed to the utmost. In course of time an inn was built, and at once it became a popular resort.



THE MILFORD MINERAL SPRINGS.

alumina, carbonate of magnesia, and free carbonic-acid gas. The Magnesia Spring contains sulphate of iron, sulphate of magnesia, sulphate of lime soluble, carbonate of lime, a trace of silica, and chloride of sodium. The old Milford Spring contains sulphate of soda, silica, sulphate of potash, chloride of sodium, and sulphate of iron.

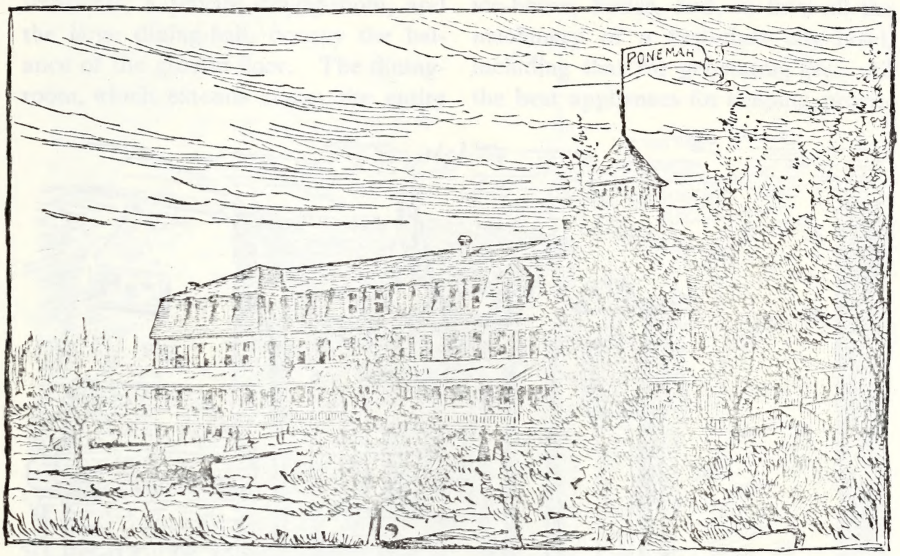
A few words about the past history of the springs may be of general interest. Soon after the discovery of the value of the water, their fame spread to distant sections of our land, and many

In a recent article in "The Century," George Iles makes the statement, — "Hotels in America are the best and most splendid in the world." His further statement, that "New York has the best hotels in America," will not be accepted so unreservedly; for New York hotels have a pretentious rival for supremacy in excellence in The Brunswick, — one of the hotel palaces of Boston. Under the management of Messrs. Amos Barnes and John W. Dunklee, this magnificent hotel has acquired a world-wide reputation.



A number of years ago the Milford Springs property came into possession of Messrs. Barnes and Dunklee, and they conceived the idea of building a summer hotel which should be a model of its class. The Hotel Ponemah is the result.

To reach the hotel, the traveller from Boston should take the cars at the Lowell Depot. After a ride of a little over an hour through Lowell and Nashua, he should alight at Amherst station, where he will find in waiting a Concord coach to carry him to his destination, nearly two miles away. The road is mostly up-hill; and, as the coach lumbers along, one obtains a succession of pleasant rustic views of orchard and hay-field, and glimpses into the forest which encroaches on the highway.



HOTEL PONEMAH.

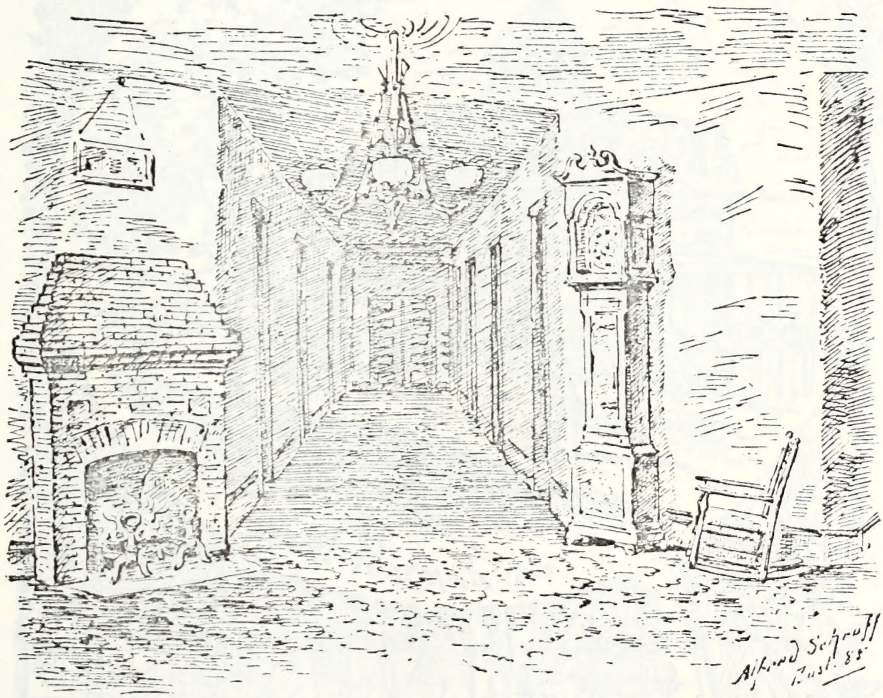
"We had the pleasure of being surprised," wrote a correspondent of "The Boston Home Journal," "as we emerged from the screen of the orchards, and saw the handsome house above us. From an architectural point of view it is very plain, but in the best of taste; being about 175 x 50, surrounded by an unbroken covered piazza thirteen feet wide. A picturesque attractiveness is gained by painting the roof of the piazza, the window-caps, and the mansard roof, red; which contrasts well with the light-brown color used on the rest of the building.

"The main entrance is from the road, where the piazza is but a few feet above its level; though at the next corner it is full twelve feet above the hillside, and requires a long flight of steps to the pathway down the hill. This broad flight of steps, prettily railed, is an effective addition to the exterior of the house. The front door opens into a wide corridor and public office. On one side of the entrance is the reception-room, cheerily carpeted in red, and with an open fireplace in case of unseasonable weather. From this opens the parlor, a long room, with its lace-curtained windows and fashionable appointments resembling more nearly



what it should be, — the social pivot for the guests, rather than the gathering-place of a country tavern. On the opposite side of the corridor is that room of doubtful use, always dubbed 'gentlemen's reading-room.' The office, a wide, airy room, is made conspicuous by its open brick fireplace and andirons, and its tall clock, which doesn't stand half-way up stairs, but right at their foot. A few desirable rooms for transients, a private dining-room, and the large dining-hall, occupy the balance of the ground-floor. The dining-room, which extends across the entire breadth of the building, and is entered by double doors at the end of the hall, has large windows on three sides, each of which commands a view as truly rural as if spread before the dairy-window of a farmhouse. Two open fireplaces give the room an air of elegance, to which the small tables with handsome table-linen and perfect appointments add. The serving-room opens directly from one corner of this room, and a stairway leads thence into the kitchen. All the modern appliances for quick and good service are employed.

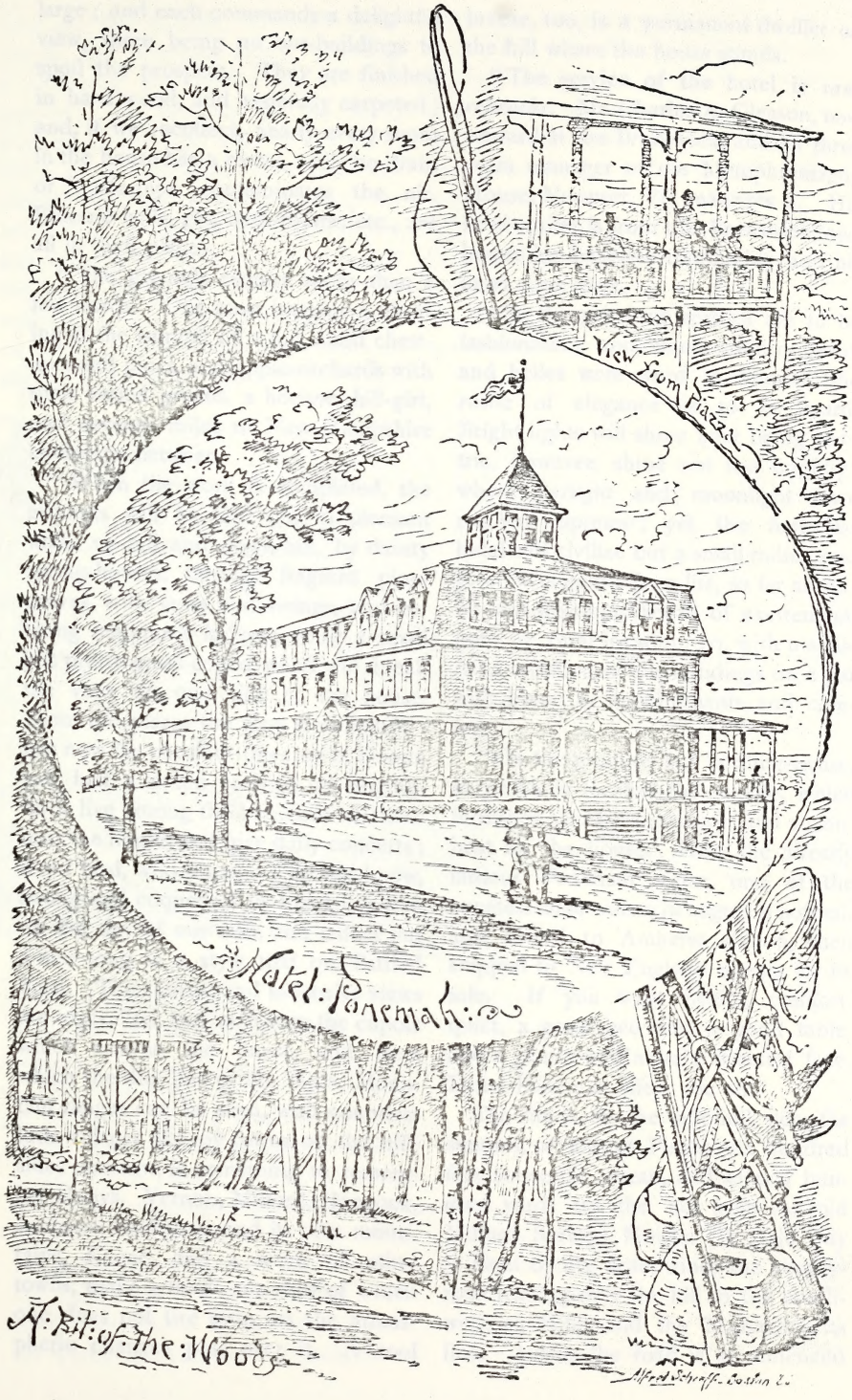
"The basement is occupied by the nurses' dining-room, billiard-room, barber-shop, kitchen, dish-washing room, help's dining-room, closets, storerooms, ice-house, larder, and, in fact, all the machinery of a first-class city hotel, including that for generating gas. All the best appliances for keeping provisions, cooking and serving them, are there.



INTERIOR OF HOTEL PONEMAH.

"One of the most delightful things in the hotel is its hallways: they are broad as rooms, well lighted, and carpeted tastefully, with open fireplaces and chandeliers. The chambers are all




View from Piazza
Hotel Pomeroy
A Bit of the Woods
Alfred Schaff - Boston &c



large; and each commands a delightful view, there being no out-buildings to spoil the prospect. They are finished in hard wood, and tastefully carpeted; and, if we recollect, nearly every room in the house has a closet, while no drain or waste-pipe contaminates the air. Electric bells, gas, bath-rooms, etc., are all in their places.

"The grounds require more than a few words. One must imagine a clearing at the summit of a hill, amid chestnuts and pines, and apple-orchards with their varied greens, a horizon hill-girt, and seventy miles of New-Hampshire landscape between.

"When the work is completed, the grounds will be laid out in pleasant walks up-hill and down-hill, by dainty spring-houses, through fragrant pine-groves, with seats and swings, and enticing hammock lodges; while a small but pretty grass-edged pond will break the view on one side of the house. From the piazza the view is delightful: just now the chestnut-trees are in bloom, and half a dozen varieties of singing-birds live among the branches of those near the house, and give daily concerts; a red bird, whose name I do not know, swung and coquetted in the apple-tree on the day of our visit, and trilled out a new song in a style that out-Pattied Patti. The sunrise and moonrise views are unrivalled, and seen from the cupola which crowns the house, and from which the dim line of the White Mountain ranges can be seen, with countless little villages like toy towns on the hill-sides between, is something to remember always. Vernon, Milford, Hancock, Amherst, Goffstown and its twin mountains, Keene, and a score of other towns, make a bird's-eye view of which one does not tire soon, as the atmospheric changes pass over it. A cool breeze, too, is a permanent dweller on the hill where the house stands.

"The service of the hotel is *sans reproche*. Mr. Charles A. Gleason, now steward at the Brunswick, and for three years manager of the Memphremagog House, Newport, Vt., manages it. His head-waiter is from the Brunswick, and knows his business thoroughly, and his head cook *ditto*.

"So the primitive springs are to be fashionable; and, where country beaux and belles were wont to saunter, the rustle of elegance is to be heard. Bright lights will shine (not being electric, however, shine not too brightly) where starlight and moonlight have reigned supreme; yet the first-class hotel will civilize but a small radius, and give to its guests farm-life, so far as out-of-door freedom, dearth of excitement, pure air, rural location, go, with a satisfying addition of surroundings on a par with home in appointments and comfort.

"On the grounds is a bottling-house, in which is located the engine, which furnishes also forcing-power and steam-heat for the house. Here the already famous Ponemah water, one of the sweetest table-waters in vogue, is bottled, and carted to Amherst station, then shipped to New England agents for its sale. If you want health, comfort, quiet, a good bed and a good table, and a glance at Nature's sweetest face, Hotel Ponemah offers you all."

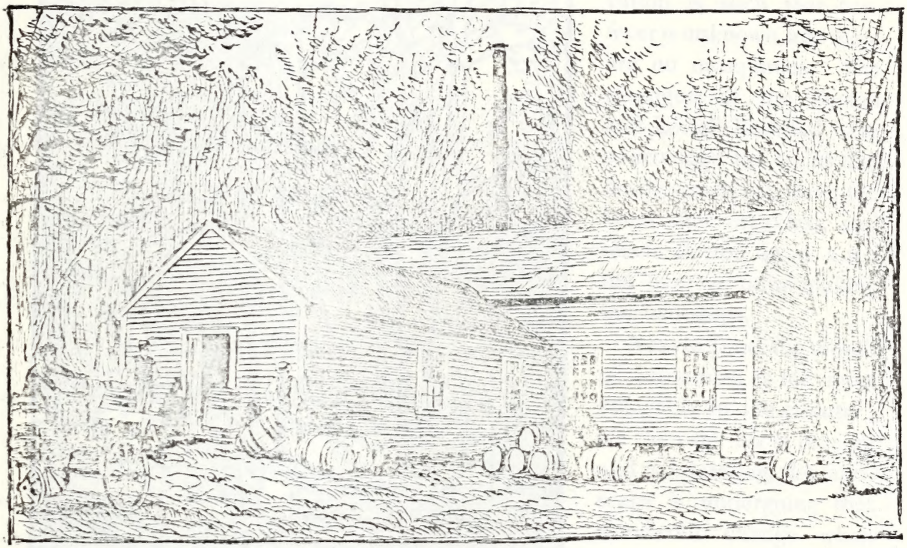
The site is on the side-hill, near the summit, of Mount Pisgah, six hundred feet above the ocean, and several hundred yards up the hill from the old Milford Springs House. A little way in front of the hotel winds the county-road leading over the hill to the south-west, to Hillis and the Massachusetts line. Across the road is an unfenced

field on the hillside, bounded by a maple and chestnut forest, affording a charming and restful bit of rural scenery. To the rear of the hotel, from which the land falls rapidly away, there is an extended view half-way around the horizon, unsurpassed for loveliness. In the foreground, at one's feet, is the grove in which are enshrined the health-giving fountains. Over the tree-tops can be seen a wide expanse of hill and valley, woods and cultivated fields, church-spires and farm-buildings, bounded in the distance by the outline of hill and mountain in adjoining counties.

The hotel itself was built to conform to the ideas of the proprietors. The hotel is really of four full stories, although apparently of three. The first story, or basement, is artfully concealed by a wide piazza: it is a model in its way, and is under the supervision of "artists" from the Brunswick. The first floor is entirely surrounded by a wide veranda, on which are disposed a hundred of John Rogers' antique chairs and settees. On this floor are the offices, parlors, dining-room, and hall. On the floors above are spacious guest-chambers; every one receiving sunlight sometime during the day, and each commanding a beautiful prospect.

So thoughtful were the proprietors in planning this hotel, that they have escaped the nuisance of flies in the day-time; and open windows give ingress only to pure mountain air.

The house is under the immediate management of Mr. Charles A. Gleason, steward at the Brunswick; and, as a matter of course, the service is unexceptionable.



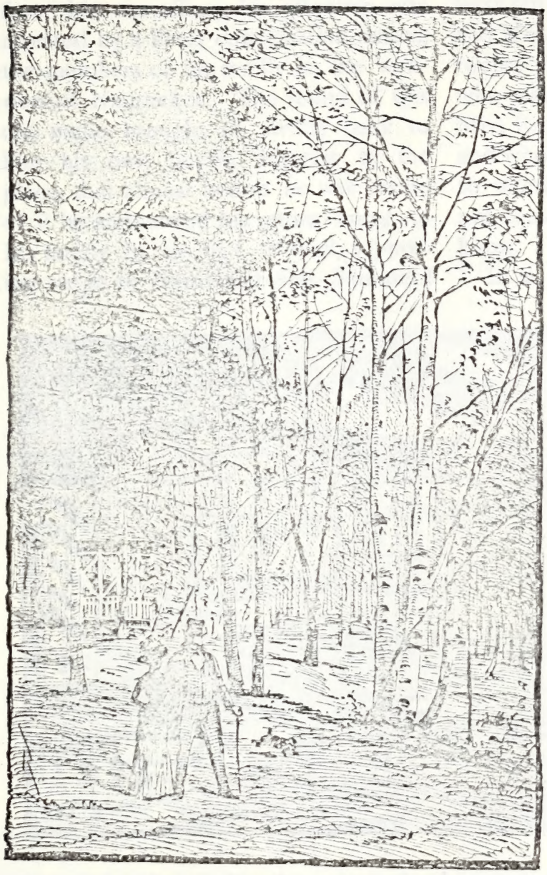
BOTTLING-HOUSE.

The object of this article is not, primarily, the description of the hotel, but rather to call public attention to the water of Milford Springs, — more especially the water from the PONEMAH SPRING.

The Milford Springs Company have every convenience for bottling the water, and offer it to the public, not only on account of its medicinal qual-



ities, but for its excellence as a pure spring-water for table-use. The Company already have wholesale agents in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Cincinnati; and the demand is steadily increasing.



THE PONEMAH SPRING.

A chemical analysis of the "Ponemah" water by John M. Ordway of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, gives the following results: —

"Silica	1.2400
Oxide of iron	.0860
Carbonate of lime	.3416
Carbonate of soda	.2392
Sulphate of potash	.0677
Chloride of sodium	.1955
Magnesia (trace).	
Water, etc.	.4800
Total per gallon	3.033 grs.

"This is therefore one of the purest of spring-waters; and I do not see that any water could be better for every-day table-use than this, as it comes from a spring highly charged with carbonic-acid gas."

The Ponemah Spring water will become celebrated, and must find a ready sale, in years to come, throughout the United States. As a tonic it must become very popular.

The Hotel Ponemah[1] opens in June, and closes late in October. The elevation is such that hay-fever is unknown, and there are no mosquitoes. The managers of the Boston and Lowell Railroad have so arranged the trains that businessmen can leave the hotel after breakfast, and reach Boston by 9 A.M.; the express train making but two stops.

Next to June, the month of September is the most enjoyable in the country; for then the air is bracing and exhilarating, the landscape is undergoing that wonderful change when the forest assumes the most gorgeous of colors, and the cheerful fire on the hearth gives radiance to the rooms.

As a matter of course, the best way to test the virtues of the Milford Springs is to try their efficacy, surrounded by the many comforts afforded by Hotel Ponemah. Aside from the approach by railroad, it should be remembered that Hotel Ponemah can be reached from any part of New England by carriage-roads, which, in the immediate vicinity, are unrivalled for excellence.

[1] The post-office and telegraph address of Hotel Ponemah is "Amherst Station, N.H."

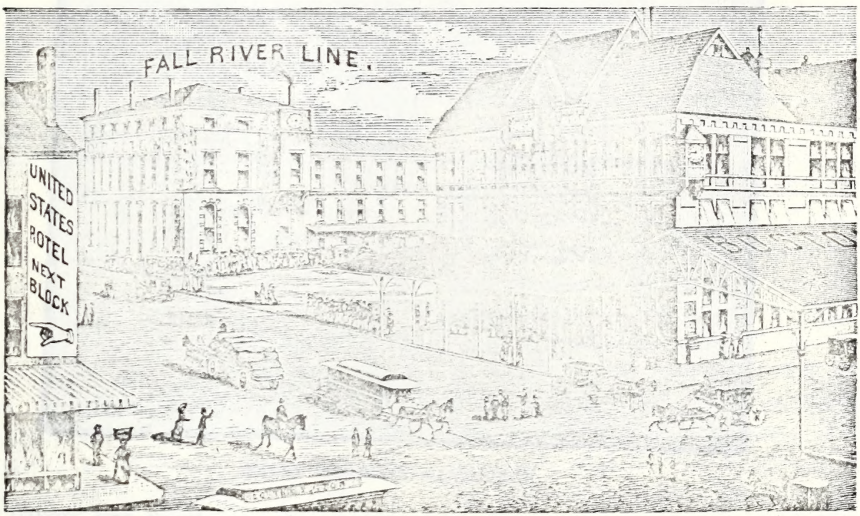


TEN DAYS IN NANTUCKET.

ONE night, in the early part of July, 1883, as the successful real-estate broker, Mr. Gordon, returned to his home from his city-office, his attention was arrested by a lively conversation among the members of his family on the wonders of Nantucket. The sound of this old name brought so vividly back to him his own boyish interest in the place, that almost before he was aware of it he announced his return home to his family by saying: "Well, supposing we go to Nantucket this Summer! It is thirty-four miles from main-land and so free from malaria, there is no better place for fishing and sailing, and there would be a mental interest in looking around the island which would be instructive and delightful, and, perhaps, profitable for me, from a business point of view."

Mrs. Gordon, who had of late years developed a keen interest for the historic and antique, immediately seconded her husband in his suggestion; and before the evening closed a letter was sent to Nantucket asking for necessary information as to a boarding place there, for at least ten days, for a party of five — Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, their daughter Bessie, twenty years of age, their son Tom, fifteen years, and a favorite cousin of theirs, Miss Ray, who was then visiting them, and whose purse, as Mr. Gordon had so often practically remembered, was not equal to her desire to see and to know.

In a few days satisfactory arrangements were made which ended in their all leaving the Old Colony depot, Boston, in the half-past twelve train, for Woods Holl, where they arrived in two hours and a half; from that place they took the steamer for a nearly three hours' sail to Nantucket, only to stop for a few moments at Martha's Vineyard.



While they were thus ploughing their way on the mighty deep, Nantucket's famous crier, "Billy" Clark, had climbed to his position in the tower of the Uni-



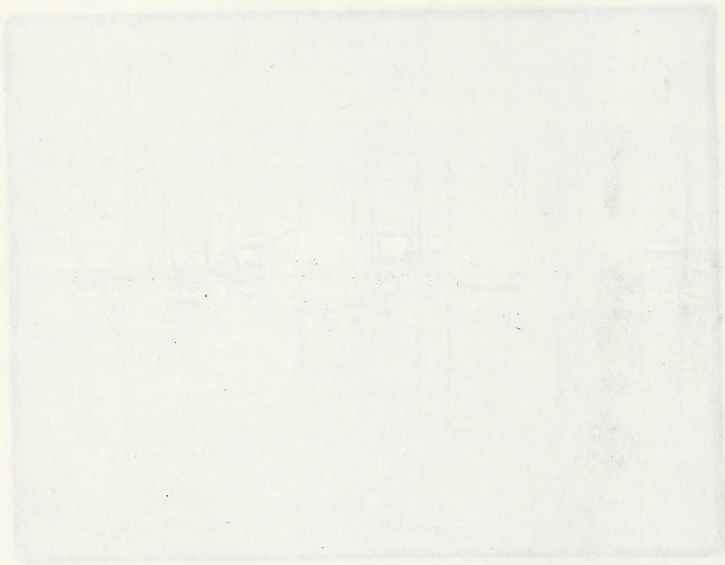
tarian Church of the town — as had been his daily custom for years — spy-glass in hand, to see the steamer when she should come in sight. Between five and six o'clock, the repeated blowing of the horn from the tower announced to the people his success, and became the signal for them to make ready to receive those who should come to their shores. Just before seven o'clock the steamer arrived. While she was being fastened to the wharf, Tom was attracted by this same "Billy," who, having received the daily papers, was running up the wharf toward the town, ringing his bell and crying out the number of passengers on board, and other important news, which Tom failed to hear in the noise of the crowd. A few minutes' walk brought the party to their boarding-place. When Mrs. Gordon spied the soft, crayon likeness of Benjamin Franklin on the wall, as she stepped into the house, her historical pulse quickened to such an extent that she then and there determined to hunt up more about the Folgers, for was not Benjamin Franklin's mother a Folger and born on this island? Then as she saw about her some old portraits and copies of the masters, and, above all, a copy of Murillo's Immaculate Conception in the dining-room, she was sure that the atmosphere of her new quarters would be conducive to her happiness and growth.

The others saw the pictures, but they appreciated more fully, just then, the delicious blue-fish which was on hand to appease their hunger.



EARLY MORNING. NANTUCKET.

After a night of restful sleep, such as Nantucket is noted for giving, they all arose early to greet a beautiful morning, which they used, partly for a stroll around the town. Of course, they all registered at the Registry Agency on Orange Street, where Mr. Godfrey, who had entertained them by his interesting guide-book on Nantucket, gave them a kind welcome. Then they walked along the Main Street, noticing the bank, built in 1818, and passed some quaint old houses with their gables,



roofs, and sides, all finished alike, which Burdette has described as "being shingled, shangled, shongled, and shungled." Tom was struck with the little railings which crowned so many of the houses; and which, since the old fishing day's prosperity did not call the people on the house-tops to watch anxiously for the expected ships, were now more ornamental than useful. They passed at the corner of Ray's Court a sycamore tree, the largest and oldest on the island, and soon halted at the neat Soldiers' Monument, so suggestive of the patriotic valor of the island-people. Later, they found on Winter Street the Coffin School-house,— a brick building with two white pillars in front and a white cupola, — which was back from the street, behind some shade trees, and surrounded by an iron fence. As they looked at it Miss Ray read aloud the words inscribed on the front:

FOUNDED 1827 BY
ADMIRAL SIR ISAAC COFFIN BART.
ERECTED
1852.

They were also interested to see near by, a large white building, known as the High School-house. As they neared home, Tom's eyes noticed the sign of a Nantucket birds' exhibition and a visit to that place was made.

During the walk, Mrs. Gordon had been particularly interested in the large cobble-stones which the uneven streets supported in addition to the green grass, and also the peculiar Nantucket cart, with its step behind.

On their return to their boarding-place, they joined a party that had been formed to go to the Cliff, a sandy bluff about a mile north from the town, where they were told was to be found the best still-water bathing on the island. Soon they were all on the yacht "Dauntless," which hourly plied between the two places; in twenty minutes they were landed at the Cliff; and fifteen minutes later they were all revelling in the warm, refreshing water. Bessie declared that in all her large bathing experience on the north shore she had never enjoyed anything like this. Miss Ray felt that here in this warm, still water was her opportunity to learn to swim so she accepted the kind teaching of a friend; but, alas, her efforts savored more of hard work to plough up the Atlantic ocean than of the delightful pleasure of acquiring knowledge for some possible future use. While Miss Ray was thus struggling with the ocean, and Bessie, and Tom were sporting like two fish — for both were at home in the water — Mr. Gordon was looking around the Cliff with his business eye wide open. As he walked along the road back from the shore, and saw the fine views which it afforded him, he admired the judgment of Eastman Johnson, the artist, in building his summer house and studio there. A little farther on, upon the Bluffs, the highest point on the island, he noted the house of Charles O'Connor with the little brick building close by for his library; and he decided that an island which could give such physical benefit as this was said to have given to Mr. O'Connor, would not be a bad one in which to invest. So the value of the Cliff or Bluffs was jotted down in his note-book for future use.

At the same time that Mr. Gordon was exploring the land, Mrs. Gordon was in the office of two gallant young civil engineers, exploring the harbor. In fact, she was studying a map of the surroundings of the harbor which these young men had made to aid them in their work of building a jetty from Brant Point to the bell-buoy. As she

examined it, she found it hard to believe that Nantucket had ever stood next to Boston and Salem, as the third commercial town in the commonwealth. She sympathized deeply with the people of the years gone by who had been obliged to struggle with such a looking harbor as the map revealed, and said that she should go home to learn more of the "Camels," which she honored more than ever. When they told her that probably three years more than the two that had been given to the work were needed to finish the jetty, and that there was a slight possibility that another one would be needed for the best improvement of the harbor, she thought her interest in the matter could be better kept alive if she should hunt up her old trigonometry and learn that all over again! With this idea she left the young men, whose kindness to her she fully appreciated, and went to find her party. She soon found, on the yacht ready to go back to town, all but Miss Ray; she had chosen to take one of the many carriages which she had noticed were constantly taking passengers back and forth from the town to the Cliff, at the rate of ten cents a piece.

Later in the afternoon, their attention was arrested by another one of the town-criers — Tom had learned that there were three in the town — who was crying out that a meat-auction would be held that night at half past six o'clock. When they were told that these meat-auctions had been the custom of the town for years, they were anxious to attend one; but another engagement at that hour prevented their so doing, much to Tom's regret.

The next day was Sunday. As Bessie and Tom were anxious to see all of the nine churches of which they had read, they were, at first, in doubt where to go; whereas their mother had no questions whatever, since she had settled in her own mind, after having reduced all sects to the Episcopal and the Roman Catholic, that the Episcopal Church was the true historic one, and therefore, the only one for her personal interest, that she should go to the St. Paul's on Fair street. Mr. Gordon usually went to church with his wife, although he often felt that the simplicity of the early apostolic days was found more in the Congregational form of worship. This day he yielded to Tom's desire to go to the square-steepled Congregational Church on Centre Street, to hear Miss Baker, who had been preaching to the congregation for three years. He entered the church with some prejudice; but soon he became so much interested in the good sermon that he really forgot that the preacher was a woman! Miss Ray and Bessie went to the Unitarian Church on Orange Street, to which the beautiful-toned Spanish bell invited them. After an interesting service, on their way out they met Tom who wished to look into the pillared church of the Methodists, near the bank, and also into the "Ave Maria" on Federal street, where the Roman Catholics worshipped. Miss Ray, being anxious to attend a Friends' meeting in their little meeting-house on Fair street, decided to do so the following Sunday, if she was in town; while Bessie said that she should hunt up then the two Baptist churches, the one on Summer Street, and the other, particularly for the colored people, on Pleasant street. Their surprise that a town of a little less than four thousand inhabitants should contain so many churches was modified somewhat when they remembered that once, in 1840, the number of inhabitants was nearly ten thousand.

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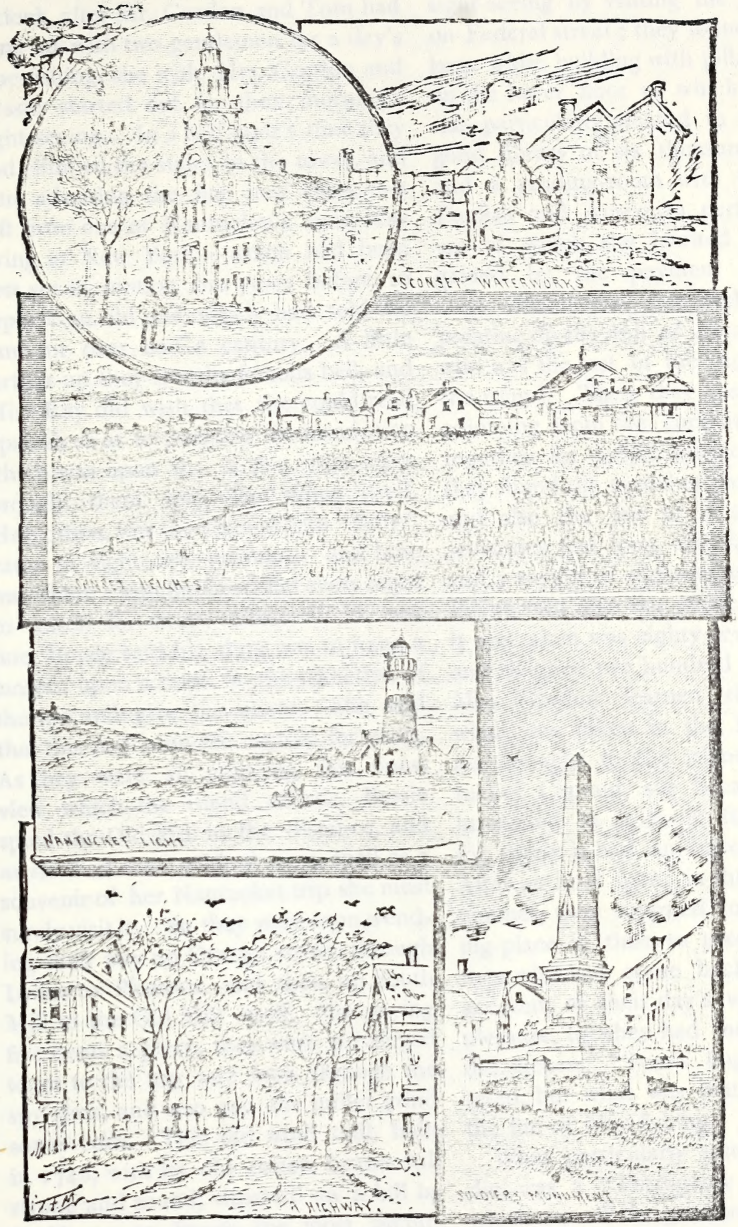
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some of the burying-grounds of the town, six of which were now in use. The sight of so many unnamed graves in the Friends' cemetery at the head of Main Street, saddened Miss Ray; and she was glad to see the neat little slabs which of late years had marked the graves of their departed ones. They strolled around the Prospect Hill, or Unitarian cemetery near by, and wished to go into the Catholic one on the same street; but as Mrs. Gordon was anxious to see some of the old head-stones and epitaphs in the North burying-ground on North Liberty Street, and their time was limited, they went there instead. When Tom saw her delight as she read on the old stones the dates of 1770, 1772, and some even earlier, he said that she must go out to the ancient burial ground on the hill near the water-works and see the grave of John Gardner, Esq., who was buried there in 1706. As he said this, one of the public carriages happened to be within sight and she proposed that they take it and go immediately to that sacred spot. When they arrived there, her historic imagination knew no bounds; her soliloquy partook of the sentiment — in kind only, not in degree — which inspired Mark Twain when he wept over the grave of Adam. In the meanwhile, Mr. Gordon had gone to the Wannacomet Water-works which supplied the town with pure water from the old Washing pond. He there noted in his note-book that this important movement in the town's welfare was another reason why investment in the island would be desirable.

As they started to go back to town from the burial-ground, Tom wished that they could drive to the south-west suburbs, to see the South and also the colored burying-grounds, for he should feel better satisfied if he could see everything of a kind that there was! But Mrs. Gordon had seen enough for one day and so they drove to their boarding-house instead.

The ringing of the sweet-toned church bell the next morning at seven o'clock reminded Miss Ray of her desire to visit the tower which contained it. She had noticed how it rang out three times during the day, at seven, twelve, and nine o'clock, and, for the quiet Nantucket town, she hoped that the old custom would never be dropped. And then this bell had a peculiar attraction for her, for it was like the one which was on her own church in Boston, the new Old South. She had been greatly interested in reading that this "Old Spanish Bell," as it was called, was brought from Lisbon in 1812; that it was stored in a cellar for three years, when it was bought by subscription for about five hundred dollars, and put in this tower. She had read further in Godfrey's guide-book, that "some little time after the bell had been in use, the sound of its mellow tones had reached the Hub; and so bewitching were the musical vibrations of this queenly bell (e) of Nantucket to many of the good people of the renowned 'City of Notions,' that the agents of the Old South Church negotiated with the agents of the Unitarian Church, saying that they had a very fine clock in their tower, that they had been so unfortunate as to have their bell broken, and wished to know at what price this bell could be procured. The agents of the Unitarian Church replied that they had a very fine bell in their tower, and would like to know at what price the Old South Society would sell their clock. The bell weighs one thousand five hundred and seventy-five pounds; the Boston gentlemen offered one dollar a pound for it, and upon finding they could not get it



NANTUCKET, MASS.

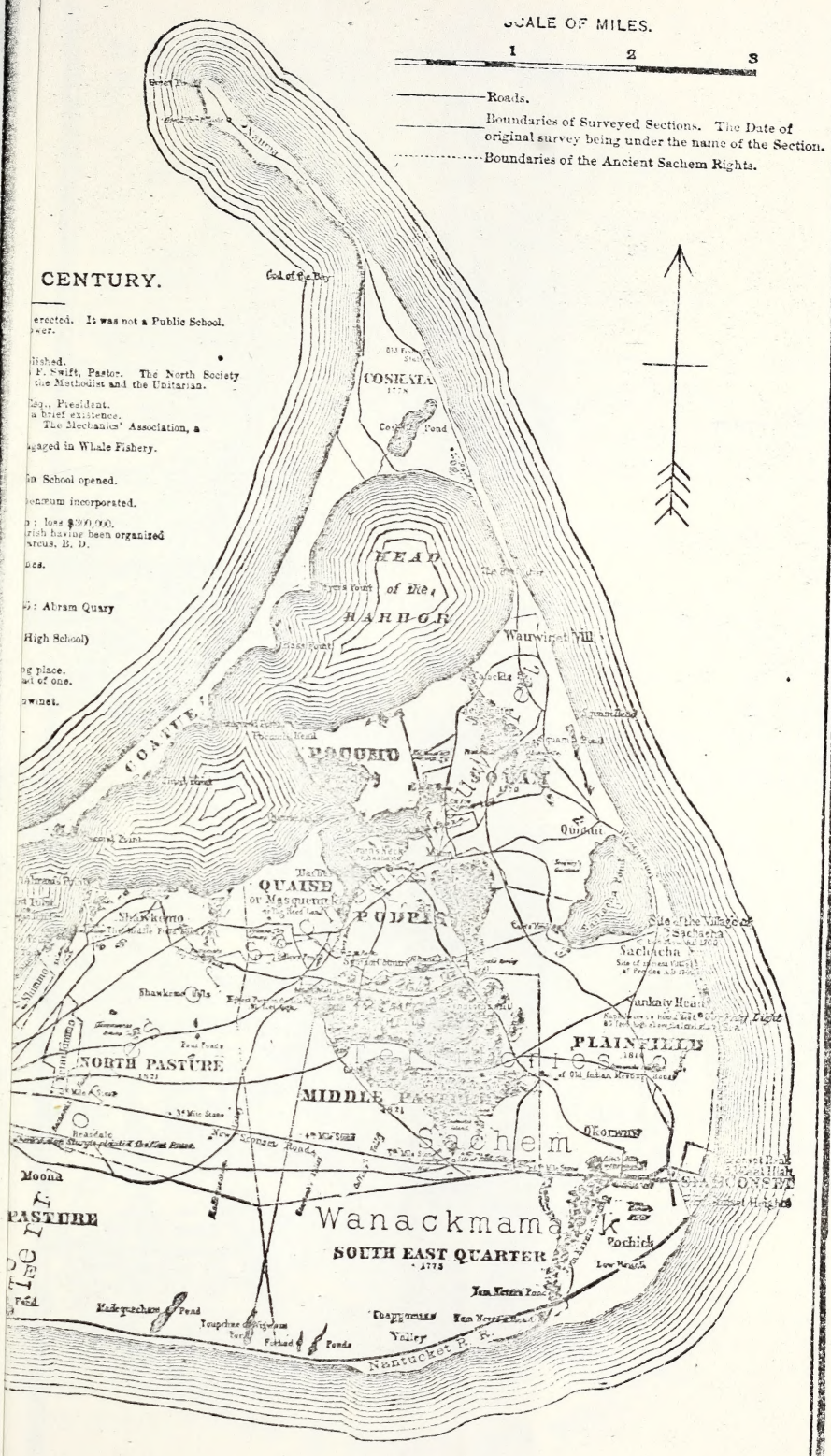
at any price, they asked where it came from; and having ascertained its history, sent to Lisbon to the same foundry and procured that which they now have." And she had been told further that this same bell had been removed to the new church on the Back Bay. With all this pleasant association with the bell of her own church of course she must pay it a visit. So at about nine



o clock, after Mr. Gordon and Tom had gone off with two gentlemen for a day's blue-fishing, she with Mrs. Gordon and Bessie started out for their morning's sight-seeing. In a half hour's time they had climbed the stairs to the tower, and were admiring the fine new clock — a gift from one of Nantucket's sons, now living in New York — which had been first set in motion two years before, to replace an old one which had told the time for over half a century. A little farther up they saw the famous bell, and Miss Ray did wish that she could read Spanish so as to translate the inscription which was upon it. A few steps more brought them into the dome itself. Here, then, was the place where "Billy" came to sight the steamers; and here was where a watchman stayed every night to watch for fires; whenever he saw one, Bessie said his duty was to hang a lantern upon a hook in the direction of the fire and give the alarm. She said that this had been the custom for years. As they were all enjoying this finest view which the island affords, Bessie spied the Old Mill in the distance, and as she had that painted on a shell as a souvenir of her Nantucket trip she must surely visit it. So they were soon wending their way up Orange street, through Lyons to Pleasant, and then up South Mill to the Old Mill itself. On paying five cents a piece, they were privileged to go to the top and look through the spy glass, and also see the miller grind some corn. This old wind mill, built in 1746, with its old oaken beams still strong and sound, situated on a hill by itself, was to Bessie the most picturesque thing that she had seen. She associated this with the oldest house on the island, built in 1686, facing the south, which she had seen the day before.

In the afternoon they continued their sight-seeing by visiting the Athenæum on Federal street; they found it to be a large white building with pillars in front. on the lower floor of which Miss Ray was particularly pleased to see such a good library of six thousand volumes, and a reading-room with the leading English and American periodicals, the use of which she learned was to be gained by the payment of a small sum. Bessie was attracted to the oil-painting on the wall of Abraham Quary, who was the last of the Indian race on the island. Then they examined in an adjoining room the curiosities gathered together for public inspection. Here they found the model of the "Camels," and also the jaw of a sperm whale, seventeen feet long, with forty-six teeth and a weight of eight hundred pounds. Bessie said that the whale from which it was taken was eighty-seven feet long and weighed two hundred tons. When Mrs. Gordon learned that this very whale was taken in the Pacific Ocean and brought to the island by a Nantucket Captain, she became as much interested in it as in the "Camels," for surely it had an historical interest. After an hour spent in this entertaining manner, they returned to their boarding-place in time to greet the gentlemen who had come back with glowing accounts of their day's work, or rather pleasure, for they had met with splendid success. Tom's fingers were blistered, but what was that compared to the fun of blue-fishing!

What particularly interested the ladies was a "Portuguese man of war" which one of the gentlemen had caught in a pail and brought home alive. This beautiful specimen of a fish, seen only at Nantucket, their hostess said, and seldom caught alive, was admired by all, who indeed were mostly ignorant of the habits or even the existence of such


SCALE OF MILES.
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Roads.
Boundaries of Surveyed Sections. The Date of original survey being under the name of the Section.
Boundaries of the Ancient Sachem Rights.
CENTURY.
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F. Swift, Pastor. The North Society the Methodist and the Unitarian.
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PUDEE
Shawkemo
Shawkemo Hills
Side of the Village of Sachacha
Sachacha
Jankaty Head
Light
PLAINFIELD
NORTH PASTURE
MIDDLE PASTURE
Sachem
Moona
PASTURE
Wanackmamack
SOUTH EAST QUARTER
1775
Pochick
Low Marsh
Nantucket H. P.

HISTORICAL MAP OF NANTUCKET.

Surveyed and Drawn by THE REV. E. C. TWEEDY, D.D.

1869

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

1602: The Island discovered by Bartholomew Gosnold. Sankoty, the spot first seen.
1630: About this date, a war between the Western and Eastern Tribes; the last Indian War [illegible] on the Island, and the only one of which we have knowledge. The Island covered with forest trees, mostly oaks.
1641: Deeded to Mayhew & Son by Lord Sterling.
1659: Deeded by Mayhew for £80 and two beaver hats to
"THE 10 ORIGINAL PURCHASERS."
viz.:

Tristram Coffin,	Thomas Macy,
Richard Swain,	Thomas Barnard,
Peter Coffin,	Christopher Hussey,
Stephen Greenleaf,	and John Swain;
William Pile,	Thomas Mayhew, retaining one tenth of the

Island, together with Maiaquatuck or Quaise.
" : Each of the above chose an "associate" with whom to settle the Island, viz.:

Tristram Coffin, Jr.,	Edward Starbuck.
John Smith,	Nathaniel Starbuck.
Robert Pike,	Thomas Look,
Robert Barnard,	James Coffin.
Thomas Coleman,	Thomas Mayhew, Jr.

The Island was purchased subsequently of the natives, who owned it in small tracts; the boundaries thereof being defined with surprising exactness.
" : Thomas Macy and family, with Edward Starbuck, arrived from Salisbury.
" : Number of Indians on the Island about 700: the soil rich and the Island covered with oaks and other trees.
1661: Starbuck visited Salisbury, and returned with 8 or 10 families. Westend of Island bought from the Indians.
1663: Peter Foulger moved to the Island. The inhabitants, with the exception of Foulger, illiterate. Their occupation was fishing and farming. The Island, with the exception of Quaise, was divided into 27 parts.
1665: King Phillip visited the Island. 1669: The 1st mill for grinding corn built on Wesko Pond.
1671: Town incorporated. 1672: Site of the Town moved to Wesko, its present location.
1673: Whaling commenced in boats from the shore.
1690: The Island (previously a part of New York) became a part of Massachusetts, in accordance with request of proprietors of the Island.
1676: About this time Sesachacha (containing about 30 houses) and Siasconset Villages were built. Also the cluster of Whalehouses at Myanoticut, together with the Fishing-Stages of Feedee and Quidnet, and the Fishing-Stage at Wesselet. Sesachacha Village continued in existence about 140 years; the last houses of the place having been moved to Siasconset, A. D. 1820.
1673: The Town was named Sherburne, by order of Lovelace, Governor of N. York.

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

1704: Up to this date, i.e., for early half a century, the whites, tho' they numbered now about 700 souls, had had no settled religious teache, and were without a church; probably the solitary exception in this respect in all New England. They were, and had been during the half century, mostly Baptists, a few were Presbyterians, and one or two Quakers. The Mayhews had Christianized the Indians, and the latter (with the New Testament translated into their language) had four Meeting-houses, as per map. Their service (Presbyterian in form) conducted in their own language. During this year a Friends' Society was formed.
1711: The North Cong. Society formed, and the first meeting-house (still standing in 1869) erected at the westward of the North Burial Ground. It was built out of oak that grew on the Island. Names of the first Pastors unknown.
1719: White Population 721.
1722: Straight Wharf built.
1726: White Population 917.
1730: Quanasty Hill dug away to make land from Union Street to the present Shore.
1732: The Rev. Timothy White, astor of the 1st Congregational Society.
1761: " " Joseph Mayhew " " " " " "
1763-4: White population, 3,23[illegible]
Indian, 33

Total, 3,57
Indian Plague swept off 22 Indians, leaving only 136 on the Island.
1765: North Meeting-house removed to Beeson Hill (the present site.) Out of 3,220 Whites only 47 were pow-holders. Whaling in boats from the shore ceased.
1767: The Rev. Bataleel Shaw astor of North Society.
1774: Population, 4,846; 1 clergyman, 2 doctors and 1 lawyer on the Island.
From organization of North Society in 1711 to 1781 the Island could only boast of having one settled clergyman. Nor had it any Public Schools.
1775-81: About 1,500 Nantucketers lost their lives in one way or another during and on account of the Revolutionary War.
1778: Ratable property on the Island, $566,630.
1784: Population, 4,500. Light-house erected at Great Point.
1790: Population 4,620.
1791: First Whaling Vessel wer from the Island to the Pacific.
1795: Name of town changed from Sherburne to Nantucket. Old North Tower erected. 3 wigwams (in Squam) only ones standing on the island.
1797: The Rev. D. Leonard pastor of North Society. Streets first named.
1799: The Rev. James Gurney astor of same; he continued in charge twenty years.
1799: Nantucket Bank started, and robbed of $22,000 same year.

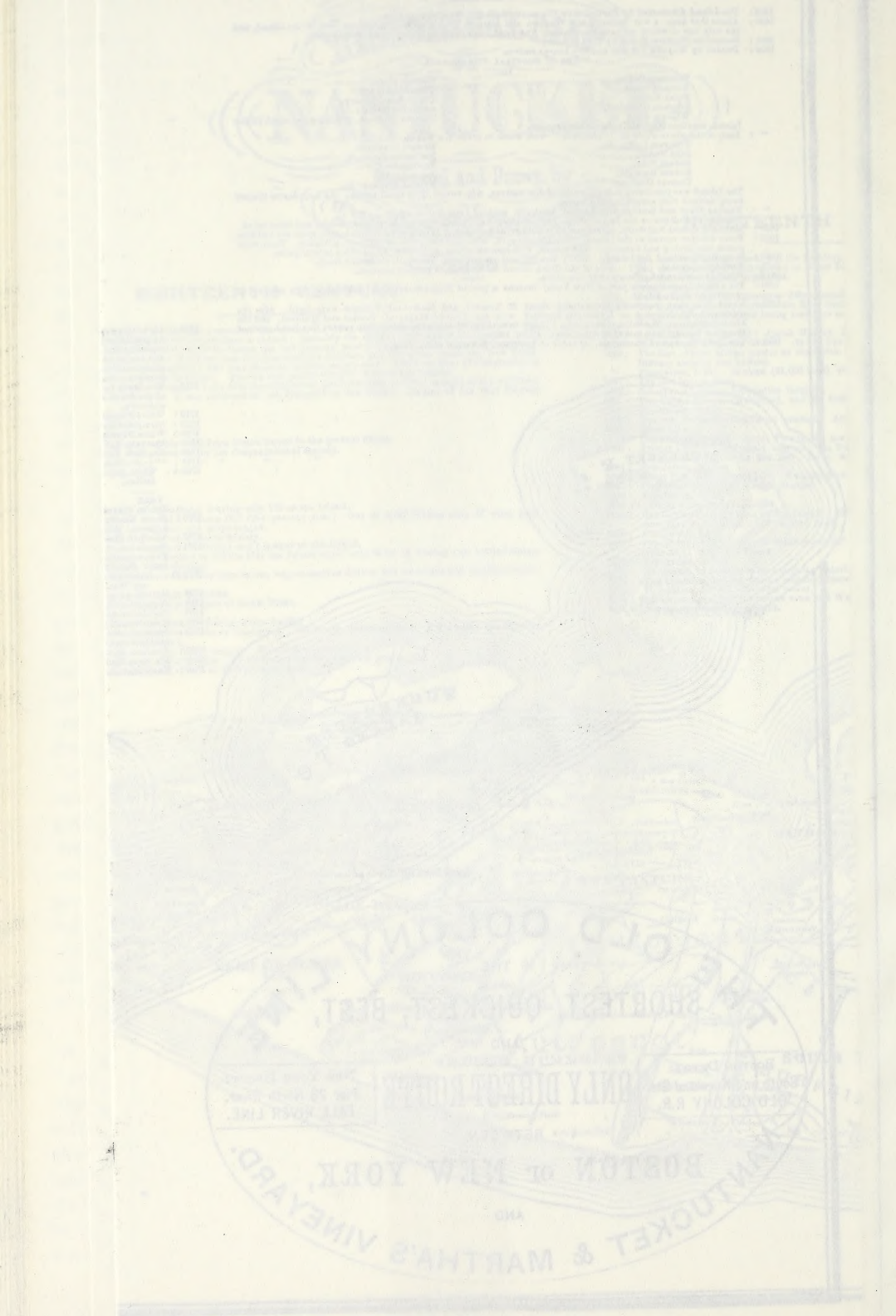
NINETEENTH CENTURY.

1800: The Academy incorporated, and the building erected. It was not a Public School.
" Bell (weighing 1,000 lbs.) placed in North Tower.
" The Methodist Society organized.
" Population, 5,617.
1804: Pacific Bank and two Insurance Offices established.
1809: The Unitarian Society formed, the Rev. Seth F. Swift, Pastor. The North Society languishing on account of losing members to the Methodist and the Unitarian.
1810: Population, 6,807.
1815: Social Library instituted: Josiah Hussey, Esq., President.
1816: The Nantucket Gazette issued. It had but a brief existence.
1829: The Rev. Abner Morse, pastor at the North. The Mechanics' Association, a literary society, was formed.
" Population, 7,266. 72 ships (21,600 tons) engaged in Whale Fishery.
1822: The last Indian died.
1823: Columbian Library Association formed.
1827: Two Public Schools established, and the Coffin School opened.
1830: Population, 7,202.
1834: The new North Meeting-house erected. Athenæum incorporated.
1836: Great Fire.
1838: High School opened. Great Fire in the town; loss $300,000.
1839: Trinity Church (Episcopal) erected; the Parish having been organized a short time before by the Rev. Moses Marcus, B. D.
1840: Population, 9712.
1846: Great Fire, July 13 and 14. Whaling declines.
1847: Pine trees planted by Josiah Sturgis.
1850: Population, 8,774.
1853-3: Other Pine groves planted.
1854: Gas lighted for first time on the Island. 1855: Abram Quary (last man with Indian blood in him) died.
1860: Population, 6,095.
1865: Population, 4,715. Alumni Association (of High School) organized. 869 legal voters.
1870: Population, 4,123.
1872: Nantucket beginning to be a popular watering place.
1874: Two steamboats a day during summer, instead of one.
1875: Population, 3,291; 890 legal voters.
1876: Steam communication between town and Wasumet.
1877: Great temperance movement.

SCALE OF MILES.
1 2 3

Roads.
Boundaries of Surveyed Sections. The Date of original survey being under the name of the Section.
Boundaries of the Ancient Sachem Rights.

THE OLD COLONY LINE
IS THE
SHORTEST, QUICKEST, BEST,
AND
ONLY DIRECT ROUTE
BETWEEN
BOSTON or NEW YORK,
AND
NANTUCKET & MARTHA'S VINEYARD.
BOSTON DEPOT: South and Kneeland Sts. OLD COLONY R.R.
NEW YORK DEPOT: Pier 28 North River, FALL RIVER LINE.



As for her, she could scarcely wait for the next morning to come when they should go there. And when it did come, it found her, at half-past eight o'clock, decorating with pond-lillies, in honor of the occasion, the comfortable excursion-wagon, capable of holding their party of eight besides the driver. By nine o'clock they were driving up Orange Street by the Sherburne and Bay View Houses, on their way to Siasconset, or, 'Sconset, as it is familiarly called.

As they passed a large white building, known as the Poor Farm, Tom was surprised that a town noted for its thrift and temperance should be obliged to have such an institution. Bessie was glad to learn that they were going over the old road instead of the new one, while Miss Ray would rather have gone over the new one, so as to have seen the mile-stones which Dr. Ewer of New York had put up by the way-side. They met the well-known Captain Baxter in his quaint conveyance, making his daily trip to the town from 'Sconset. As they rode for miles over the grassy moors with no trees or houses in sight, none of them could believe that the island had once been mostly covered with beautiful oak trees. Soon the village, with its quaint little houses built close together on the narrow streets, which wound around in any direction to find the town-pump, its queer, one-story school-house, its post-office, guarded by the gaily-colored "Goddess of Liberty," was before, or rather all around them. They had all enjoyed their ride of seven and a half miles; and now, on alighting from the carriage, the party separated in different directions. Miss Ray insisted upon bathing in the surf-beach here in spite of its coarse sand and rope limitations, since it was the farthest out in the Atlantic Ocean. Her experience with the strong undertow in its effects upon herself and upon those who watched her is one, which, as no words can portray it, Tom has decided to draw out for some future Puck; for he thinks that it is too good to be lost to the public.

Mrs. Gordon and Bessie walked among the houses noticing the peculiar names which adorned some of them, and indeed going inside one of the oldest where a step-ladder was used for the boys of the household to get up into their little room. They crossed the bridge which led them to the Sunset Heights, where some new houses, in keeping with the style of the old ones, were being built. They were pleased to see this unity of design, rather than the modern cottage which had intruded itself upon that coast. In their walk they learned that about eleven or twelve families spent the winter at 'Sconset. The air was intensely invigorating, so much so that Mrs. Gordon, who was no walker at home, was surprised at herself with what she was doing without fatigue. Later they found Mr. Gordon looking at the new church which had just been completed, and which he had ascertained was built for no sectarian purpose, but for the preaching of the truth. They all met at noon for their lunch, after which they went a mile and a half farther to visit the Sankaty Head lighthouse, the best one of the five on the island. The keeper kindly escorted them up the fifty-six steps to the top, where they learned that the point of the light was one-hundred and sixty-five feet above the level of the sea. He gave them some more facts relative to the light, interspersed with personal experiences. Tom said that he should remember particularly the fact that he told him that this lighthouse would be the first one that he

should see whenever he should come home from a European trip.

Two hours later they were relating their pleasant experiences in the dining-room of their boarding house, while enjoying the delicious bluefish which gratified their hunger. As for Miss Ray, her anticipations had been realized; and that night she wrote to a certain young man in Boston that she knew of no place in America where they could be more by themselves and away from the world, when their happy time should come in the following summer, than at 'Sconset.

The next afternoon found them all listening to Mrs. McCleave, as she faithfully exhibited the many interesting curiosities of her museum, in her home on Main Street. Mrs. Gordon was very much interested in the Cedar Vase, so rich with its "pleasant associations," while Bessie was delighted with the beautiful carved ivory, with its romantic story as told by its owner. Miss Ray considered Mrs. McCleave, with her benevolent face, her good ancestry, and her eager desire to learn and impart, a good specimen of the well-preserved Nantucket woman.

Through the courtesy of their hostess, they were privileged, on their way back, to visit the house of Miss Coleman, on Centre Street, there to see the wonderful wax-figure of a baby six months old, said to be the likeness of the Dauphin of France, the unfortunate son of Louis XVI. When Mrs. Gordon learned that this was brought to Nantucket in 1786, by one of her own sea captains she became very much excited over it. As she realized then that her knowledge of French history was too meagre to fully understand its historical import, although she appreciated its artistic value, she determined that another winter should be partially devoted to that study. So she added "French history" to "Camels," "Lighthouses," "Navigation," and "Indians," which were already in her notebook. She had added "Indians" the day before when her interest in them had been quickened by some accounts of the civilization of the early Indians in Nantucket, which seemed to her almost unprecedented in American history. After supper, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon went out in a row-boat to enjoy the moonlight evening, Tom went to the skating-rink, Miss Ray spent the evening with some friends at the Ocean House near by, while Bessie went out for a moonlight sail with some friends from a western city whom she said she had "discovered, not made." Her appreciation of a fine rendering of her favorite Raff Cavatina by a talented young gentleman of the party, soon after her arrival, had been the means of bringing together these two souls on the musical heights, which afterwards had led to an introduction to the other members of the party, all of whom she had enjoyed during the week that had passed. And now with these newly-found friends, on this perfect July evening with its full moon and fresh southwesterly breeze, in the new yacht "Lucile," she found perfect enjoyment. Pleasant stories were related, and one fish story was allowed, to give spice to the occasion. After a little more than two hours' sail they found themselves returning to the Nantucket town, which in the moonlight, presented a pretty appearance.

The next day, Saturday, Mr. Gordon and Tom started early to sail around the island, with an intention of landing on the adjoining island, Tuckernuck. Tom had calculated that it would be quite a sail, for he knew that Nantucket island was fourteen miles long, and averaged four miles in width

and his father had decided that such a trip would give him a better idea of the island's best points for building purposes. On their return at night, they found that the ladies had spent a pleasant day, bathing, riding and visiting some Boston friends who were stopping at the Springfield House a short distance from them. Bessie had found more pleasure in the company of the young musician and his friends, having attended one of the morning musicales which they were accustomed to have by themselves in the hall of the Athenæum. Tom and his father had much to tell of their day's pleasure.

Mr. Gordon for once in his life felt the longing which he knew had so often possessed his wife, to go back and live in the years gone by; for if he could now transfer himself to the year 1659, he might buy this whole island of Thomas Mayhew for thirty pounds and two beaver hats. What a lost opportunity for a good business investment! As it was, however, some valuable notes were added to his note-book suggested by the trip, which time alone will give to the world. He was more and more convinced that the future well-being of Nantucket was more in the hands of real-estate brokers and summer pleasure seekers, than in those of the manufacturers, agriculturist, or even the fishing-men as of old. He could see no other future for her, and he should work accordingly. His chief regret was that the island was so barren of trees.

They spent the next day, Sunday, in attending church, as they had planned, and in pleasant conversation and rest, preparatory to their departure for Boston on the following morning. They expressed gratitude that they had not been prevented by sickness or by one rainy day from carrying out all the plans which had been laid for the ten days. Mrs. Gordon very much regretted that they had not seen the famous Folger clock which was to be seen at the house of a descendant of Walter Folger, the maker of it. She should certainly see it the first thing, if she ever were in Nantucket again; for she considered the man, who, unaided, could make such a clock, the greatest mechanical genius that ever lived. She felt this still more, when she was told that the clock could not be mended until there could be found a mechanic who was also an astronomer.

At seven o'clock the next morning, they were all on board the steamer, as she left the old town of Nantucket in the distance. Mrs. Gordon looked longingly back at Brant Point, which she still felt was the best spot on the island; while Bessie eagerly watched for the little flag which a certain young gentleman was yet waving from the wharf.

At half past one, they were in Boston, and an hour later at their suburban home, all delighted with their short stay in Nantucket. They felt that they had seen about all that there was to be seen there, and they were glad to have visited the island before it should be clothed with any more modern garments.

AN ELDER OF YE OLDEN TIME.

By E. C. Raynor.

Forty miles west of Boston, in the small town of Grafton, not far from the middle of the last century, was born one who was destined to make his impress upon the times in which he lived.

More than a century and a quarter has rolled away since that day, bearing in its annals a record of startling and unequalled interest in human history. Then the epoch of modern improvement had not yet dawned. A few Spaniards in Florida, the English settlements at Jamestown and on the bleak New England shores, the Dutch at New Netherlands, the French in Canada and along the northern and western frontiers, with mile after mile of unknown prairie, mountain, and forest beyond, made up America.

Some pilgrims, exiled by cruel oppression from their ancestral country, watched with eager eyes this distant western land, and hailed with joy the scent of freedom blowing in every gale from off its coast. As time went on, the advantages of the New World and demands of trade attracted mankind, and hundreds of homes rose amidst the wilderness. History repeats itself, and the cares, the sorrows, and joys of life flow on the same in every clime, mid every race and creed. Cities expanded, the merchant, the farmer, the artisan, pursued their daily toil. Factories sprang up along the crowded streets and in the green lanes, wide and well-built highways, canals, and railroads came to be founded by gradual steps, and with a countless variety of watercourses and an abundant flow of noble rivers filled this broad and fertile country, which by the intellect, the vigor, and industry of man has been made to equal, if not to excel, the grandest of ancient countries.

When, in the pleasant month of May, 1754, John Leland was born, George, the Second, ruled on the throne of his father. Boston was a small Colonial town. From the rocky promontories, where the wild Atlantic beats incessantly, to the sunny bay where over golden sands the San Joaquin and Sacramento flow; the narrow Indian trail led where now the iron horse thunders over the plain, and winds around the mountain's base. An unknown Virginian was making his first success upon the battle-field of Great Meadows, and General Braddock, in the pride of an assured position, trusting to laurels already won, marched to Fort Duquesne and failure, and to the house of the elder Leland came with the weekly mail, borne over the mountains on horseback, reports of the latest atrocities in the French and Indian War.

A few frail and humble inhabitations had been built upon the green meadows of Grafton. A modest school-house stood upon the village street, where an ancient dame taught in neatness and quiet the children of the people, instilling principles of industry and moderation mingled with lessons on human equality. It was here that John Leland received his juvenile impressions and imbibed his thirst for learning. At five years he could read the Bible fluently, which book, he tells us, was his constant companion, not so much because he chose it, as because he had but little else to read in the meagre library to which he had access.

Although his lessons were as a rule

well learned, he could never command the good will of his teachers nor the love of his fellow pupils, always being told that he had more knowledge than good manners. Nature had done more for the mind of Leland than for his personal appearance.

Rustic in his ways, bashful to awkwardness, he was never able to entirely overcome the stiffness that was second nature to him, nor win for friends, those whom he most admired. Fond of pleasures, he mingled in all the frolics and pastimes of the day; being leader in many discussions, spending his evenings until a late hour at the country paring-bees, huskings, parties, dances, and the endless variety of entertainments which have always been devised by the young and amusement-loving class, and will ever be, so long as time shall last.

In spite of this, his studies were marked with such signal progress, and his mental endowments so evident that the minister called frequently at the house of his parishioner as John grew towards his sixteenth year, urging with much eloquence the propriety of sending the boy to college and preparing him for his life work — that of the ministry — "a field," said the dignified man as he took his cane and hat to depart, "in which my young friend, John, is eminently fitted to succeed."

It often chanced that before the minister in his powdered wig and ministerial suit of black disappeared from off the streets of Grafton, his place at the home of the Lelands would be filled by the good-natured, bustling, village doctor, who, in his goings and comings to and fro, had marked the young man under many trying circumstances, and fancied that he saw the material, in the rough, for a cool, superior, and thoroughly successful man of medicine; and quite insisted that he should begin, without further delay, a course of reading and of lectures toward that end.

Leland senior, a man of rugged character, had his own opinions upon the subject, and wished to retain his gifted son as a staff for his own declining days; while John himself, in secret, designed to shine at the legal bar and devote the thunder of his eloquence to a profession he most admired. To become a New England Judge was the goal to which, at sixteen, he aimed.

As is often true, while man proposed, God held the balance of power in his fist, and in silence the work went on toward the consummation He had in view for His child.

John Leland belonged to that widespread family that ruled once in Britain and over the hills of Scotland — the Saxons; — he was tall, well formed, and vigorous; his eyes were a bluish gray; his hair a light brown. Taught by his parents to live simply and dress plainly, they were his life long habits. His attachments were strong, whether to friends or places; his words were ready and fluent; a lover of music and poetry, his nature was a sensitive one, his temperament nervous and imaginary; but with a well-poised mind, able and talented, of great personal power and influence combined with a native eccentricity, his life is a marked illustration of what can be achieved by perseverance, self-sacrificing labor, positive character, and humble trust and faith in the promises of the Great Master. The places that he held, the respect and admiration he always won from men in high position, the magnetism with which he swayed the immense audiences to whom he spake, and the impress stamped, not only upon the minds of his contemporaries, but upon those of men who live to-day, all tell in unmistakable language

that he is another proof of the fact that to him who has the elements of real, thorough manhood the way is open to make it known to his fellow-man, and he can teach to all who come after him that, unaided by academic or collegiate education, he filled many important positions in religious and national enterprises, and come down to old age crowned with the honor and success that ever attend upon a true, noble character.

As he approached his eighteenth year, returning alone from some place of festivity over the pastures and sequestered hills of Grafton, he heard from the sky the words ringing and clear, "You are not about the work which I have for you to do."

Halting in his walk, standing amazed, gazing into the depths of the vault above in speechless wonder, he was weighed down by unfeigned grief as the feeling settled over him that he had a work to perform of greater weight than the Grafton Mountains that looked down upon the generations of sinners to whom he was called to preach.

From this time, he renounced worldly pleasures, and tried to obey the voice that called him at midnight to the ministerial work. With Paul he studied and meditated upon the problems of life and death, of conviction and conversion, and the way to address sinners; like Paul, after the memorable journey to Damascus, he would fain have gone forth to convert his fellow-man, willing to sacrifice himself that he might win a spiritual crown.

About this time, a gifted preacher visited Grafton. Standing upon the pulpit floor, clad in black, his long white locks telling of age and experience in his calling, he talked eloquently to the Grafton people of salvation by grace. John Leland, a beardless boy, clothed in homespun, and wearing his apron of leather, arose from the back seat, and forgetting the superiority of the venerable preacher, in age, in intellect, and personal manners, he declared the argument muddy from the fountain head, and at least so confounded the old man that he finally closed the argument, where, possibly, it would be well for wise men ever to leave the discussion over God's soverign will and man's free agency, by saying, "Well, Brother Leland, the Lord have mercy upon us, for we are all poor, ignorant creatures."

On September 30, 1776, John Leland married Miss Sally Devine of Hopkinton, Massachusetts, and went with her at once to Virginia. But few men, perhaps, are more blessed in their married lives than was he. This most estimable lady was peculiarly adapted to the life before her, and was wonderfully qualified to cheer and comfort her husband in days of clouds and adversities.

A lady of much natural personal attractions, she was afflicted for many years with a trouble of the throat that rendered speech difficult, and she seldom went from home. As was the fashion in those days, many ladies, especially in Virginia, indulged in the use of the magic weed given first to the world by Sir Walter Raleigh in his attempted colonization of that State; and Mrs. Leland learned its fascinations early in life. Among the household goods taken with them, on this first trip to Virginia, was a smoking box with various compartments for pipes and tobacco. Highly polished, of antique and beautiful design, this quaint ornament hangs to-day on the parlor wall in my mother's house, where, brought by the preacher just after he laid the companion of his long life in her grave, and given to my mother's mother, it is treasured as its beauty and associations demand.

Starting thus with his wife for Virginia, he found himself fairly launched upon the life of struggle that ever attends a poor, young minister. More than ordinary embarassments and vicissitudes fell to his lot. Peculiar questions on slavery, on the rights of the clergy, established at that time in Virginia, and strong battles for liberty in the courts and at the polls, arose and in which he bore himself well.

The spot selected for his labor has been made historic ground since that day by the marching of great armies. Over the roads he trod in his simple unostentatious life of the ministry, Cornwallis followed with the scarlet-clad soldiers of Britain, and Washington led to victory the noble men that came up from the frosts and starvation of Valley Forge. Where Leland pushed into the wilderness and over the low lying hills, Grant and Lee, and Jackson and Hooker have called their vast muster rolls.

Travelling from Orange to York, preaching day after day — sending appointments far in advance, for such an hour of such a day, Providence permitting — he was rarely late, and never disappointed the masses that gathered at the name of John Leland; as the Highland clans gather at the first note of the pibroch clashing along the Highland mountain sides.

Though sometimes desultory in his work, he was an unflagging worker and had the power of continued, persistent, unremitting labor. There are those who assert — with some shadow of truth, possibly,— that the strain on body and brain to which he subjected himself in the exciting, engrossing work of the Evangelist could not have been endured on any principle save the one, that God filled the mouth of His child with the words he wished him to speak.

The following incident is often told of him as proof conclusive that the same mighty aid, given to the fishermen of Judea, was vouchsafed in times of need to this modern disciple.

When tobacco was used as currency, and was somewhat of a drug in the market, a stipulated sum was allowed as the salary of a clergyman of the stablished Church. As time went on, and this commodity grew in value, and came to command fair and even large prices in the markets of the old world, the clergymen insisted upon their wonted pay and it grew into a great burden for the people, who subjected it to severe criticism.

Upon one occasion a leading member of the vestry held a sharp controversy with his minister, told him in strong words of his life of ease, with only one day of the seven devoted to work; that while he was growing rich upon the fat salary gleaned from the number of pounds of tobacco allowed him, his parishoners were growing poor in a corresponding ratio as they toiled early and late in order to raise the neccessary supply. To which argument the minister replied, "But my good brother, you are greatly mistaken; what of the brain work, the continued study and thought devoted during the six days to our sermons, that on the seventh we may appear in our pulpits to preach acceptably to our people?"

"All unnecessary, entirely so," said the lay brother; "you should do as John Leland does; he can preach upon any topic, eloquently and well without a moment's notice." The minister refused to believe the statement and closed a spirited discussion by saying, "Not until I see will I believe; if you will arrange for John Leland to preach in my pulpit on a day that I will fix, allow me to provide the text in my own

way, and if he preaches ably and well I will yield the point and drop my salary as you desire."

It was agreed upon. The day arrived; throngs of people came from far and near; extra seats were provided, the broad window-ledges were filled, entry-ways and doors were blocked. The hour drew near; the vestryman who had become responsible for Leland's appearance grew a trifle nervous as they waited; but when the pointer on the dial told five minutes of the hour he noted a horseman in the distance, and soon the preacher alighted at the church-yard gate. A path was made through the surrounding crowd, and he passed up the aisle and entered the pulpit. After the customary introductions were over, the established minister said:

"Elder Leland, if you have any preliminary exercises in the way of songs or prayers, you can proceed with them, and I will hand you your text whenever you are quite ready for the sermon."

A prayer was offered, a song sung, and then upon a slip of paper the eccentric man read the words, "And Balaam saddled his ass." Smoothly and without hesitation he lent himself to the work of the hour. Telling first of Balaam's life and history as a false prophet; of that memorable ride upon the wonderful animal when he went forth at the request of Baalik to curse Israel, and ever as he essayed to pronounce curses, words of blessing flowed from his mouth; he then said that in his text he saw three distinct applications which he would proceed to improve. Balaam fitly represented the hireling clergy who, with their exorbitant salaries, oppressed the people of the day. The saddle was the burden that they laid upon the Churches, while the beast, which, bearing long and patiently the kicks and rebuffs of Balaam, at last opened mouth and spake, was an exponent of the people who, in their ignorance and stupidity, submitted to the terrible burden imposed upon them by the clergy. Having thus laid out his sermon, he lashed without mercy the evil he had strongly desired to see broken up, much to the joy of the vestrymen, and the discomfiture of the minister, who could do no less than keep his word.

The cause of religious liberty was very near the heart of Leland, and his efforts perhaps contributed as much, if not more, than those of any other man to the throwing off of the ecclesiastical bondage existing in the state of his adoption. We find him, in 1789, as messenger to the General Assembly appointed to draft memorials respecting the Incorporating Act and the use of the waste lands. Not versed in college lore, he used the best ability he had, and fought for the right with such illustrious sons of Virginia as Washington, Jefferson, and Madison; making the strength of his opinion and influence tell upon every occasion.

Very many will remember the graphic story told of the meeting of Madison and Leland, when the former was filled with doubt as to the pending election in which he was candidate for a seat in the convention to adopt the Constitution. His election was deemed necessary to carry Virginia, which seemed a vital point. Expressing his doubts to a political friend, he was told that if he could see John Leland, and convince him that it was for the good of the country that he won the election, his success would be sure, for so wonderful was the influence of the man that he could marshall a throng of voters from the wilderness — Spotsylvania and vicinity.

Madison set out to interview the preacher, much disturbed, for he knew that he was not the man whom eloquence could intimidate, unless he was convinced of the fact that the best interest of all parties would be promoted.

It so chanced that the two met under a low-growing oak. Drawing rein they sat upon their horses, discussing earnestly the subject in all its phases until the sun cast long shadows in the late afternoon; then dismounting they fastened their horses by the wayside, and wrapt in the interest of the occasion, talked on forgetful of the passing hours, when the scholarly Madison, whose every sentence was rounded with eloquence, and upon whose words the best audiences of the country had attended with rapture, had heard the first words of Leland, plain, without show of eloquence, but bold and creative in his reasoning powers, and possessed of a mind that might be a little slow but whose decisions were rarely reversed, then he knew that his opinion was settled, and he plead with all the persuasion he could command.

The sun had long gone down, and the shadows of night were deepening when Leland sprang to his feet, exclaiming, "I am convinced. You are right, and shall have my support."

"Then," said Madison grasping his hand, "I shall be elected."

We have already spoken of the wife this man had chosen; but words cannot paint truthfully her life at this time. This section of Virginia is now a more fertile and cultivated country. At the time of which I write, the road ran for miles through low woods, and across marshy moors. The private travel and commerce was carried on largely on horseback or in huge wagons, and all the neighborhood was infested by Tories, straggling soldiers, and characters of bad repute, who are apt always to drift in to a country so unsettled. Gambling and drinking were carried on furiously.

With these surroundings, the wife of Leland spent weeks and months alone. The poor man's blessing was theirs, for little children came to them rapidly, and in the cabin by the roadside the mother was compelled to work beyond the midnight hours, trembling, as she thought of the wild carousings, and remembered that sometimes even darker deeds were hinted at; and often as Mrs. Leland at night-time toiled for her little flock, the light glimmering across the moor attracted to her door the straggling soldier or marauder begging for food and shelter.

Virginia has ever been said to nourish supersition; there is something in the very air upon which it thrives. Massachusetts had its superstition, and that hill at Salem, and the one day of every year spent by Cotton Mather in lonely vigils, will tell forever the tale of great men falling, sometimes, into the commission of the smallest weaknesses. Many Virginians believed in that day that the dead slept not well in her lone, low-lying grave-yards, but wandered too and fro, haunting the earthly places they knew of yore. Doubtless, some will believe the story I will tell you, due to this belief; but none of the practical, strong yeomany of Berkshire who have listened to it as it fell from the lips of Leland himself, can ever question that the incident took place exactly as it is related.

It was one afternoon in the Virginia fall time; the Evangelist and his wife were busy in preparing for the departure of the husband and father for a tour of many weeks, when, as the tall clock in the corner struck the hour of

four, their attention was attracted by a buzzing, something louder than the humming of a summer bee, which appeared to proceed from within the wall near by an old fire-place. The noise increased in volume, and a slight effort was made to find its lurking place. An unsuccessful one, however, and the matter was dropped. As night came on it ceased, and no more was heard of it until the following afternoon, when at five minutes past four the humming, loud, as though made in suffering, commenced again. As it appeared a singular thing, the good people made a strong search, expecting to find, bird, or bee, or fly, confined in the lathing; they tore off some of the wall, when the noise, as if possessed of intelligence, fled to the opposite side. This caused a little uneasiness on the part of Leland; but, as the hour of his departure came around before the next afternoon, he commended his loved ones to the God he served and upon whose mission he went forth, mounted his steed and was gone.

Week after week passed on; every afternoon punctually five minutes later than upon the preceeding one came this horrid visitor; for horrid it grew to be. The noise it uttered grew with the days from the apparent humming of a summer bee, to the shrill, piercing, groan or shriek of some creature in supreme agony. The little ones came to know the hour of its return, and clinging in terror to their mother and burying their sweet, childish faces in her lap would exclaim. "Oh! the groaner has come, the groaner's here." It baffled every attempt at disclosure and kept its place within the walls, except on a few occasions it followed the weary, frightened woman down the well-worn path that led down to the spring. After many weeks the preacher returned, having heard nothing of the dreadful experience from the heroic woman he had left to guard his home and little ones. She forbade the children speaking of the terrible guest they had harbored, as she wished to see what impression it would have upon the mind of her husband. It was, therefore, nearly midnight, the first night after his return that, sitting before his fire, talking of the weeks just gone, he was startled by a groan, so peircing, so sudden, so unlike anything of earth, that he sprang from his chair, terror written in every line of his face, as he inquired of its meaning; nor was his surprise lessened, nor his terror diminished, as he was told of its nightly visits and terrific howlings.

Every effort was made that could be devised by his neighbors or himself; the wall torn away, every place investigated, and yet the piercing shrieks went on, until wearied by the unsuccessful means used to account for its presence on natural principles, in the darkness and loneliness of the midnight hour, mid the unceasing din, he betook himself to the all-conquering weapon which through all the years had never failed, and sinking upon his knees he prayed. Says one, who still lives to tell the story as she heard it from his lips:

"Elder Leland said, 'If I ever prayed in all my life, that was the place and the hour. I prayed that if this unwelcome visitor was a messenger of good, I might be emboldened to speak to it and learn its errand; but if it was a spirit of evil, it might be commanded to depart and trouble us no more forever. During the progress of the prayer the groans grew louder and more terrific, until as I pronounced the final words it gave one piercing shriek which died gradually away, disappeared, and never disturbed us after.' Looking in-

tently at the face of Leland," said the narrator, "watching to hear the imitation of the sound, saying repeatedly to myself, I will not feel afraid — when it fell at last from his lips, I sprang involuntarily from my seat, trembling in every nerve and fibre, so wierd, so unearthly, so vivid the unutterable horror in the sound I listened to, as it fell upon the silent room and died away in low, long echoes through every corner."

"Ha! ha!" said the old man, "I thought you were not going to be afraid."

Let any one who can imagine the suffering caused by this event alone.

It was in 1791, that John Leland returned to the State of his nativity, and made his home in Cheshire, at that time a new town in the wilds of Berkshire. Here he lived nearly all the years of his life, engaging in every work that would promote the civil and religious rights of man, sustaining ever the character of the patriot and the Christian, and fighting in New England against religious intolerance, as he had in Virginia. During 1811–12, we read of him in the Legislature and the General Court at Boston. Among the years at different times, are notes of wonderful religious reformations under his preaching.

It was in March, 1791, that he took ship at Fredricksburg for New England. They dropped down the Rappahannock, crossed the Chesapeake, and entered the ocean between Capes Charles and Henry. When they were fairly upon the Atlantic a wild storm burst upon them, the thunders rolled, the gale increased to a hurricane that swept goods off the quarter deck, injured the quadrant, nor ceased for fifteen hours. When at its height the Captain stepped to the cabin door and said:

"We shall not weather the gale many minutes."

"To me," he seemed to say, 'send the servant of God."

'Leland; if you have got a God, now is your time to call upon him." There was no need of this admonition. for I had already began the work. I cannot assert that I prayed in great faith, but can truthfully assert that I prayed in great distress; and it is the only night that I prayed the whole night through without cessation; hour after hour, 'mid the shock of tempest, the beating of rain and rolling of thunder I wrested with God for the preservation of our lives. As the morning dawned gray and grim over the seething waves and cruel rocks, my wife stood by my side and said, "We shall be saved. A beautiful woman, clad in white, stood before me just at the morning watch, she held in her hand a great card from which she measured yard after yard of a long white cord and said to me, 'Fear not, the vessel cannot sink. I have undergirded it.'

We outrode the storm and crossed the harbor bar in safety. The captain said he was going to the underwriter to demand the insurance upon the vessel, for had it not been for my prayer it would have been lost."

Leland was a great admirer of Thomas Jefferson; he labored hard for his election in 1801 and endorsed his policy throughout the entire administration. In November of 1801, he travelled South with a cheese made by the dairymen of Cheshire and sent to Jefferson as a mark of their good-will, and of the chief industry of their town. All the farmers contributed the milk from their dairies, made the cheese and pressed it in a cider mill; it was known as the mammoth cheese (weighing fifteen hundred pounds). Elder Leland

stopped at villages along the way, preaching wherever the door opened for him, and gained the name of the Mammoth Priest from the crowds to whom he preached.

John Leland had a keen vein of humor in his make up, and never failed to help on a good joke. Upon a time, he was expected to officiate at a day's meeting, and travelling on horseback reached the house of the gentleman near the meeting-house, where he was told preparations were made for him. Somewhat travel-worn, brown with the dust of the road, and simply clad, he did not appear like the celebrated minister; and when he asked if he could be accommodated for the night, was told that they had no place for him, that the Rev. John Leland was to be their guest, looked for every moment. But the traveller was weary, and would sleep anywhere — in the servants' hall — would be satisfied with any fare, even a bowl of milk. So he was allowed to stay; he sat by the kitchen fire as the maidens hurried back and forth making arrangements, and ate his simple meal while the room was fragrant with savory viands cooking for the distinguished preacher, who did not come.

As the evening advanced the master of the house catechised the stranger concerning his religious attainments, and among other questions asked him how many commandments there were; to which the old man said he thought there were eleven, and was chided for such ignorance. The next morning dawned cloudless and the meeting-house was filled. The old man accepted an invitation to attend Church and occupy a seat with his entertainer. When the hour arrived at which the service was appointed, he arose and walking deliberately to his place in the pulpit. He, after the opening prayer, took for his text, "And a new commandment give I unto thee, that ye love one another."

Imagination can picture the dismay of the host, and the amusement that twinkled from the eye of Leland as he told the story.

Both music and poetry, as we have said, he loved, and spent many hours of leisure in the composition of the latter, which he set to the tunes he best loved, selecting once a popular dancing tune for a hymn. He was spoken to concerning it by one of his deacons, and replied:

"Yes, I know, but I do not propose to allow the Devil to have all the good tunes for his worship."

Some of his hymns have taken a place in standard works and are read often from the desks of all our Churches. Who does not remember the touching one commencing:

> "The day is past and gone,
> The evening shades appear."

It was near the beginning of 1841, and at the extreme age of eighty-six, that death found him at his post. His strength had not declined nor his health failed, until one evening, after having spoken to a large congregation and retired to his room, he was taken ill, and for a few days lay upon his bed, serene, cheerful, in full possession of his reason; but according to his own words, "With nothing to do, but die," for he had not received "the token" of recovery and was positive his end was very near. He conversed calmly with his friends, and called their attention to the fact that his thoughts seemed to linger with the scenes of the past and with her who had so often in other days leaned over his bed in sickness.

And so he died and was taken back to his home of half a century, which he had left only a few days before in health, and although the wintry winds swept the broad streets, and blew like a wail up the aisle of the old Church where he had so often trod, a large concourse gathered to look for the last time upon the face of him who had ministered to them in holy things for so many years; and they buried him in the central lot of the sunny cemetery where rest the dead, and where are paid to them the tributes which have ever obtained through every clime, 'mid every race and creed, since that first one made just outside of Eden's gates.

The spot is marked by a simple monument bearing the words, "Here lies the body of the Rev. John Leland of Cheshire, who labored sixty-seven years to promote piety and vindicate the civil and religious rights of all men."

A NEW ENGLAND VILLAGE QUILTING PARTY IN THE OLDEN TIMES.

By Elias Nason, A. M.

It was in one of those old yellow houses on Meeting House Hill just seventy years ago; and in those days a quilting party was a "great sensation" in the household. For it, the floors were scoured and sanded, and things in general brought into perfect order. Pies, cakes, preserves, and Hyson tea, with large lumps of loaf sugar, were provided liberally for the occasion. The women of the village, married and unmarried, the Rev. John Baxter, minister of the village, and Mr. Hezekiah McAdams were betimes invited. The largest room in the house was cleared of all furniture, except the flag-bottomed chairs, the old eight-day clock with the half moon upon its face, and the antique looking-glass, which had reflected faithfully the beauties and deformities of at least five generations. A calico patchwork, or sort of "crazy quilt," was extended over cotton batting on a frame of deal, and everything got in readiness for the nimble fingers of the quilters.

But hark, the knocker!

"Well," exclaims Mrs. Benson, the good-looking lady of the house, "how glad I am to see you, Molly Mansfield; why didn't your sister Katy come?"

"She sprained her ankle on her way home from meeting yesterday. What! am I the first one here?" cries Molly with surprise, on entering the quilting room.

"Yes, you are," says Mrs. Benson, "but the rest will soon be in; take off your things and make yourself at home." She does so.

But hark, again the knocker!

"Well, sure enough," exclaims Mrs. Benson, cordially, "how do you all do; Miss Hannah Blair, and my dear Angeline, and if here isn't Aunt Tabitha Pinchbeck! Walk right in; I knew you would be here; so early, too; take off your calashes."

They do so; they arrange their dresses at the aforesaid looking-glass, and then seat themselves in the flag-bottomed chairs, prepared with scissors, thimbles, thread, and needles for the work before them.

But once more the knocker strikes; the door flies open, and Mrs. Benson warmly says to those now entering: "O, how glad I am to see you, Mrs. Rackett and Mrs. Rugby; how well you're looking; how good in you to come!"

So group after group, in calico or gingham dresses, with hair done up pyramidally on the apex of the head and fastened with a long glistening horn or tortoise-shell comb, come posting in until the room is full. The old eight-day clock strikes two, and with tongues running fluently, they take their seats around the quilting frame and commence operations on the party-colored patchwork.

The conversation, as well might be supposed — for the public library, lyceum, railroad, telegraph and telephone had not then appeared — was not very æsthetical, literary, scientific, or instructive. The women of that period, in the rural village I am speaking of, had but little time to read, or to think of much, except domestic and church affairs, together with the faults and foi-

bles of their friends and neighbors. Housework was the order of the day, and hence the improvement of the mind was almost of necessity neglected. Hence, too, the general tendency (for the less one knows, the more one loves to keep the tongue in motion), to indulge in idle talk and gossiping. So, as the busy needles pierce the quilt, the busy tongues, sharp as the needles, pierce the characters of the absent.

"Do you really think," says Tabitha Pinchbeck in a low undertone to Hannah Blair, "that our minister ever had that queer dream he told, about our singers and the angels?"

"No, never," replies Miss Blair in a whisper, "never! He 's a droll sort of a minister, isn 't he, Tabitha? I wish we had a younger man, don 't you?"

"To be sure I do," returns Miss Pinchbeck, a venerable spinster with a Vandyke handkerchief and a pair of silver-bowed spectacles; "but how shall we get rid of him? He 's settled for life, you know."

"But he says," interposes Molly Mansfield, who, on stopping to thread her needle, overhears the conversation, "his people will be glad enough when he 's dead and gone, and I 'm sure I shall."

"O, you wretch," exclaims Mrs. Rackett whose grey curls peer profusely from beneath her white muslin cap; "you wish him dead and gone, do you? What if he should hear of that, Molly? But that old beaver hat he wears is shocking, isn 't it?"

"Shocking!" responded Hannah Blair, "and in that old, faded camlet cloak he looks like a scarecrow."

"What long and tedious prayers he makes!" says Mrs. Rackett.

"He never calls on anybody," adds Molly Mansfield, "and how dull his sermons are; my father says they are always personal, and that he never writes a new one."

"His hands are blistered digging his potatoes; how can he write a new one?" sarcastically chimes in Mrs. Rackett.

"I never listen to them," interposes in a high-keyed voice Aunt Tabitha Pinchbeck.

"How proud he is of his new chaise," says Mrs. Rugby, stopping to play a moment with the string of golden beads around her neck; "I wonder if I shall ever get a ride in it?"

"He said the other day," interjects Molly Mansfield, "the town had treated him worse than they did the pirate down at the castle in Boston Harbor."

"Well, he deserves it," cry out several sharp voices.

"But he is kind to the poor," modestly observes Miss Angeline Hartwell, a young lady in deep mourning, whose widowed mother had not been forgotten in the distribution of the charities of Mr. Baxter.

"What if he is?" pertly replies Miss Pinchbeck, whose father had wrung his money from the sinews of the poor; "he does it all for show; he's as tight as the bark of a tree, and his wife is tighter still."

"Yes, girls," flings in Mrs. Rugby, shyly, "and they say he's sometimes tight another way!"

"He's a Whig too," says Mrs. Rackett, "and my husband hates him for that."

"I don't like him," cries Tabitha Pinchbeck, "for his ugly face."

"I don't like him," responds Molly Mansfield, "for his whining voice."

"I don't like him," adds Hannah Blair, "for his awkward gait."

"I don't like him," echoes Mrs. Rugby, "for his hypocrisy."

"I don't like him," blurts out Mrs. Rackett, spitefully, "for his intermeddling with our dancing."

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"So," cries Molly Mansfield, half in jest and half in earnest, "you all agree with me in wishing he were dead?"

"Yes, Molly," Hannah Blair responds, "so say we all."

"Not I, not I," objects Miss Angeline Hartwell, "we never shall find a better man."

"We never shall find," replies Miss Blair, "a worse one."

"Nor one," asserts Mrs Rackett, taking a pinch of Macaboy snuff, "more obstinate."

"Nor one," interposes Mrs. Rugby, "more dull and prosy."

"Nor one," ejaculates Aunt Tabitha, "more old-fashioned."

"Nor one," rejoins Miss Molly Mansfield, "more destitute of everything that makes a minister, and we wish, we wish —"

But hush; the knocker! Who comes now? It is the minister himself. It is the Rev. John Baxter in his faded camlet cloak and shocking beaver hat; — a man of sixty years, at least, of reverent, but genial face, who for more than thirty years had labored with his hand, as well as brain in this little village to keep himself and family alive on his scanty salary of $300 a year, and who had grown gray in his endeavors to upraise the minds and morals of his people.

"The minister has come," says Mrs. Benson in an audible whisper to the quilters; "the minister."

How still the tongues! How busily the fingers fly! Consciences are whispering, cheeks are reddening.

With a smiling countenance, Mr. Baxter enters the quilting room and gives the kindly salutation:

"Good afternoon, ladies, I am very glad to see you all so busily engaged in quilting here for our good friend Mrs. Benson. He passes around the frame and cordially shakes hands with every one of them and they all in turn exclaim: "We are so happy, sir, (has anything such mobility as the invisible spirit?) to see you here; we feared lest something might detain you; we hope you left your family all well and that you will stay to tea with us."

"I will," says he, "with all my heart; but let me not hinder you in your quilting, ladies, nor interrupt your profitable conversation."

Here, blushes tinged some cheeks again and eyes were fixed intent upon the needle work.

Turning now to Miss Molly Mansfield, Mr. Baxter says approvingly: "I was pleased to see yourself and father and mother at Church last Sabbath."

"We were glad to be there, sir," replies Miss Molly, brushing away her raven ringlets, "for you had, as you always do, an excellent sermon; my father enjoyed it very much, and so did my mother and I."

"I 'm glad you think so, Molly," replies the minister, "the subject was, you well remember, *Evil Speaking*, from the text; 'The tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity,' and so indeed it is, when unrestrained."

"I think so, too," Miss Mansfield tremulously responds, "and I shall try to govern mine."

Mr. Baxter little dreams how close the arrow cuts; but as Sir Walter Scott has said:

> "Many a shaft, at random sent,
> Finds mark the archer never meant."

Turning now to Mrs. Rackett, the minister kindly enquires: "How, madam, is your husband to-day? Has he tried my wife's receipt for his rheumatism? Have the children recovered from the measles so as to attend school again?"

"They are getting better," she replies in a winsome tone, "and we all

hope to be out at Church again next Sunday; we do all so miss your good sermons, Mr. Baxter, and the children are all so much interested in your fervent prayers for them. They are short and to the point. The children love you dearly, as we all do. How kind in you to enquire for them. Do come and see us; we hope you will always be our minister."

"A pastor," replies Mr. Baxter, "loves to have the good will of the lambs of his flock and to know that their parents set them good examples. I will come and see you soon. I have got a new chaise, the second one in town, and I hope now to visit my parishioners more frequently."

Then, again addressing Molly Mansfield, he kindly says: "I regret to learn that your sister Catherine has met with an accident. Here is a book by my namesake, Richard Baxter, which I have brought for her to read. I will call to see her to-morrow morning."

"And how," says he to Mrs. Rugby, "is your invalid son, Caleb? I intend that you and he, if able, shall have the first ride in my new chaise, and then to let any of my neighbors who may wish to do so, try it."

"You are, Sir, and always have been, so very kind to us; no people ever had so good a minister; we do so very much enjoy your preaching and your company. My son Caleb will be delighted to have a ride in your new chaise."

Without looking fairly at Mr. Baxter in the face, Misses Blair and Pinchbeck respond respectively to his questions, express themselves as being fortunate in having such an accomplished minister, and the latter even goes so far as to suggest that he have a donation party, especially to help him to pay for his new chaise.

O, what a change the minister's face can sometimes make! Is this the group that just now wished him dead and gone?

This party was exceptional, to be sure; or I should not as an honest chronicler report its doings. It had fallen step by step into the habit of evil speaking, and when the bridle leaves the tongue the wild fire comes; the village was exceptional, and much it suffered from that wild fire.

Mr. Baxter turns the tenor of the conversation to subjects of importance, suggests improvements in the village, and encourages the mothers to bestow upon their children a good education; and then particularly invites Aunt Tabitha to go with him to visit a family near her father's house at that time struggling hard for daily bread.

But the time for supper has arrived. A line of deal tables has been arranged in the ample sitting-room, and covered with linen cloth of spotless white; it is furnished with blue-edged plates and platters, small china cups and saucers—heirlooms in the Benson family—silver tea spoons, marked with the letter B, horn-handled knives and double-tined steel forks. The board is lighted with tallow candles set into brazen candlesticks, and is liberally supplied with toasted bread, soft cakes, doughnuts, crackers, comfits, pumpkin, minced and apple pies, cup custards, cider-apple sauce, white lump sugar and butter and cheese of excellent quality.

The ladies leave the patchwork quilt completed, and surround the table, when the Rev. Mr. Baxter, standing at the head of it, invokes a blessing on the food and company.

Mr. Hezekiah McAdams, who has just come in, is seated next to Miss Molly Mansfield, and assists her and the others near him to the viands on the table. There are no napkins, and the knife in-

stead of the fork is used in eating. The tea is taken from the china saucers. A glass of currant wine stands between the minister's and the teacher's plates. and all the tongues are glibly running.

At length, Aunt Tabitha turns her tea-cup over, carefully inspects the order or disorder of the tea grounds, and then cries out:

"Who will have her fortune told?"

"I, I, I," they all vociferate; for at that period the belief was common that some mysterious link exists between the settlings in a teacup and the coming events of life. Miss Mansfield presents her cup and says:

"Now, Tabitha, be sure and tell me true!"

The prophetess, adjusting her silver-bowed spectacles and examining every particle of the black sediment, exclaims, while every tongue, except her own, is silent and every ear intent, "You, Miss Molly Mansfield, as your cup most clearly indicates, are to become a member of Mr. Baxter's Church, and one of his most earnest workers. From these grounds, also, I perceive that you are not to change your name and state and residence. I see moreover, in the distance, this crooked line of dots declares it, a smart young gentleman approaching thoughtfully. In one hand he holds a ferrule, and a spelling-book in the other. Why do you blush so, Molly? He surely comes; the children do him reverence, and you do him still more. Keep still, Molly, till I see the meaning of this other little line. O, now I have it, I can just perceive you, and I know it's you, in a white muslin dress walking arm in arm with this young gentleman towards the parsonage. I see you plainly going through a certain ceremony. I see you then ascend the Meeting House Hill together and enter a large white house; and from this cluster of grounds above the rest, I see you take the ferrule from his hand to govern him, and the spelling-book to teach the children."

"And whom," enquires McAdams, in his confusion, "does that man look like?"

"Like you, yourself," responds Aunt Tabitha.

A roar of laughter follows, and the minister laughs the loudest; for like Dr. Franklin, he believes in early marriages. The tea is finished, the party breaks up in the best of spirits, Mr. Hezekiah McAdams ventures home with Molly Mansfield; they are in due season published by the Town Clerk *viva voce* in the church, and married by the minister as the prophetess had predicted. For once, her tea grounds told the truth, for it was "a fixed fact" before, and with all such matters this village fortune-teller took much pains to acquaint herself.

Mr. Baxter remained a while at Mrs. Benson's after the quilters had departed, when she, good woman, wisely or unwisely, I shall not pretend to say, acquainted him with the remarks the party had made concerning him. How he took the information is not stated; but he shortly afterwards preached his memorable sermon on "Total Depravity," which almost every one of his hearers applied to his next-door neighbor instead of to himself. But I am very glad to say a few did not. Mr. Hezekiah McAdams became a noted writer of school text-books; Mrs. Rugby sent her son Caleb to college, and he attained distinction as a lawyer. Miss Pinchbeck grew more charitable as she advanced in life, and left a legacy to the Church; Mrs. Rackett learned to control her tongue and temper; Miss Hannah Blair became the daughter-in-law of Mrs. Benson.

COMMUNICATIONS.

WHEN Thomas Jefferson dwelled in luxury at Monticello, and John Leland lived in the poorest portion of Orange County, a strong friendship existed between the two, born of their mutual faith in the permanence of popular government and in the high destiny of man. This friendship did not diminish when Leland changed his home for a rural town in Massachusetts, scarcely known outside of its own settlement. When, therefore, in 1801, the name of Jefferson was brought forward as candidate for the Presidential chair, the zeal of the minister knew no bounds. With his strong character, iron will, and personal magnetism, he went to work among the independent yeomany who had settled the Cheshire hills. In this region, among this class of people, it is no idle boast to say his influence was omnipotent. He controlled their votes, and led them to the polls in a solid body. So thoroughly did he teach the principles of a true democracy from pulpit and platform, that a traditionary anecdote, now afloat, says that upon one election day the counters of the votes, coming to one for the Whig candidate, cast it out unhesitatingly as a mistake, never dreaming that there could be a politician of that stripe in their midst.

When Jefferson was declared elected, Leland wished his friend, as well as the people generally, to know how valiantly Cheshire had acquitted herself in the battle; so riding around among his parishioners, he proposed that the largest cheese ever recorded should be manufactured, and sent to Jefferson as a mark of their congratulations and good will and of the chief industry of their town.

The farmers gladly assented; a day was fixed, and in carts, wagons, and wheel-barrows the milk from all the dairies was carried to the designated spot, the home of Captain Daniel Brown, a large land-owner and leading farmer. The curd was mixed by Aunt Frances Wells, wife of another wealthy farmer, and an unrivalled cheese maker. When finished and pronounced good, it was pressed in a cider mill belonging to Captain Brown, and weighed, when cured, 1,235 pounds.

The following November it was put upon a sled and carried to the river at Hudson, where it was shipped by sloop to Washington. Elder Leland and Darius Brown went on by land; the former, as they stopped at villages along the way, preaching wherever the door opened, and gaining the name of the "Mammoth Priest," as bearer of the mammoth cheese. It was presented with a suitable speech by Leland, and accepted in the same manner by Jefferson, who also wrote a letter thanking the farmers of Cheshire for the gift.

After the lapse of more than eighty years, it has been left to the year 1885 to develop the statement that Jefferson paid Leland for a cheese given to him by the men of Cheshire, and which implies that John Leland appropriated $200 that could not have belonged to him. No one who knew the rugged honesty of the man would entertain such an idea for a single moment. That the cheese was designed for a present, not from the "Reverend manufacturer," but from the democratic manufacturers on the Cheshire farms, there is no question.

It is, doubtless, a fact that Thomas Jefferson did not practice "dead-heading at hotels," nor receiving presents that placed him under obligations. It is no less a fact that John Leland never sought "executive patronage," nor thought to place a mortgage upon the favors of his friend. With just as much spirit as Jefferson could have assumed, would Leland have returned any gift that placed him under obligation to the giver.

Scattered, here and there, over the town of Cheshire, are living, to-day, old men and women who remember the cheese-making and have heard it canvassed all their lives, but never before has a hint been given that any price was paid for it.

Nothing would seem more probable than that Jefferson, the old-time friend, situated in affluence, giving, according to this same diary, $1,585.60 in charity during the year of 1802, and knowing Leland's efforts in his behalf, should desire to make him a personal present.

The year following the gift of the cheese, Thomas Jefferson makes the following entry on the page of his diary:

"1802. I gave Rev.d Mr. Leland, bearer of the cheese of 1235 lbs weight, 200. D."

He says nothing of paying the givers of the cheese, or even Leland, for it, he simply designates the latter as the bearer of the great cheese.

Knowing the circumstances, and the sterling integrity of Leland, I am firmly convinced that the $200 was a personal gift to him, and so understood by both giver and receiver.

E. C. RAYNOR.

STRANGER THAN FICTION.

By Henrietta E. Page.

"O the long and dreary winter!
O the cold and cruel winter!
Ever thicker, thicker, thicker
Froze the ice on lake and river,"

I threw down the book with a yawn, albeit it was my favorite Longfellow, and gazed out upon the "cruel winter" with weary, lacklustre eyes. I was weary of life, weary of snow, and oh, so weary of racking my brains for new and original plots for my stories, and, in fact, quite in the mood to do any foolish, not to say suicidal act. But just to show what trivial things will sometimes avert terrible catastrophes, I will here announce, that I, Jack Lawrence, author and editor, owe my invaluable life to the gambols of a fly, a poor little winter fly, which had crept into existence in spite of cold, hunger, and untoward circumstances. I sat and watched him till,— By George! there's the letter carrier and he's got a bulky letter for me, too. With new life coursing through my veins, I grasped the package, and sat down to devour the contents. I will now give them to you, my readers:

Florence, December 25, 1883.

Dear Jack:

I know you will open wide those lazy eyes of yours when you read the above, for it's hardly more than six weeks since I spent the evening in your cosy sanctum; at which time I had no more idea I should be where I am, than that I should be making discoveries in the Lunar regions; but it is all owing to Winn Stemley — of course you remember him, showing me the picture of a woman — but there, I will not forestall my story.

You remember my telling you how almost broken-hearted I was when I saw him a year ago, on board the steamer for Florence, where the doctors had sent him as a last resort, with his keeper, or as he was called, his attendant. He was then a poor wreck, sunk of cheek, and wild of eye; haggard and sallow. I expected he would return in his coffin or in chains, a raving maniac. Well, just picture my astonishment, when, as I was passing through Beacon Street, I met, some six weeks since, a man, the personification of health, a model of manly strength, and an Adonis of masculine beauty. I noticed a strange likeness to Winn, and for that reason, I suppose my stare of admiration was prolonged far beyond the limits of true politeness. I was upon the point of passing, when he stopped, and held out his hand.

"Harold Whitney? Are you going to pass an old friend in that style?"

"Winn Stemley!" I gasped, in blank amazement.

"Yes, old fellow, Winn Stemley, alive and hearty, and never better pleased than now to meet so true, so tried a friend. Are you at leisure? If so come in. I want to have a long chat with you, and introduce you to my boarding mistress, who is nothing, if she is not a beauty."

I said I was at leisure, and nothing would please me better than a chat with him; so taking his latch-key from his pocket, he nimbly ran up the flight of steps near which we had met, and we entered. He went quickly to the hat-rack, and opening a little box in the side, exclaimed:

"She's out."

"Who's out?" I queried.

"My boarding mistress. She keeps

her latch-key there, and it's gone."

"Oh!" was all I said.

"I always look, then I have some idea how long I shall have to wait for my meals."

"Then you wait?"

"Always."

"Oh!"

"Come up to my studio. I have some prime cigars, and I can treat you to iced lemonade, or hot coffee, as you choose."

I noticed the carpets, the statues, the paintings, as I went up and up, and I came to the conclusion that Winn, or some one else, had a plenty of money and to spare; they were superb.

At last he threw open the studio door and we entered. It was a cosy retreat, I can tell you, and contained my particular object of admiration, an open fireplace with a glowing fire therein; upon the hob was a tiny coffee-pot and upon a little stand a delicious lunch, which, later, I helped him dispatch. I drew near the fire, and spread my hands, over the grateful warmth, for it was a cold day. As I did so, I raised my eyes and fairly held my breath in mute admiration. Before me was a picture; I recognized it instantly as Winn Stemley's work, but the beauty, the pathetic beauty of that face! I never saw quite such an exquisite countenance, and I never expect to see another just like it. It was a woman of perhaps twenty-five years, seated in a huge crimson chair; her robe was of pale-blue satin, and over her head and shoulders was draped a shawl of seemingly priceless point lace. Her face lay against the crimson background, her hair was of a purple black, and heavy lashes lay upon the creamy pallor of her cheeks; her lips were tinted like the heart of a sea shell. But oh! the sweet, blissful repose of that face, Jack, it haunts me still. In her hands, and trailing over the blue satin of her dress, were great bunches of creamy roses.

I know not how long I stood there in silent, mute admiration, but when I did move, and turn to Winn, the look upon his face was a revelation.

"There is a story to that picture?" I asked. He nodded, and turned away. I was sorry that I had spoken, but a moment after he said:

"Yes, one of the strangest out of fiction. Help me eat this lunch; and by and by, over our cigars, I will tell it to you."

I needed no urging, I assure you, for the lunch was delicious, and the promise of a story at the end was a splendid appetizer.

As he told the story to me, I will, with his consent, write it to you, knowing the trouble you have in concocting original plots. He began:

"I was slowly descending my steps one morning in early May, wondering upon which of my acquaintances I should inflict my company, for I had only returned the morning before, on the Parthia, from Europe. I had put my studio in order, paid my respects to my family, and now time hung heavily upon my hands. As I was pondering my destination in my mind, the door of the next house but one opened hastily, and a man ran down the steps. As he came by me he raised his eyes; it was Earl Melville, but pale and haggard, with eyes still moist with recently-shed tears. He grasped my hands with hands that scorched as they touched, as he exclaimed in tones of greatest relief:

"The very man I want! I did not know you had returned but thank God you are here!"

"What can I do for you, Earl; you are ill."

"Oh! never mind me, I want you. I have a strange task for you. Mr.

Travers, who has moved here since you left three years ago, wants the picture of his only child painted, and the cast for a statue taken."

"But, my friend, you are unduly excited; that is not so strange a task. That is easy enough."

"But she is dead," he whispered, "come up to your studio, and while you are preparing your materials I will tell about it."

It seems that Elinor Travers, after her graduation, went to Europe with her father's sister, intending to be gone a year or more; but when they had been gone less than three months the aunt was recalled by the severe illness of some of her people. It also happened that Elinor was at that time confined to her bed with a slight fever, but of enough consequence that the doctor in attendance said he could not think of allowing her to be removed, as it would be at the risk of her life. So the girl being in good hands, as she thought, the aunt decided to leave her for the present as she could do nothing else.

Elinor soon recovered, and wrote for permission to stay until she was ready to return; said she was having a delightful time, and never was better in her life. Her father consented, and said he would himself go for her when she was ready. She was living in a private family of great wealth and importance, which consisted of a father and an only son and daughter, she and Elinor being of about the same age. Before the year had expired, Mr. Travers sold his country seat, and moved to Boston to be nearer medical aid, and for the benefit of the sea air, as his health seemed to be declining; but his daughter's presence would have done him more good than all the tonics in the world. A year and a half from her departure the girl returned alone, without any warning, but so changed that her father scarcely recognized her. She was taller, paler, thinner, and oh, so sad. She never was the same again; she was nervous, easily startled and had a haunted look in her lovely eyes pitiful to behold. She accounted for the change by telling how homesick she had been, and how ill upon the voyage. And her father was so glad to have her back that he was satisfied with the explanations; not so, her lover. Seldom could any one induce her to go out, and when she did it was always closely veiled. Prior to her departure there had been talk of an engagement between her and Earl Melville, but after her return all was over between them, she absolutely refusing any overtures of love from him, but promising to be a true friend to him forever, if he so wished. In lieu of a closer relationship, when he found no prayers would change her resolve, he was thankful to receive so much favor even from the girl he so fondly loved. She was sixteen when she went away; she had died in her thirty-fifth year, and in the quiet, peaceful sleep of death looked no more than twenty-five. Earl had always desired to go to Italy and try to find out what had so changed his darling, but delicacy had hindered him. If Elinor had a secret, he thought, was it for him to trouble her by unearthing it? But oh, if he only had Jack! Well, then this story had never been written, but such untold misery had been saved to all concerned. She had been a mystery all these years to father, lover, and friends, and a mystery she remained in death. Earl said in conclusion, "The doctors were and are puzzled, and as Mr. Travers will not listen to any talk of a *post-mortem* examination, they are compelled to call it death from heart disease. I could tell them better than

that, though; but I do not care to create a nine-day's wonder. I have known for a long time that she was addicted to the use of chloral, and when I went up at her father's agonized cry. I found an empty bottle in her listless hand, hidden by the bed-clothes, for she was found dead in her bed at eleven in the forenoon. I have loved her unselfishly, Winn, all my life, I shall love her till I die. No other woman can ever be to me what she was. My heart will be buried when the earth covers her's. I must now live for the poor father, as I have lived for the daughter."

Being now all prepared, with his help and my valet's, I removed my belongings to Mr. Traver's house, and we proceeded to the chamber of death.

With trembling hands Melville removed the sheet from the face he loved so well, and then went over to the window. I stood spell-bound. Great heaven! I thought, can this be death? Artist though I was, much as I had travelled, many as were the faces and forms I had seen, I had never beheld such a face before. I stood so long that Earl began to get impatient, and put his hand upon me to rouse me from my abstraction. I awoke as if touched by a galvanic battery.

She was dressed as you see her in that picture, Harold. Earl brought in the great crimson chair, and with his help I placed her in that pose. There was no seeming death about her, her limbs being flexible, and limber as in life.

I worked day and night over that picture; sometimes in Earl's company, but most of the time alone; I preferred to be alone. Harold, I went mad over that face! I loved that dead woman with an absorbing love that seemed to set my brain on fire. I do not wonder you look astonished, but the fact remains the same. I was madly in love with a dead woman, and also madly jealous of Earl's love, which he might so plainly show.

When the picture was all but done, I laid it aside for finishing later, and began preparations for taking a mask of the beautiful dead statue, for the living statue I meant to make, for I feared to waste time, or the features might change. I left the room, after placing the lovely form upon her couch, that her maid might arrange her toilet for the cast.

When I returned, the neck and arms were bare, the bust modestly veiled in white, no purer than the flesh it covered. I felt positively wicked as I placed the plaster over that heavenly face. I groaned aloud and wondered if there could be a God, to let such creatures die, when so many lived who had been far better dead.

In spite of my agitation I succeeded in getting a perfect cast of the beautiful face, neck, hands, and arms. Then I must have fainted, for they found me insensible beside the couch where lay my dead love.

I had been under an unwonted excitement ever since I had first seen Elinor Travers, and I had been hard at work for two days and nights, neither eating or sleeping much, though my meals were brought to me, when it was found I would not go to them, and I was urged to rest, time and again, but uselessly so.

When I so far recovered as to realize anything, I found myself in my own home, in the care of my mother. I hastily asked if the young lady was buried yet, and was told the funeral was to take place at two o'clock that afternoon. It was now near eleven. I hastily arose and dressed, in spite of my mother's protestations, and drinking

some warm broth at her earnest solicitations, I started for a florist's, where I startled the good man by my hasty order of violets and tuberoses, to be arranged in a beautiful design. Needless to say I received it in due season, and laid it upon the pure white casket, with a loving longing in my heart, to which, till now, I had been a stranger. Was I not to be pitied? It was my first love, and she dead?

I was alone in the room at the moment, and I bent and kissed the sweet, pale lips, and hung mourning over the white casket, as though I had a perfect right to so mourn.

After the funeral I returned to my work. I worked night and day for weeks, aye months, and at last the statue was finished, and not one only, for I had made duplicates of picture and statue.

Mr. Travers was more than satisfied, and offered to pay me any fabulous sum I chose to name; but I wanted no money, I told him, only some article which had belonged to her; something she had prized.

He looked at me for an instant in a peculiar manner, and then went to the mantle piece, from which he took a richly and curiously-carved jewel casket.

"Here is a box my daughter seemed to set great store by. I found it in her room to-day, and as it was empty I brought it down here where I could look at it, but as I now have her picture and statue, I will give the box to you." He stepped into the next room a moment, and upon returning handed me the box. I could not thank him in words, but he could read them in my face.

"I have mislaid the key just for a while. I will find it before you leave. It is a curious looking little casket, and quite valuable as a work of art, I believe."

Upon my departure later he took the little key from his vest pocket, and pressed it into my hand. On reaching home I put the box upon a pedestal, and the key I hung upon my watch-guard. I touched and retouched that picture. I could have opened the eyes had there been a picture of the girl in existence, but she had destroyed every vestige of a likeness of herself, and stubbornly refused to have another taken, despite her father's prayers. That is the reason he was compelled to resort to an artist's aid, after death.

As I said, I touched and re-touched my picture until I could see no more to do, in my most critical mood, then I framed it, and hung it where you see it.

But the statue was what absorbed me most. I was wrapt up in that entirely; you shall see with what cause.

He arose, and going to an alcove, drew apart the amber satin curtains, which hung before it in heavy, graceful folds, and flung them upon huge hooks at the side.

I assure you Jack, I was startled, for the statue was so perfect it seemed verily to breathe. It was a full life size, of a woman above the average height, of most perfect contour and graceful pose.

She was leaning carelessly against a pedestal wreathed with flowers, her clasped hands holding a spray of roses, her eyes downcast. Her arms were bare to the lovely shoulders, and the square-cut dress gave a glimpse of the perfect neck. Over her hair, which hung in rich profusion upon the spotless dress, was draped the same magnificent veil which figured in the picture.

Before the alcove, upon a crimson velvet hassock, stood an immense Majolica bowl of exquisite, and at that time

of the year, almost priceless, exotics; like an offering to a saint.

I prayed to that figure for months as I never prayed to my God, begging it to come to life, to give me one look, from the eyes I had never seen. I prayed as never even Pygmalion did, but with less than his success. I suppose you are thinking I was insane? Well, I was. I tell you I went mad over that dead girl as I never did over a living one. My friends could not understand me, my mother suffered untold agony, but I could not help them.

After a while a new phase set in. I was haunted! I felt that Elinor was ever with me, ever near me, and yet would not show herself. I would turn suddenly hundreds of times a day, thinking I felt her near me, her breath upon my cheek, only to be disappointed. It made no material difference where I was; on the street, in the theatre, or at home, I was a haunted, unhappy man. I lost appetite, flesh, and sleep; and at last I had to endure a companion of flesh, or in other words, a keeper. They said I was mad.

I was possessed with a desire to go to Florence, where my darling had lost her youth, and gayety. And strange as it may seem, the presence which haunted me seemed pleased, and urged me forward in my preparations.

I had been in Florence a week and the change had done me good; although I was as mad as ever, but I had gained a little in strength. I was still haunted, had still to be watched.

One day my keeper, not feeling well, laid down upon a lounge and closed his eyes. I was seemingly engrossed with a book: but I furtively watched every motion, every breath. I longed to be alone, to breathe the air of freedom once again. From my windows, in the distance, I could see a ruined castle. I heard it was much admired by tourists and artists, and I had an almost insane desire to explore it alone. I watched with bated breath the ailing man, and prayed that sleep might soon claim him.

After what seemed to me time interminable, I was rewarded by deep and regular breathing, and I knew my time had come. But I had to watch my chance, for had any one seen me go out alone, my attendant had soon been made aware of his relaxed vigilance, and my little scheme frustrated. I succeeded in getting away unobserved though, and I went upon my way rejoicing.

I think I must have been in the castle an hour (it was an immense place,) when I thought I heard voices, in another part, somewhat removed. I was then at the entrance of a large, dim room, whose windows seemed afar off. Its lofty arches gave back the echoes of my footsteps. I fancied there was a peculiarly mouldy smell. The walls were wainscotted in rich, dark mahogony, the floor was of the same. The windows were of stained glass, and lent strange shadows to the room. It was near twilight, and through the broken panes the bats flew in and out. An owl hooted at me from a perch far above my reach, and the remnants of a heavy curtain flapped in the evening breeze. I seemed to feel the presence of my unseen companion closer than ever. I felt her breath upon my cheek. I heard the rustle of her garments. I was strangely, wildly excited, and a sudden voice would have caused me to scream like a nervous woman. The room was without furniture with one exception; I could see between the windows what seemed to be a lounge, or chair of some kind, and feeling weary I drew near it for the purpose of rest.

This is what I saw. A heavy, rustic

piece of furniture, made of woven branches of dark wood, half lounge, half chair, over which was thrown a rich crimson shawl, and upon that shawl, in almost the precise attitude of that picture lay the figure of the woman I had gone mad for love of! I could never tell how long I stood there gazing at her, but my old prayer went up, that she might move, might open those eyes, which I felt must be as beautiful as the rest of her beautiful person.

At last my prayer was answered, for the fair hands stirred upon the snow-clad bosom, the breath came quick and gasping, the great midnight eyes were gazing into mine, and a fluttering cry escaped the rosy lips. The excitement had been too much, and with a sigh, "At last, at last!" I fell fainting at her feet.

When I came to I was in the arms of my keeper; several tourists were looking on in pitying amazement, and the occupant of the chair was gone, if she had ever been there; not a vestige remained but the bare rustic chair itself.

As we turned to leave the room, my foot struck something; I stooped and picked up a book, which I put in my pocket without remark. Later I looked it through. It was an Italian love story, and on the fly leaf I read the name "Carina Russino."

As the name passed my lips a thrill of awe, strange, superstitious awe, coursed through my whole being, and I put the book away silently, making no mention of it to any one.

I was in a high fever the next day, and was not allowed to rise; indeed, the doctor was called, and entire rest and quiet was prescribed. I demanded books, and they were not denied, then grown bold I asked for pencil and board, and lying there I drew the scene of yesterday even to the book upon her lap, which I then remembered seeing there.

I lay in a half doze, when I was aroused by the rustling of the portiere which divided my room, and raising my eyes, I beheld Elinor Travers standing holding aside the heavy curtain. She was dressed in that same light-blue satin, wore the same rich veil over her abundant black hair, but her beautiful eyes glowed with a living light, and a soft, sweet smile parted the ruby lips. I held out my arms imploringly, and cried:

"Come to me, my love. Oh, come to me. Do not leave me again. I have prayed for you so long, so long," but the curtain fell, and I was again alone, no, not alone, for my excited voice brought my attendant, who soothed me to the best of his ability. I was very much like an ailing child in those days, Harold, and the strange mystery, I felt was killing me. But one day, as I sat at my open window, enjoying the fresh breeze which had sprung up, with my friendly keeper reading to me, suddenly a female figure darted down a path leading to a summer house in the garden. Half way down the garden she stopped, and turning began to throw kisses to some one on about the same level as I was.

I turned to my companion, and grasping him fiercely by the arm, I whispered:

"Is there a woman dressed in blue in yonder garden path?"

He looked at me in astonishment, I suppose wondering what phase my madness would take on next, but he answered politely enough:

"Certainly, sir. That is Signorina Carina Russino, granddaughter of one of the richest men in Florence."

I breathed a sigh of relief.

"She is a great beauty and belle, and

many are the hearts her pretty feet have trampled on. She will have none of the Florentine beaux, but declares her lover is coming from over the sea some day to claim her, or such is the report. The young lady has been greatly interested in you since your illness, but you frightened her much in the old castle, a week ago. She thinks the American Milord, as they all call you, is very handsome, and she is extremely sorry he is indisposed. The old castle is one of her favorite resorts, and her grandfather had that huge reclining chair put there for her especial use."

I did not talk much that afternoon, I was content to sit and watch her, as I could do, from my window. Later, I saw one I took to be the grandfather, saunter down the path with two more females, one of whom I could see was young and beautiful, the other evidently her mother. Carina jumped up with a little cry of delight, and flung herself into each of their arms alternately. Later still I found they were her aunt and cousin, come upon a visit.

Daily I grew better, my appetite returned, I was no longer haunted, my keeper's office became a sinecure. My insane ideas left me, about as suddenly as they had taken possession of me, and I resumed my painting with a zest.

I went upon long rambles, now making a companion of my former keeper, and astonishing him with my hearty appetite and exuberance of spirits.

In a month's time no one would have recognized me as the poor invalid who had come to Florence for his health.

Well, I had got it, and what was more, I had become acquainted with beautiful Carina, and a healthy, earthly love was fast ousting the unnatural, insane passion which had so long possessed me. One day she was in my sitting-room, after our betrothal, and she saw the casket Mr. Travers gave me.

"Why! How did you come by Aunt Nita's casket?" she asked.

"I do not think that ever was your Aunt Nita's casket, Carina. It was given me by a gentleman in America, and I brought it here with me. Open it." She took the key from me and did as I bade her, and to my astonishment and her confusion, it was stuffed full of bank-notes. I had told her it was empty. It was Mr. Travers' polite way of paying me the money I had refused to take from his hand, and I, thinking the casket empty, and too sacred to be used for anything ordinary, had not opened it before. Now I could not, and did not care to refuse it. I told Carina she might keep the casket, as she admired it so much.

"Do you know the secret of these caskets, my Winn?" she asked in her pretty foreign accent.

"I was not aware they had any secrets, Carina, mia." I said.

She laughed shyly, and pressed a tiny spring, and a false bottom fell into her hand, and not the bottom only, but papers, some yellow with time, others white as snow. She quickly gathered them together and placed them in my hands, her face sobered at the look of astonishment on mine.

"Pardonez," she murmured, blushing.

"Freely, my love, for I knew not they were there."

That night when all was still, and I was alone, for I was left alone now, I looked over the papers put there; by whom? Perhaps by Elinor herself.

The first paper, yellow, and dated nearly nineteen years ago, was a marriage certificate between — Raphalio Russino, and — Elinor Travers! The second a certificate of birth and baptism, of an infant girl, by name, Carina Russino!

My God! what had I fallen upon? What had drawn me to Florence? What had haunted me until my mission was fulfilled.

The third and last paper was a letter addressed to Mr. Travers. Should I read it or not? I began to put it into the envelope, but something seemed to stay my hand, to bid me read it. Again I pushed it from me, and again my hand was palsied. So at last I opened it, and slowly and reverently, read the burning heart secret, which had borne her to her grave:

My Darling Father:

When you read these lines, if you ever do, I shall have left you forever: so I know you will forgive your seemingly way-ward daughter. You know what a happy, care-free child I left you to go to Europe and you know what a pale, broken-hearted woman I returned to you; but, you do not know the cause. How shall I tell you? Anita Russino was my room-mate in the convent of the "Sacred Heart" for five years. She graduated first and returned to her home, while I stayed in Paris to finish my course, but we corresponded, and she had much to say about her brother, Raphalio, and sent me his picture. He was extremely handsome, in the Italian style, and if my heart had not already been given into Earl Melville's keeping, I should without doubt, have given it to him, but I loved Earl with my whole soul, and there was no room therein for another.

When Aunt left me in Florence I was ill of a fever, at Anita's home, where we had been invited for a month. I was sick some time after she left.

When I got around again, I saw that Raphalio was violently in love with me, and indeed his sister told me so, long before he did, for I kept him at such a distance. He was terribly cut up when I refused him, and Nita upbraided me sorely. I wanted to return home, but they would not hear of it. It was after I wrote for permission to stay. Well, he gave me no peace. I grew afraid of him; hid myself when I saw him coming, and scarcely spoke to him at all in company.

All at once I saw he took no more notice of me than I did of him, and I grew happy once more. Nita was going to be married; it was to be a grand affair, and she begged as a last favor that I would accompany her to the altar, with Raphalio as my escort. He seemed so cool and distant, and I wished to oblige my friend, so I consented. I was furnished a lovely, light-blue satin dress, and an exquisite point veil, which Nita said was the custom of the country.

As we entered the great church, all ablaze with lights, and fragrant with flowers, murmurs of admiration followed us. I glanced at Raphalio; he looked like some glorious prince, and his eyes glowed upon me as if they would burn me up. A rush of blood to my head flushed my cheeks, and tingled to my finger ends. I felt as if taking part in a dream.

Once during the ceremony Nita touched me, and said:

"Say yes, Elinor, say yes." Thinking it some part of their marriage service, I unhesitatingly said "yes." At last the services over, we sought the vestry, and I was requested to sign my name in the register. I did so.

Soon I was handed a paper. "What is this for? what shall I do with it?" I asked.

Smilingly the priest, pastor, or whatever they called him, said, "What do with? Keep, your marriage certificate."

"My what? I am not married."

"The lady is mistaken, she is married, very fast, no mistake, all legal."

I looked at Nita, she blushed and her eyes fell. I looked at Raphalio. Oh! such a triumphantly-passionate look as passed over his beautiful, hateful face.

"It will not stand." I cried. "I have been deceived; I did not want to marry him."

"Then, lady, you should not have come, it was a double wedding, of which I have had several lately, and you gave your consent at the altar, or I should have refused to marry you,

most certainly. I have only done my duty." What could I do? What I *did* was to stamp and rave, and go into hysterics, but all the time I clutched that wretched piece of paper, which separated me from Earl forever, unless this marriage could be set aside, and I vowed it should be set aside. Nita tried to calm me; uselessly. Then I saw Raphalio approaching me; he held a handkerchief in his hand. I pushed him away, but what was my puny strength compared with his? He pressed the handkerchief to my face, and I was not so ignorant but that I recognized the fumes of chloroform. I felt my strength desert me. I felt his arms around me; his hot kisses upon my lips, and then I lost consciousness.

I awoke at midnight. I was alone with him, and his arms were around me. I realized it was useless for me to struggle against my fate, which was stronger than I.

But, ah! his was but a paltry triumph, for he really loved me to madness, and I,—I hated him to the death! I never smiled at him. I thwarted him every way in my power. I made his life a very hell.

I did love my little girl when she came, but not enough to prevent me leaving her the first chance I got. When she was about there months old I had an opportunity to purchase a passport made out in another woman's name, for America, but she repented, luckily for me. I bought me a travelling suit, and smuggled a quantity of my clothes by piecemeal to her house. They would think I had given them away if they were missed. I also bought her trunk and paid her a handsome sum for her silence, and to place my ordinary bonnet and cloak upon the edge of the Arno. Then with a passionate kiss upon my baby's sweet mouth, I left Italy's shores forever. I would not have left my little Carina, but I dared not bring her home; for she was my living image, young as she was; and I dreaded a scandal.

I was glad when I knew you had removed to Boston; and you remember I made you move again, telling you I did not like the house. It was to cover our trail. I so feared the man who claimed me would find me again in spite of my supposed death, and the bitter letter I left him.

You have often wondered I never would have a picture taken, that I would seldom go out. Father, for nineteen years my life has been a living death! And, ah! my love, my love! Tell him, father, the whole story, and tell him that I loved him better than I loved my life.

I mean to put this where you will be sure to find it, for I feel that my days are numbered, I am dying of a breaking heart. I suffer so intensely at times that I have to resort to artificial means of rest. I also am compelled to increase the dose often, and at any of these times, I am liable to die from its effects. But I know God will pardon me, and Oh! my father, I pray humbly that you may. God bless you forever.

Your loving, dying daughter,

ELINOR."

The paper dropped from my hands. I started up, and rang the bell.

"The coward! The devil!" I cried. "His life shall pay the forfeit yet. Now I know what force it was that brought me to Florence."

The waiter rapped before entering.

"I would see the landlord."

"Si Signor." Soon the man of the house stood obsequiously before me. I bade him to be seated, as I wished to ask a few questions.

"Where is the son of this, this Russino?" I asked.

"The son? Raphalio? Does not the American Milord know that he is dead?"

"Dead!" I cried, sinking into my seat. Carina's father dead?"

"Yes, Milord, when the bonnet of the beautiful young wife was found floating upon the Arno, and her garment upon the bank, Raphalio went mad.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FORSYTH FAMILY IN NEW ENGLAND.

By Frederic Gregory Forsyth.

The family and name of Forsyth are derived from the ancient barony and city of Forsath, now Fronsac, in Gascony, France. Robert de Forsyth, a Gascon knight went to Scotland during the reign of Robert I. and his son Sir Osbert de Forsyth received from that monarch for fealty, "100 solidates in terrae tenemento de Salkill," in the Sheriffdom of Sterling.—[Earl of Haddington's Collection.]

From him were descended the Forsyths' Barons of Nydie, whose arms are emblazoned in Lindsay's Heraldic MSS., probably by Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, Lord Lyon, King of Arms, in 1542.

One of this family, Lord James Forsyth, a Lord Commissioner in 1560 (Oliphants in Scotland, p. 171), married the daughter and heiress of Lord Douglass of Dykes. His son was:

David Forsyth, Baron of Dykes, a Commissioner of Revenue for Glasgow in 1594.—(Rolls of Scottish Parliament for 1594.) His children were:

I. James Forsyth, died unmarried.

II. William Forsyth, his successor.

III. Robert Forsyth, an officer of the Royal Army, settled in County Down, Ulster, Ireland, in 1618, near Hillsborough Church, in which is emblazoned his family coat-of-arms.

William Forsyth, Baron of Dykes, son of David, was Member of Scottish Parliament for Forres in 1621.—(Rolls of Scottish Parliament for 1621.) One of his sons was:

John Forsyth, Member of Parliament for Cullen and one of the signers of the Commission to meet the English Parliament in 1652.—(Rolls of Scottish Parliament for 1652.) He married a daughter and heiress of Lord Livingston of Kilsyth, and had:

I. James Forsyth, his successor.

II. Walter Forsyth, Regent for the College and Subdeaneries of Glasgow, in 1687.

James Forsyth, son of John, inherited from his mother the lands of Tailzerton-Palmaise and Kilsyth-Easter. He was Minister to Airth, in 1661; to Sterling 1665: He married a daughter and heiress of Bruce, Baron of Gavell, of the family of Bruce of Airth, who gained the estate of Airth by a marriage with the daughter and heiress of Sir William de Airth of that Ilk. His son was:

James Forsyth of Tailzerton, Member of the Council of Sterling, in 1685, with the Duke of Hamilton, Earl of Callander, Lord Elphinstone, Sir William Livingstone of Kilsyth, etc., the Earl of Mar being the conveener. He was also Member of Parliament in 1676. His commission of inheritance reads, "Jacobcus Forsyth, heres talliae et provisionis Magistri Jacobi Forsyth de Tailzerton, magistri vobi Dei apud ecclesium de Stirling"—"in terris de Palmaise vocatis Palmaise-Tailzerton pro principali, terris Kilsyth, vocatis Kilsyth-Easter in speciale Warrantum earundam . . ."

His oldest son:

William Forsyth, born 1687, was granted Freedom of the City of Glasgow in 1735, and married Elspet, daughter of Gerard of Walkerhill, Aberdeenshire. His son was:

William Forsyth, born December 18, 1721. Granted Freedom of the City of Glasgow, in 1746, married 1753 Jean,

daughter of George Phyn, Lord of the Corse of Monelly. She was a sister of Mrs. Alexander Ellice, mother of Rgt. Honorable Edward Ellice, M. P. From William and Elspet Gerard Forsyth, are descended: Rgt. Honorable William Forsyth of the First, Mortimer, Berks., sometime M. P. for the University of Cambridge; his brother, Sir Thomas Douglas Forsyth, C. B., K. C. S. I. of British India; Major Sir John Gerard Forsyth, formerly of the Fifty-first Regiment of Foot, who received the cross of the Legion of Honor, the Sardinian War Medal, and the Victoria Medal of two clasps for gallantry in the Crimea; and the Forsyths of Ecclesgeeig Towars Kincordineshire, Scotland.

Robert Forsyth, the son of David, Lord of Dykes, who settled in County Down in 1618, had as descendant in the third generation:

Matthew Forsyth, who was born near Hillsborough Church, County Down, in 1699. He married Esther, daughter of Robert Graham of County Fermanagh, and came to Chester, New Hampshire, in 1735. Chase, in his History of Chester, persists in spelling the name Forsaith, notwithstanding that in the New Hampshire Historical Collection, it is spelled Forsyth. Some of his sons, for reasons of their own spelled the name Forsaith, and others have adhered to the old method. He was President of the Chester Committee of Safety during the Revolution, was owner of the grist and saw mill, and Deacon of the Church, officiating during the absence of the minister. Chase says his name appears very often on the records of the towns, and that he was one of the most influential business men of that time and place. Among his children were:

I. Matthew Forsyth, M. D., born in Ireland, went from Chester, as Surgeon in the Royal Navy. His son, Robert Forsyth, settled in Fredericksburg, Virginia, before the war of '76, was Captain in Lee's Cavalry, then Major, and then Deputy Quartermaster General of the Southern Army, friend and A.D.C. to General Washington, and appointed by him First United States Marshal of Georgia where he was killed in performance of duty in 1794 in the fortieth year of his life. He was buried by the Society of the Cincinnati at Augusta, Georgia (being a member). He married Mrs. Fanny (Johnston) Houston of Fredericksburg, Virginia, relative of Judge Peter Johnston, and had, John Forsyth, born in Fredericksburg, October 10, 1780; died October 22, 1841. He was Governor of Georgia, First Attorney General of Georgia, Representative to United States Congress, and United States Senator from Georgia, Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary to Spain, and Secretary of State from 1834–41. He married Clara, daughter of Josiah Meigs, LL.D., who was first President of the University of Georgia at Athens, and had John Forsyth, Jr. born Augusta, Georgia, 1812; Adjutant First Georgia Regiment in Mexican War, United States Minister to Mexico 1856, Mayor of Mobile 1860, Confederate Commissioner Plenipotentiary to Washington 1861, Chief of staff of Confederate Army of Tennessee, 1863, Editor of Mobile Register until 1878, when he died.

II. David Forsyth, Ensign in Captain Blodgett's Company of Chester in '76, killed at Ticonderoga 1777.

III. Jonathan Forsyth, soldier in the Chester Company, killed 1777.

IV. William Forsyth, born 1740. Ensign in French and Indian War of 1765, one of the founders of the Derry Public Library, married Jane, daughter of Colonel Robert Wilson,

LUCIAN HAYDEN.

LUCIAN HAYDEN. — Rev. Lucian Hayden, D.D., representative 1883, from Dunbarton, sprung from a lineage of stanch, thriving farmers, whose lives verified their family motto, —

"Virtus sola nobilitat."

He is the seventh in descent from William Hayden, who came from England, and settled in Dorchester, Mass., 1630, but subsequently removed to Connecticut. Patriotic and energetic, this earliest American ancestor fought bravely in the Pequot war; acquired lands in Hartford, Windsor, and elsewhere; and sat as a representative in the Colonial Legislature at Hartford. Along the successive generations in this family line, sterling character received merited reward of general esteem, and from time to time won official elevation to positions of responsibility and trust.

Rev. Dr. Hayden was born in Winsted, Conn., Oct. 31, 1808. In youth, he developed his muscular system on his father's farm, but spent the winter in school, first as a pupil, next as a teacher. On attaining majority, he gave to his special preparation for the work of life eight consecutive years, and was graduated at Madison University, New York, in 1836, where he continued in study throughout the following year. On leaving this seat of learning, he supplied a pulpit for a few months in the city of New Haven, in his native State; and then settled in Dover, N.H., where he was ordained in 1838. But in the course of four or five years, impaired health in his family constrained him to retire farther into the interior; and at Saxton's River, Vt., now the seat of one of our best academies, he found a home apparently more salubrious.

In that halcyon retreat, he conducted energetically his professional labors until the decease of his wife, — a period of more than fourteen years, — when he returned to our Granite State, and settled in New London. In that well-ordered community he wrought as a pastor untiringly and successfully, nearly twelve years. Again, however, his household was invaded by serious disease. Hoping to arrest its progress, he sought beyond the limits of New England a less rigorous climate. Eleven years were passed at various stations, chiefly in Augusta, Ga., Indianapolis, Ind., and Washington, D.C., — now in preaching, now in conducting educational interests, and now again in serving the Government of our country. Foiled in his effort to restore health to his family, he retraced his steps to New Hampshire, and settled in Dunbarton, — a town in the neighborhood of our capital, elevated, healthful, and "beautiful for situation," where he now resides.

Occasionally Dr. Hayden has acted as administrator of estates, and as guardian for orphans and for the insane. Often he has served as superintending committee of common schools, and on boards of trustees of various educational and religious institutions. Repeatedly in New Hampshire and in Vermont, he has been called to preside over State conventions in the honored denomination — the Baptist — with which he affiliates. In 1865 he represented the town of New London in the Legislature at Concord, and served on the committee on education.

From his Alma Mater he received successively the degrees of A.M. and D.D. His present wife is a daughter

of the late Abraham Prescott, founder of the Prescott Organ Manufactory in this city. Professor L. H. Hayden of Washington, D.C., is his only son.

Performing quietly but habitually at the polls and elsewhere, his duties as a citizen, Dr. Hayden seeks no political preferment. But whenever summoned by the unsolicited suffrages of the people to any appropriate and practicable service, no ordinary consideration induces him to shirk the responsibilities which are spontaneously tendered to his custody. E. S. S.

ERRATA. — NOTES. The birthplace of the Rev. Benjamin Ray Hoyt was *New Braintree*, Worcester County, Mass., and not "Braintree," as was stated in the GRANITE MONTHLY, vol. 6, p. 235, (1883). A. H. H.

A KITTERY correspondent of the "Biddeford Union," writes that at some time previous to 1760 the mail was carried from Portsmouth, N.H., to Wells, Me., by a dog having a package fastened to his neck. The dog was finally killed by the Indians.

T. L. T.

LITTLETON ERRATA. — In the article on Littleton, in the GRANITE MONTHLY of June, 1882, vol. v., no. 9, a few errors, some typographical and others historical, have been brought to the attention of the author, who furnishes the following corrections: —

1. Page 293, in the sixth line from the bottom, it should be *Peleg* Williams instead of *Perley* Williams.

2. Page 294. The name printed Peter *Barney*, in the third line, should be Peter *Bonney*. This Peter Bonney was the father of Hon. Benjamin W. Bonney of New-York City.

3. The remark following the name of Nathaniel Rix, jun., on p. 294, should refer to David Goodall, jun., who was the first Democrat elected to the Legislature in Littleton.

4. In the next to the last paragraph on p. 295, it should read Rev. George G. Jones instead of Rev. J. Jones. He was formerly chaplain of the Thirteenth Regiment N. H. V.

5. Page 297. The correctness of the statement that Dr. Calvin Ainsworth was the first practising physician in town, is questioned. There is now, at least, a well-authenticated tradition to the effect that a Dr. Samuel Dinsmore was located in Littleton as early as 1795, which was before the time of Dr. Ainsworth.

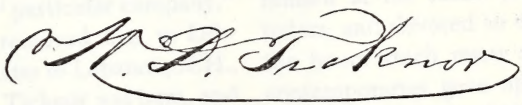
6. Same page and paragraph. Dr. O. H. Boynton, although practising somewhat in town, was never *located* there.

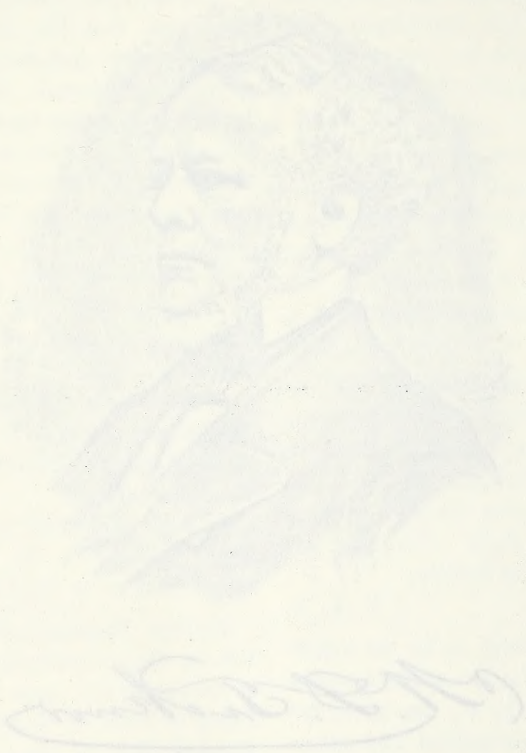
7. Page 298, eighth line. Dr. F. T. Moffett was a soldier in the *Fourteenth* N. H. Regiment, instead of the *Thirteenth*, as printed.

8. Page 302, ninth line from bottom, Burns Lodge, No. 66, F. and A. M., was established in *1859* instead of *1858*.

MILTON BLODGETT, Democrat, born Feb. 2, 1834, represents his native town of Stewartstown; owns with his brother Frank a farm of five hundred acres. Married first, in 1859, Mary Whittemore; second, Mrs. Helen Weeks; third, Sept. 7, 1880, Matilda Wright. Two children, Branch and Verne. He has been selectman three terms, and is a granger and Universalist. 1. Josiah Blodgett was one of the earliest settlers of Stratford. 2. Howard Blodgett, settled in Stewartstown. Two of his brothers were captured by Indians. 3. Thomas Branch Blodgett, the father, was born in Stewartstown.







THE
GRANITE MONTHLY.
A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE.
Devoted to Literature, Biography, History, and State Progress.

VOL. VIII. SEPTEMBER AND OCTOBER, 1885. NOS. IX., X.

A NEW-HAMPSHIRE PUBLISHER.

THE name of Ticknor, for the last fifty years so famous on both sides of the Atlantic, in connection with the books of the best authors, is of well-known New-Hampshire associations. The founder of the family, Sergeant William Ticknor, came from Kent, Eng., in 1656, to Scituate, Mass., where he engaged in mercantile pursuits. His "warehouse" is mentioned in the records in 1660. He was prominent in town affairs as selectman, assessor, surveyor, etc. He was in King Philip's war in 1676, as a sergeant in Gen. Cudworth's guard, or "particular company." His descendants removed first to Lebanon, Conn., and later to Lebanon, N.H., where William D. Ticknor was born, and where some of the family still reside.

Col. Elisha Ticknor, the grandfather of the founder of the present house, and also of George Ticknor, the distinguished author of "The History of Spanish Literature," removed from Connecticut to Lebanon, N.H., in 1774. He held a command in the New-Hampshire troops in the expedition against Crown Point, and in several campaigns of the Revolutionary war.

In the year 1825 young William D. Ticknor, then at the age of fifteen, wended his way southward from the quiet New-Hampshire farm of his ancestors, and entered the streets of Boston, then, as now, the metropolis of New England. Like many others of the scions of Northern farms,—like Longfellow, Webster, Hawthorne, Andrew, Wilson, and their fellows,—who have entered Boston with scarcely more than staff and scrip in their hands, and clear heads on their shoulders, the Lebanon lad lost no time in placing himself in the ranks of the ambitious toilers, and devoted to earnest business the hours which many of his city-born contemporaries gave up to the fashionable amusements and idlenesses of their day. His first occupation was found in the office of his uncle Benjamin, a broker of that tranquil era; and there he remained for about five years. His uncle dying, he conducted the business alone for a time, succeeded by an experience of a year or two in a bank. Soon after attaining his majority, however, Mr. Ticknor followed the bent of his natural inclination toward literary

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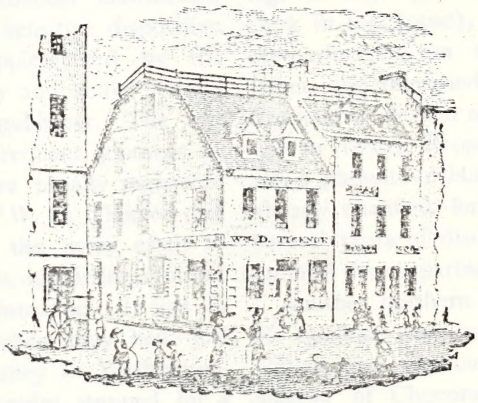
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A NEW-HAMPSHIRE PUBLISHER.

pursuits and associations, and established himself in the publishing business, in connection with John Allen, forming the firm of Allen & Ticknor. It was the year 1832 when the new firm embarked on the sea of commercial adventure, and founded a house that has been for over fifty years one of the most interesting features of Boston.

About three years before, Messrs. Carter & Hendee had opened a bookselling and publishing store, in the venerable building at the corner of School and Washington Streets, which dates from the year 1712, and was for some years prior to the time of these events the shop of the apothecary, Mr. Clarke, the father of the Rev. James Freeman Clarke.



THE OLD CORNER BOOK-STORE IN 1835.

After three years of bookselling, desiring to give up their miscellaneous business, Carter & Hendee concluded to retire to chambers, and secured a purchaser for their former store and stock in the new house of Allen & Ticknor. Within a year, again, Mr. Allen experienced all that he cared to of a publisher's life, and accordingly parted with his interest, and retired. But even during this brief period, the Old Corner Bookstore had been visited frequently by a handsome and courteous young professor from Bowdoin College, whose first volume bore the date of 1833, with the name of Henry W. Longfellow as author, and Allen & Ticknor as publishers. It was Longfellow's noble translation of Manrique and Lope de Vega, and bore a name in imprint which for more than forty years thereafter was associated with that of the most illustrious of American poets. A few years later, and another young poet, fresh from Harvard, and a devout worshipper of Wordsworth and Channing, came into the little bookstore, bringing his roll of manuscript. This was James Russell Lowell, a young lawyer just starting in for clients, but much preferring the Muses, who not long thereafter claimed his entire heart and time, while many a precious volume appeared with his name in the centre of the titlepage, and that of Ticknor on the imprint line.

For a dozen years the business went on under the sole charge of Mr. Ticknor, and established firm and intimate relations with the authors and friends of literature throughout New England. In 1845 the copartnership was changed to William D. Ticknor & Co., and so remained until Mr. Ticknor's death. The titlepages of the publications of the house, however, bore the names of the partners; reading, at this time, Ticknor, Reed, & Fields. Mr. Fields, like his partner, was a New-Hampshire boy, who had journeyed up from Portsmouth to Boston a few years before, and become a clerk behind Mr. Ticknor's counter. The business continued to increase, and more and more the Old Corner Bookstore grew to be a pleasant and familiar haunt for scholarly men and all who loved the genial com-



panionship of books. Many a venerable library now sequestered among the Strafford hills or the villages of Coos was selected in that famous store; and their handsome Ticknor brown and bright blue and gold bindings shone warmly out from the study-shelves, long before the Olympiads of Pierce and Buchanan.

In due time John Reed (who is still a well-known and active citizen of Boston) retired from the firm; and the well-remembered name of Ticknor & Fields made its appearance in 1854.

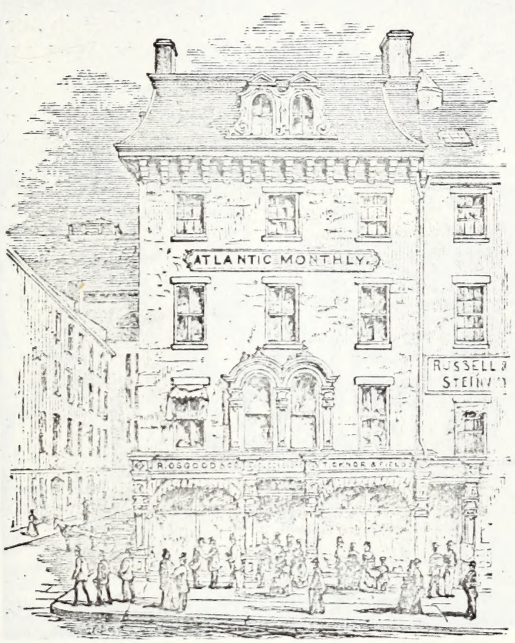
Mr. Ticknor enjoyed the warmest intimacy with Nathaniel Hawthorne, whose retiring and sensitive disposition was perfectly supplemented by the strong individuality and active sympathy of the great publisher. The two gentlemen made frequent journeys in company, and were usually registered at the hotels as "W. D. Ticknor and friend," in order the more easily to screen the diffident author from public observation and intrusion. It was in the year 1864, when they had just started on a journey to Washington, that the two comrades stopped for a brief rest at the Continental Hotel in Philadelphia; and while there, almost without premonition, Mr. Ticknor died of congestion of the lungs. This sad event so profoundly shocked Hawthorne, that within a few weeks, at the Pemigewasset House in Plymouth, N.H., the most eminent of American romancers himself suddenly died. Julian Hawthorne thus mentions the effects of the Philadelphia event on his illustrious father: "Without warning, the fair prospect was made dark by Ticknor's sudden death. Such a calamity would have been a poignant shock to Hawthorne at the best of times, but it smote the very roots of his life now. A more untoward event — one more fatal in its consequences upon him — could scarcely have occurred. He telegraphed home the news, had the body prepared for transportation, and after its departure in charge of a son of Mr. Ticknor, who had come on for the purpose, he returned to Boston, — a melancholy and grievous journey. He appeared to feel that there had been a ghastly mistake, — that he, and not Ticknor, should have died."

The succession of the name in the house was preserved by Howard M. Ticknor, a graduate of Harvard College in 1856 (and for eight years a clerk in the house), who entered the co-partnership on the death of his father, and remained there for nearly five years. A year after his retirement (or in 1870), Benjamin H. Ticknor, also a graduate of Harvard College, and already qualified for the business by several years of discipline as a clerk, entered the co-partnership.

Another northern *emigré* was James R. Osgood, who came from the Saco Valley, near Fryeburg, and under the shadow of Chocorua, and became a clerk at Ticknor's in 1855, entering the firm nine years later, and becoming its head in 1871, when James T. Fields retired, the title of the re-organized house being James R. Osgood & Co. At this time another Harvard-bred son of the founder of the house, Thomas B. Ticknor, entered the service, and became a clerk in the new and enlarged operations of the concern.

The name of Ticknor was on the imprint of the works of Hawthorne, Holmes, Whittier, Saxe, Theodore Winthrop, Whipple, Bayard Taylor, Mrs. Stowe, Hillard, Agassiz, Aldrich, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Anna Dickinson, James Parton, Stedman, Tuckerman, Stoddard, Howells, Mrs. Clement,

Lowell, Longfellow, and many other of the foremost of American authors of the last fifty years. The *personnel* of the house was such that it drew to itself the most brilliant and successful writers of New England and New York, and of London as well. The publishers were the intimate personal friends of their authors: the authors gladly included in their coterie the publishers, whose swift appreciation and cultivated tastes gave them such unusual chances for success in literature and finance. With keen insight the Ticknor house sought out, and introduced to the American people, the choicest products of contemporary European letters; and their editions of Scott, Browning, Reade, Howitt, Kingsley, Leigh Hunt, and Barry Cornwall were followed in later years by Thackeray, Dickens, Hughes, Bailey, Arnold, Owen Meredith, and Miss Muloch.

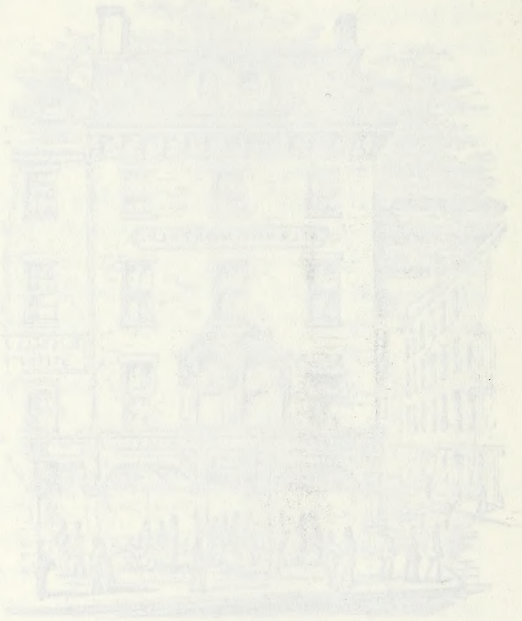


THE STORE AT 124 TREMONT STREET, CORNER OF HAMILTON PLACE.

When an eminent British author came to Boston, the first place that he cared to visit was the store of Ticknor & Fields, where perchance he might meet a group of the poets and philosophers of the West, or stumble upon a Yankee Balzac or a New-England Coleridge. They might remember that this was the shop in which appeared the first American edition of De Quincey's "Opium Eater;" of Tennyson's Poems (away back before the Mexican War); of Barry Cornwall's delightful essays; of the once-famous "Rejected Addresses."

The magazine business connected with the Ticknor house in its various forms has been of great interest and importance. It began in 1859, with the purchase of the "Atlantic Monthly," which has been edited by James Russell Lowell, James T. Fields, F. H. Underwood, Howard M. Ticknor, W. D. Howells, and T. B. Aldrich. Five years later, the venerable "North-American Review," which dates from 1815, came under the Ticknor control. And in 1865 "Our Young Folks" was founded under the editorship of Howard M. Ticknor. "Every Saturday" was a weekly publication of the house, at first eclectic, and later a costly illustrated paper. In 1874 the two last-named and the "Atlantic" were sold; and the "North-American" followed not long afterwards, in 1876.

Space fails to tell of the coalition of James R. Osgood & Co. and H. O. Houghton & Co., under the title of Houghton, Osgood, & Co., in 1879; of the destruction of their vast stock of books in the burning of the Cathedral



THE STORE AT 124 TREMONT STREET, CORNER OF HAMIL-
TON PLACE.

Building; of the breaking-up of the house in 1880 into two branches, James R. Osgood & Co. and Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.; and of the retirement of Mr. Osgood in 1885.

In July, 1885, the name of Ticknor & Co. once more appeared, after nearly twenty years of abeyance. The members of the copartnership as re-constituted are Benjamin H. Ticknor and Thomas B. Ticknor, sons of the founder of the original house, and George F. Godfrey, a gentleman of refined literary tastes, and long and varied business experience in both hemispheres. Here, again, appears the traditional good fortune of the house in receiving from time to time accessions of fresh North-Country life; for Mr. Godfrey is from Bangor, Me., where his family has long occupied a prominent and honorable position, his father having been a distinguished judge and historian, well-known in literary circles.

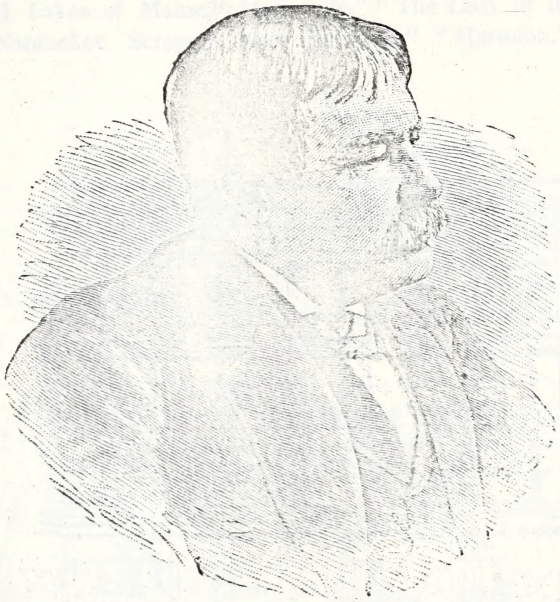
Amid the continual changes of the nineteenth century, literary reputations suffer in common with all things that are aging. Bacon and Brockden Brown and De Quincey, and many other intellectual Titans, are relegated to the libraries of scholarly old gentlemen; and the men and women who read to-day demand new views, fresh themes, the clear and vivacious and realistic literary treatment of social problems, geographical explorations, theological and ethical ideas, and all things, abstract or concrete, pertaining to modern life. Ticknor & Co. have always fully recognized this tendency, and assumed their share in its direction. In their earlier days they gave us the choicest works of the great authors of that time; and now they bring forth

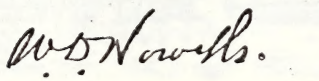


LONGFELLOW'S HOME AT CAMBRIDGE.



the masterly novels of Howells, James, Craddock, Mrs. Burnett, Cable, Edgar Fawcett, Blanche Howard, "Uncle Remus," and other students of the new *régime*. The genius of Nathaniel Hawthorne, descending to his son Julian, is still allied with the same house which



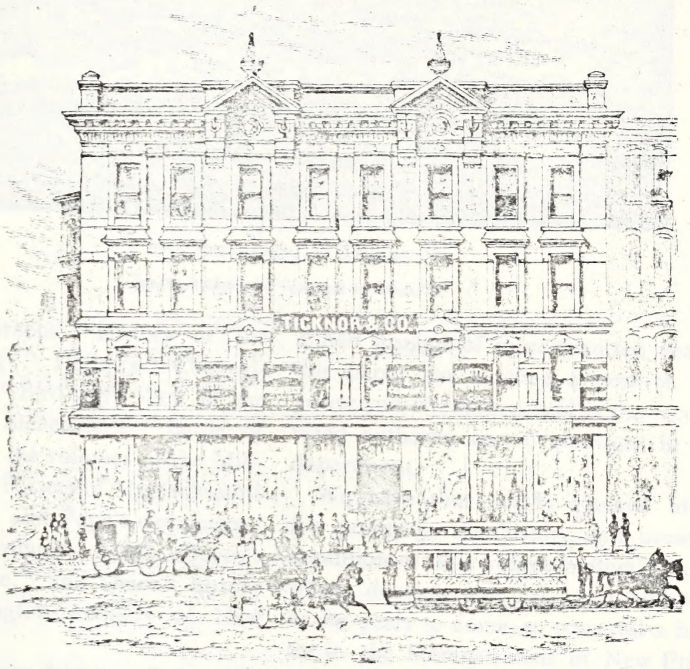


welcomed its dawning nearly forty years ago, and last year published the gifted son's admirable biography of the author of "The Scarlet Letter." The same house that in 1842 published the first American edition of Tennyson's poems now issues the most sumptuous edition of his greatest work, "The Princess."

The Anthology Club and the Radical Club have passed away; but the still more important and interesting Concord School of Philosophy endures, and has confided its records to the old-time publishers for Thoreau and Emerson, who have brought out their "Genius and Character of Emerson," and have in press their great work on Goethe. George Willis Cooke's and Moncure D. Conway's books about Emerson come from the same house, and so do Underwood's illustrated biographies of Lowell, Whittier, and Longfellow; and the great and exhaustive memoir of Longfellow, by his brother, is now on the eve of publication by them. Another precious Concord book from the same house is the two volumes of Emerson-Carlyle Correspondence, edited by Charles Eliot Norton, and enriched this year by a hundred pages of newly found letters.



Another strong list of Ticknor books is in the direction of travel, including Hutton's "Literary Landmarks of London," Winter's "English Trip and Rambles," Hassard's "Pickwickian Pilgrimage," Henry James's exquisite travel-sketches in France and England, Howells's "Tuscan Cities," Hubbard's "Woods and Lakes of Maine," Mrs. Austin's "Nantucket Scraps," Miss Chase's Nova-Scotian studies, and the best guide-books to all the region between the Potomac and Greenland. This fall they bring out Professor Morse's magnificent "Japanese Homes," and Percival Lowell's illustrated "Land of the Morning Calm" (Korea), the two most valuable and authoritative books on their respective subjects.

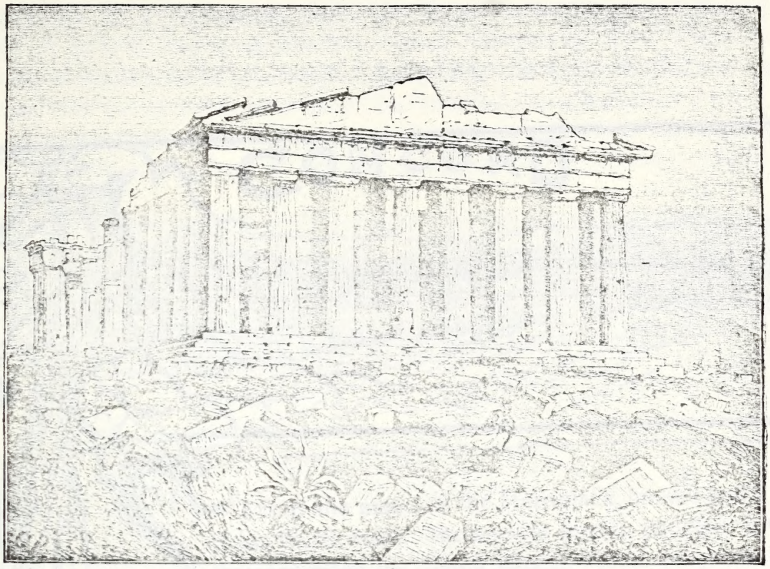


PRESENT TICKNOR BUILDING, 211 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON.

In the department of art, Ticknor offers the admirable and unrivalled hand-books by Mrs. Clement, biographies of Millet, Fromentin, Rimmer, and the old masters. Under the heading of art also come the fine and luxurious octavo editions of famous modern poems, filled with illustrations, and favorites among holiday-gifts. These are "Lucile," "The Lady of the Lake," "The Princess," "Marmion," and "Childe Harold," the last of which has just appeared.

In history, the Ticknor house has produced the huge and successful "Memorial History of Boston," and other co-operative works of similar character, and even broader scope. Theirs is Cunningham's "Exeter Academy," and Woods's "Andover Seminary," and Cleaveland's "Bowdoin College." In military history, Ticknor & Co. have





THE PARTHENON AT ATHENS.

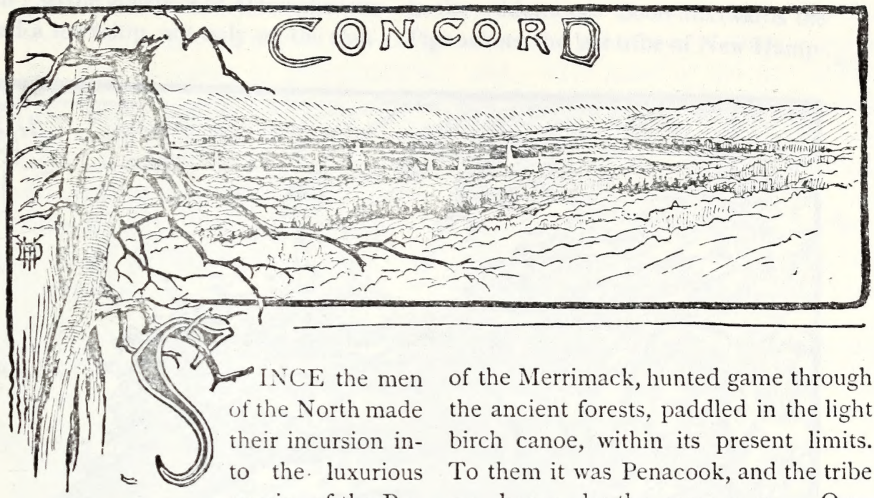
[FROM TICKNOR'S "CHILDE HAROLD."]

Preble's sumptuous "History of the American Flag;" Dodge's "Chancellorsville," and "Bird's-eye View of the Civil War;" Stevenson's "Battle of Stone River;" the volumes of the Military Historical Society of Massachusetts on McClellan's and Pope's campaigns; and the new volumes, "Gen. Hazen's Military Service," and Owen's history of the Washington Artillery of New Orleans.

"The American Architect," the only periodical now retained by the Ticknors, is a weekly journal of architecture and the fine arts, richly illustrated with heliotype prints, and of permanent interest to all persons of taste and cultivation. After a protracted and determined struggle of more than ten years, this paper has reached a position of power and circulation, and is the recognized authority on all questions in its department.

We have thus briefly glanced at a few points in the history and present condition of this representative house, whose development has been, and will be for years to come, so powerful a factor in the literary annals of New England. As such, and as a product and an exponent of our best American culture, the career of Ticknor & Co. has an interest beyond that of most mercantile houses, reaching into the border-lands where commerce and culture and civilization meet.





SINCE the men of the North made their incursion into the luxurious empire of the Romans, they have been an aggressive and colonizing race, pushing their dominion into distant countries, and overcoming their enemies and the obstacles of nature.

It is of the corporate history of an Anglo-Saxon colony, pushed out into the American wilderness, that my tale relates; of their struggles, of their progress, and of their achievements; of the families, and of the individuals.

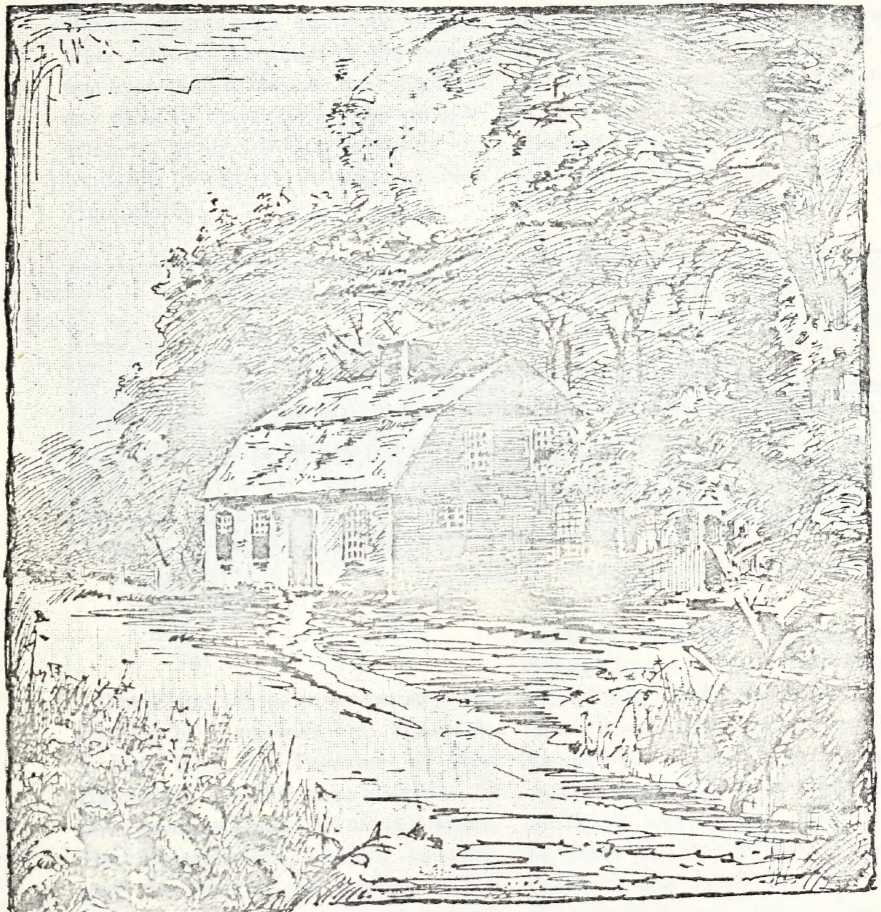
It is the story of a municipality evincing all the signs of youth and immaturity attendant upon rapid growth, yet clothed with graces and artificial adornments. It is a story the sequel of which will have to be written by the pen of some future annalist.

Long before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, Concord, the capital of the State of New Hampshire, was the seat of Indian sovereignty over a wide area. Numberless generations of the red men had planted corn on the fertile intervales, speared salmon in the clear waters of the Merrimack, hunted game through the ancient forests, paddled in the light birch canoe, within its present limits. To them it was Penacook, and the tribe was known by the same name. Over the river, at Sugar Ball, they built a fort for protection against their enemies of the west, the Mohawks: and in that now peaceful vale there was a great battle, the one tribe with the other; and many Indians were hurried to the happy hunting-ground, preparing the way for the advent of the white man. Back in those aboriginal days, a more dread foe than their savage neighbors attacked them; for a plague swept over their villages, and struck down old and young, leaving but a disheartened remnant to oppose the English.

For nearly a century the territory of Concord was claimed to be within the jurisdiction of the Massachusetts Bay Colony; and, within a few years after the first coast settlements were made, it was granted to enterprising citizens of Salem. The conditions of the grant were not complied with, so it reverted to the Colony.

About a hundred years after the Pilgrims, there came to Massachusetts a

large company of Presbyterians from the north of Ireland, known in American history as Scotch-Irish. It was expedient to have vacant lands granted to them: so the governor of Massachusetts ceded a township, not only on the frontier, but within the territory, of the neighboring Province of New Hampshire. They perfected their title, and very soon had established a prosperous settlement in the wilderness. Soon afterwards the Pigwackets, the last tribe of New Hampshire Indians, suffered severely in a battle with the colonists, and withdrew to Canada, leaving a great tract of land open for settlement.

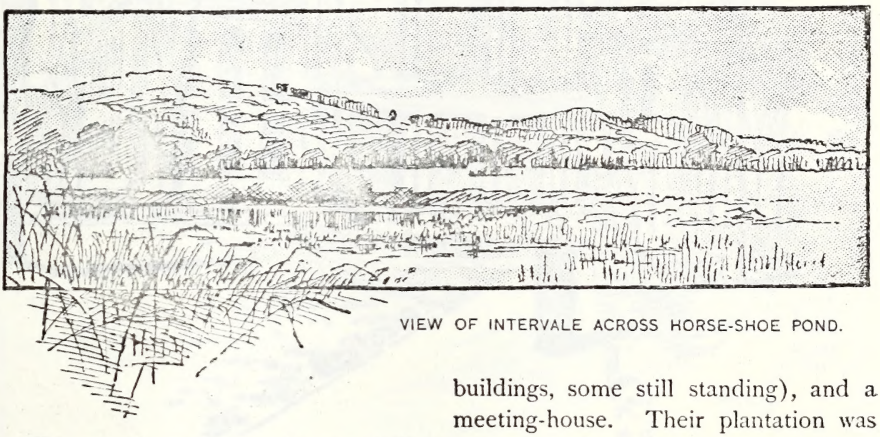


HOUSE AT SUGAR BALL.

The Puritans were distinguished for their large families; and the older settlements, near tide-water, in the course of several generations had become crowded. The young men viewed with envy the prosperity of the Scotch-Irish new-



comers. Why should not they receive land for actual settlement as well as aliens and strangers? Had not their fathers and grandfathers done good service in the various Indian wars? Many petitions were sent to the Great and General Court of Massachusetts, claiming grants on a multitude of pretexts: this northern part of the colony was even then in dispute, and might at any time, by decision of the home government, be decided to be within the limits of the Royal Province of New Hampshire.

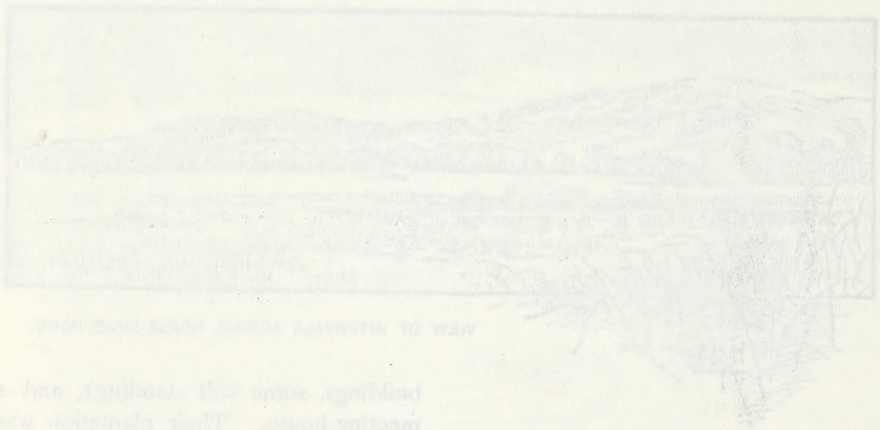


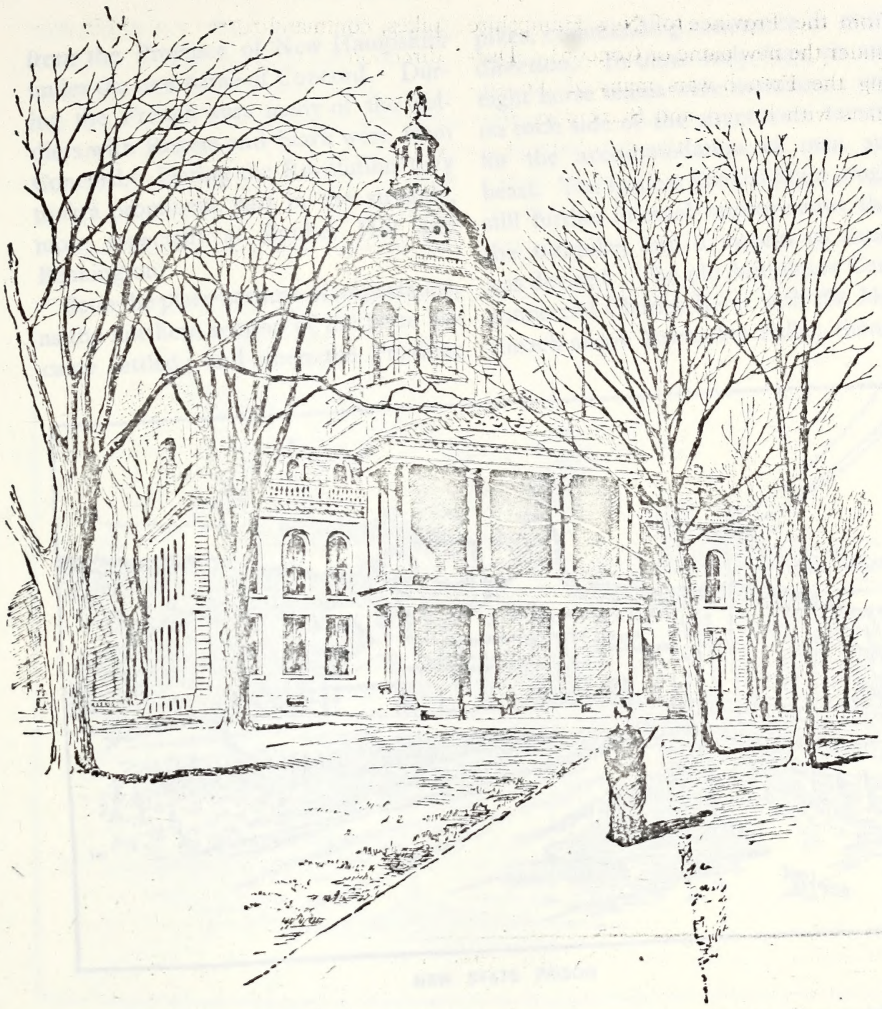
VIEW OF INTERVALE ACROSS HORSE-SHOE POND.

These and other causes hastened the granting of a township at Penacook. A little later the Province of New Hampshire granted the township of Bow, covering almost the same territory. The Massachusetts settlers, however, were the first on the ground. They came up the valley of the Merrimack from Andover and adjoining towns, and laid the foundations of the future city. Their first surveyors found a company of Scotch-Irish in possession of the intervales on the east side of the river, where a fort had been erected for their protection. These intruders were legally warned off the premises, and retired without a contest.

These first settlers of the plantation of Penacook were carefully selected men, brave, law-abiding, God-fearing, chosen from among their fellows by a committee of the court, to establish a model community. They came to stay. Very many of the first families are represented by their descendants to this day. They laid out our wide and beautiful Main Street substantially as it is now;[1] they divided the land into home lots and farms, cleared away the forest trees, built log houses at first (which were soon replaced by frame buildings, some still standing), and a meeting-house. Their plantation was incorporated under the name of Rumford. They built several garrison-houses for the protection of their families, for an Indian war broke out soon after the settlement was effected. For a number of years this was a frontier post, exposed to the attacks of the savages. Of a Sunday their minister would go into the pulpit, armed with the best gun in the parish, and preach to a congregation armed and equipped to repulse a possible Indian surprise. Men went to their work in the fields with an armed

[1] Main Street was originally laid out ten rods wide; but in the course of time the abutting owners were allowed to encroach two rods on each side, reducing the width to six rods. The Robie house and the Herbert house stood on the old street line.





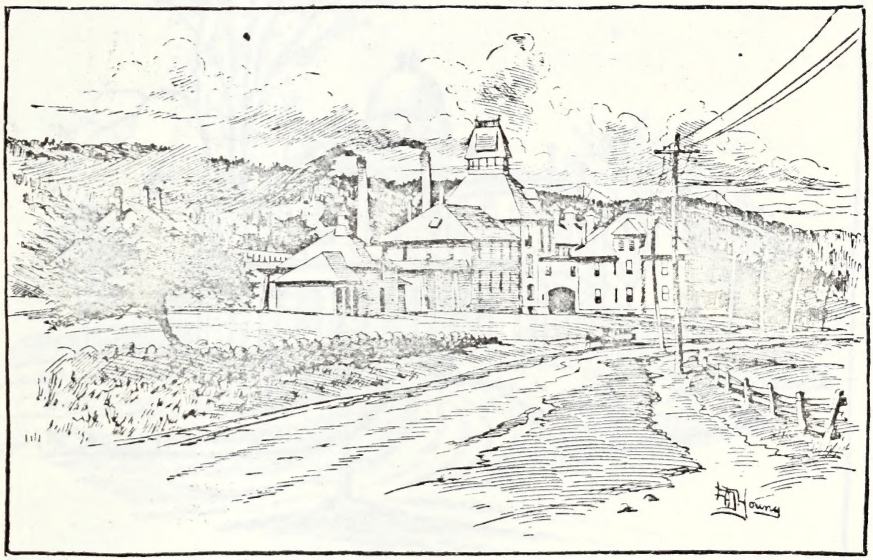
STATE HOUSE.

escort. On one memorable occasion the community were stricken by the massacre of five of their number on the road leading west from the village. They were not only harassed by their Indian foes, but they were grievously vexed by the decision of the king in council, which severed them from the parent colony, and annexed them to the Province of New Hampshire; for this decision not only placed them under another government, but invalidated their title to the soil which they had wrested from the wilderness. The new claimants of the land were the officials of the Province; and for a score of years the most troublesome of lawsuits were carried on: but the people made common cause of the fight, sent their minister to the mother country to plead for them before the highest courts, and at last were successful, and kept possession of their property. After some delay they received a charter



from the Province of New Hampshire under the new name of Concord. During the French wars many of the soldiers with Rogers and Stark were from Concord. During the Revolution they took a prominent part in the struggle, more especially at Bunker Hill and Bennington.

Soon the place became of importance, as the northern section of the State became settled; and when the Province



NEW STATE PRISON

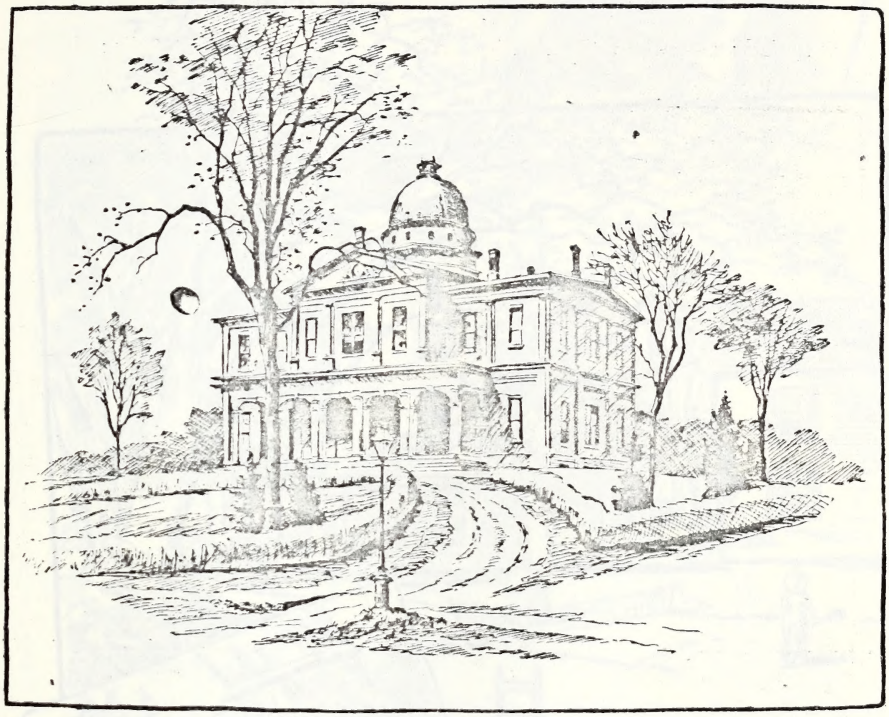
renounced its allegiance to the king, and resisted his authority, it had a commanding influence. During the Revolution the seat of the State government was at Exeter, but at its close Concord became the favorite meeting-place of the Legislature. Here the first election sermon was preached before the lawgivers, and for many years the old North Church was the Capitol of the State.

Through Main Street passed the traffic of the whole north country; and from here radiated a system of turnpikes, commanding commerce in every direction. In those early days, six and eight horse teams were numerous; and on each side of the street were taverns for the accommodation of man and beast. The restless Yankee brain sought still further internal improvement than the turnpike, and a system of canals was devised. The old Middlesex Canal connected Charles River with the Merrimack above Pawtucket Falls; thence, by a series of locks, by the rapids and falls, canal-boats were propelled to the Lower Landing at the south end of Main Street. Concord was at the head of navigation. With the advent of the steamboat came a new propelling power, soon replaced, however, by the railroad and locomotive. Before the new-comer, disappeared not only the canal-boat, but the stage-coach; and the romance of the past gave way to the reality of the present.

How much of romance to the present generation there is in those pre-



railroad days! The good old parson, Timothy Walker, for over half a century ministered to the spiritual wants of the community. A few mild Quakers were the only dissenters. Of a sabbath day the good people from every section of the town assembled at the meeting-house. The husband and father of the family came on horseback, with the good wife mounted on a pillion behind her lord. The horse-block at which they alighted is now at the north end. In summer the boys and girls came barefoot from the mountain, the borough, and distant parts of the township, and just before entering the village put on their shoes. In winter the cold, bleak church was heated only by foot-stoves, filled with glowing coals from the spacious fire-places of the hospitable villagers. They were very hospitable. At the session of the General Court the houses of all were open to receive, as guests or boarders, the members of the Legislature. The provision in their charter which forbade the disposal of lots in the town to strangers, more especially to a parcel of Irish people, soon became a dead letter, and new settlers were welcomed. To be respectable, a man was expected to own a horse; and his influence was graduated by the amount of his real estate.

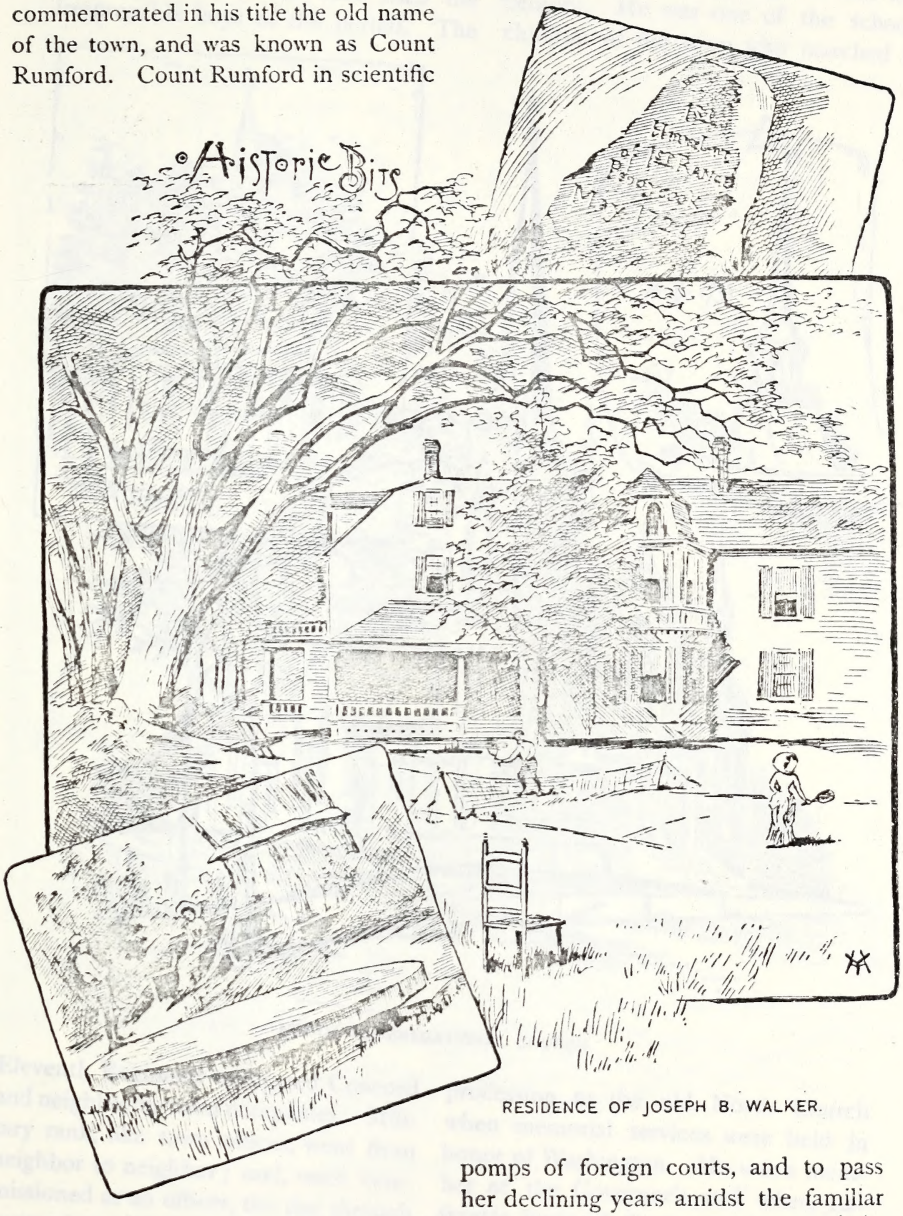


CITY HALL AND COURT-HOUSE.

Hither from Woburn came handsome young Thompson to teach school. He was a favorite in society, and won the regard of the Provincial Governor, a high rank in the military, the love of the minister's beautiful daughter, the widow Rolfe, and the envy and jealousy of the



village swains. In after-years he became distinguished in European politics, and when raised to the ranks of the nobility commemorated in his title the old name of the town, and was known as Count Rumford. Count Rumford in scientific attainments became very distinguished; and he will rank for all time as a benefactor of the human race. A bronze monument should be erected in the city, to perpetuate his memory. To the town in after-years returned his only daughter, the countess, to avoid the pomps of foreign courts, and to pass her declining years amidst the familiar scenes of her childhood.



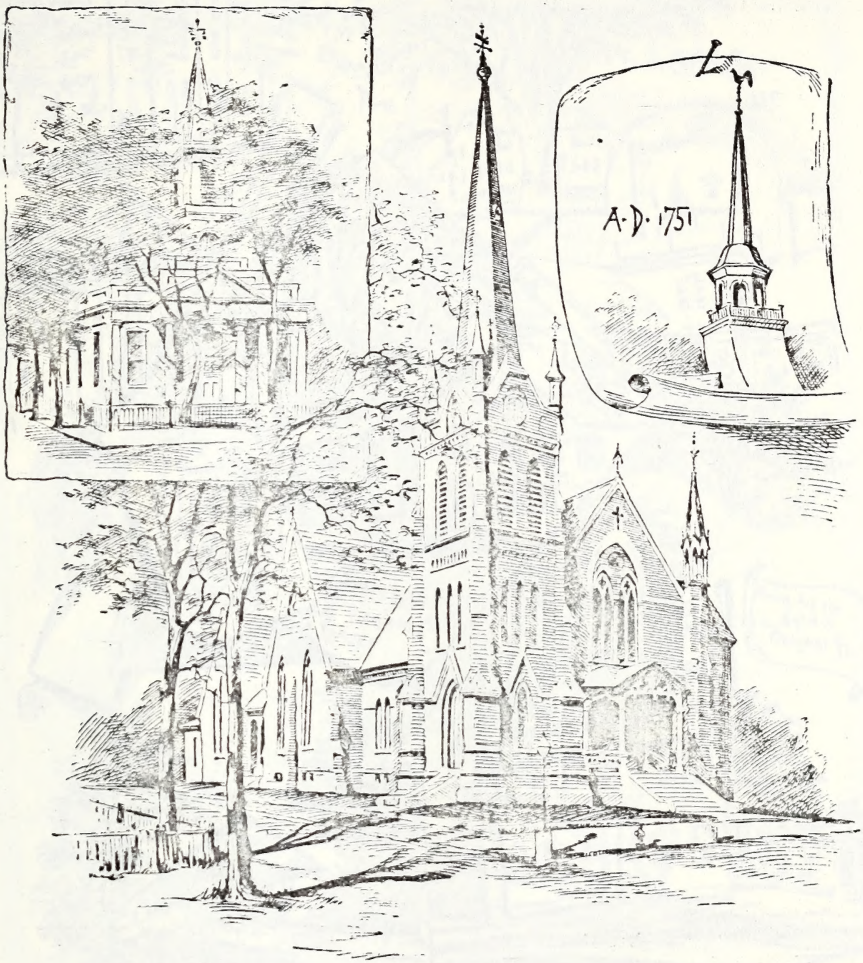
RESIDENCE OF JOSEPH B. WALKER.

Concord was a favorite muster-field for the old State militia. Uniformed and un-uniformed companies were here



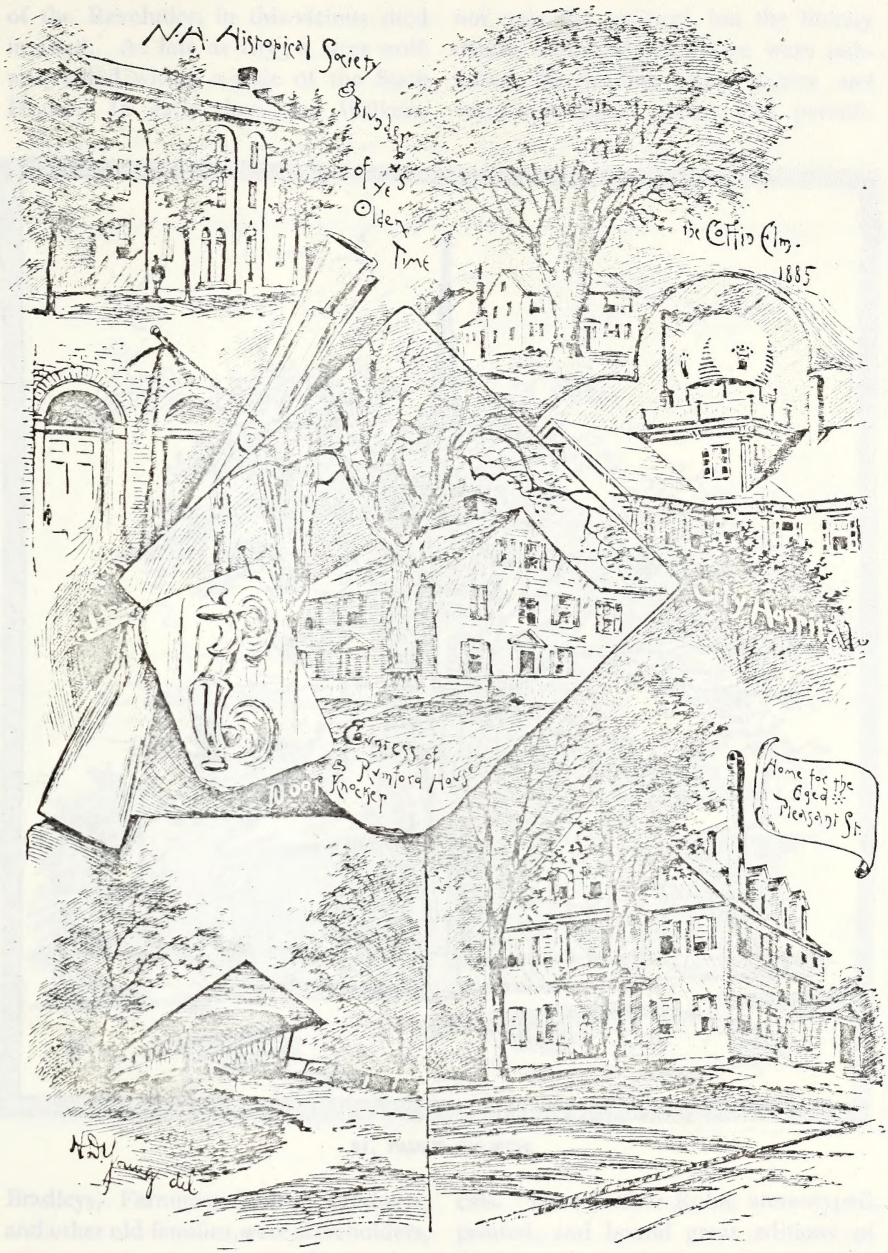
gathered in regiments and brigades, and performed the evolutions of mimic warfare, to the delight of our grave and reverend seniors, who were then the irrepressible boys of the period. The Eleventh Regiment embraced Concord and neighboring town companies. Military rank, like town offices, went from neighbor to neighbor; and, once commissioned as an officer, the rise through successive grades was rapid and sure. Those were the palmy days of colonels and brigadier-generals.

Col. William Kent, an honored survivor of the old *régime*, remembers distinctly the closing days of the last century. He was one of the school-children of the town who marched in procession to the old North Church when memorial services were held in honor of Washington. He was a member of the Governor's staff when Lafayette honored Concord with a visit, and took part in the imposing ceremonies of the day. In his father's home the French patriot was entertained, and



NORTH CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.



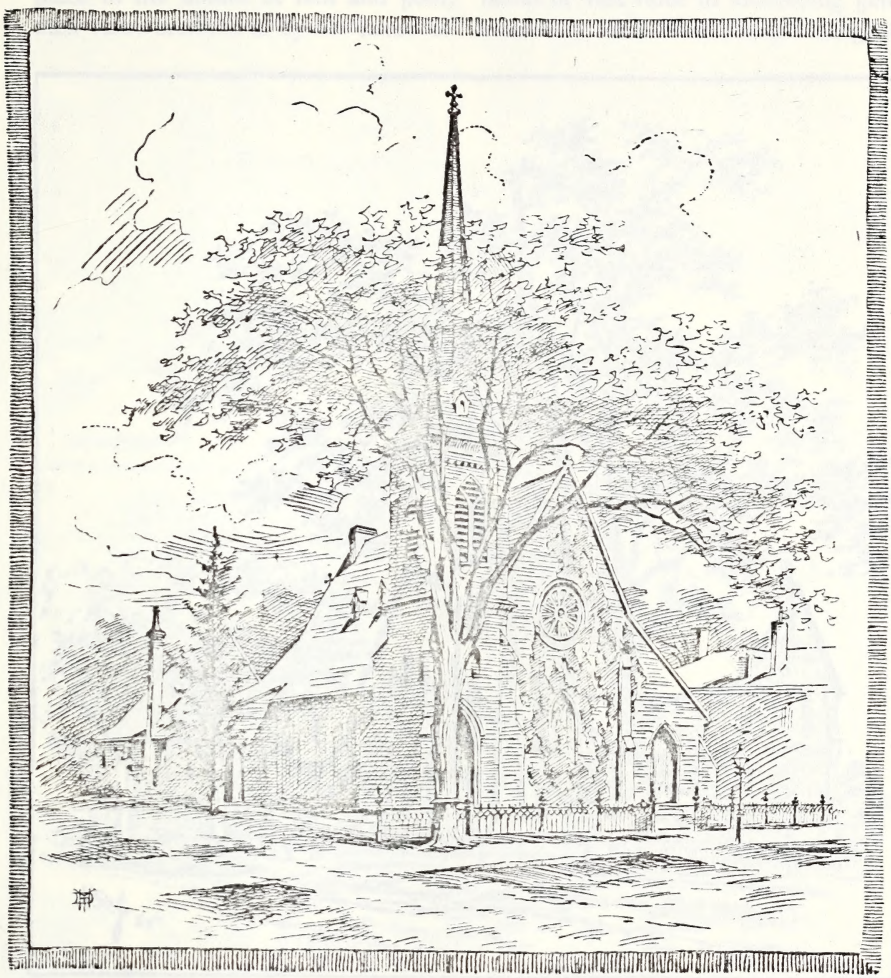


SKETCHES ABOUT CONCORD.

here he held a stately reception. Some years before, President Monroe had come to the town with great pomp and circumstance; and a few years later Old Hickory, the hero of New Orleans, visited the place. The tri-cornered Continental hat and knee-breeches were worn as late as 1825. The last survivor



of the Revolution in this vicinity died in 1848. As late as 1833 a large wolf was killed within a mile of the State House. In early days the Walkers, Bradleys, Farnums, Coffins, Herberts, and other old families, were slaveholders, strange as it may appear. Pedestrians claimed the middle of the street, and forced teams to take the outside. Sidewalks were then unknown. The streets were not named until 1834.



ST. PAUL'S CHURCH.

In those days Concord had become not only the political, but the literary centre of the State. Here were published the leading party organs and various sectarian papers and periodicals. Here Luther Robie stereotyped, printed, and bound great editions of Bibles, pocket editions, and great volumes held sacred for family records and family devotions. The favorite novels of the day, "The Children of the Abbey," "The Scottish Chiefs," "Alonzo and Melissa," and "Thaddeus

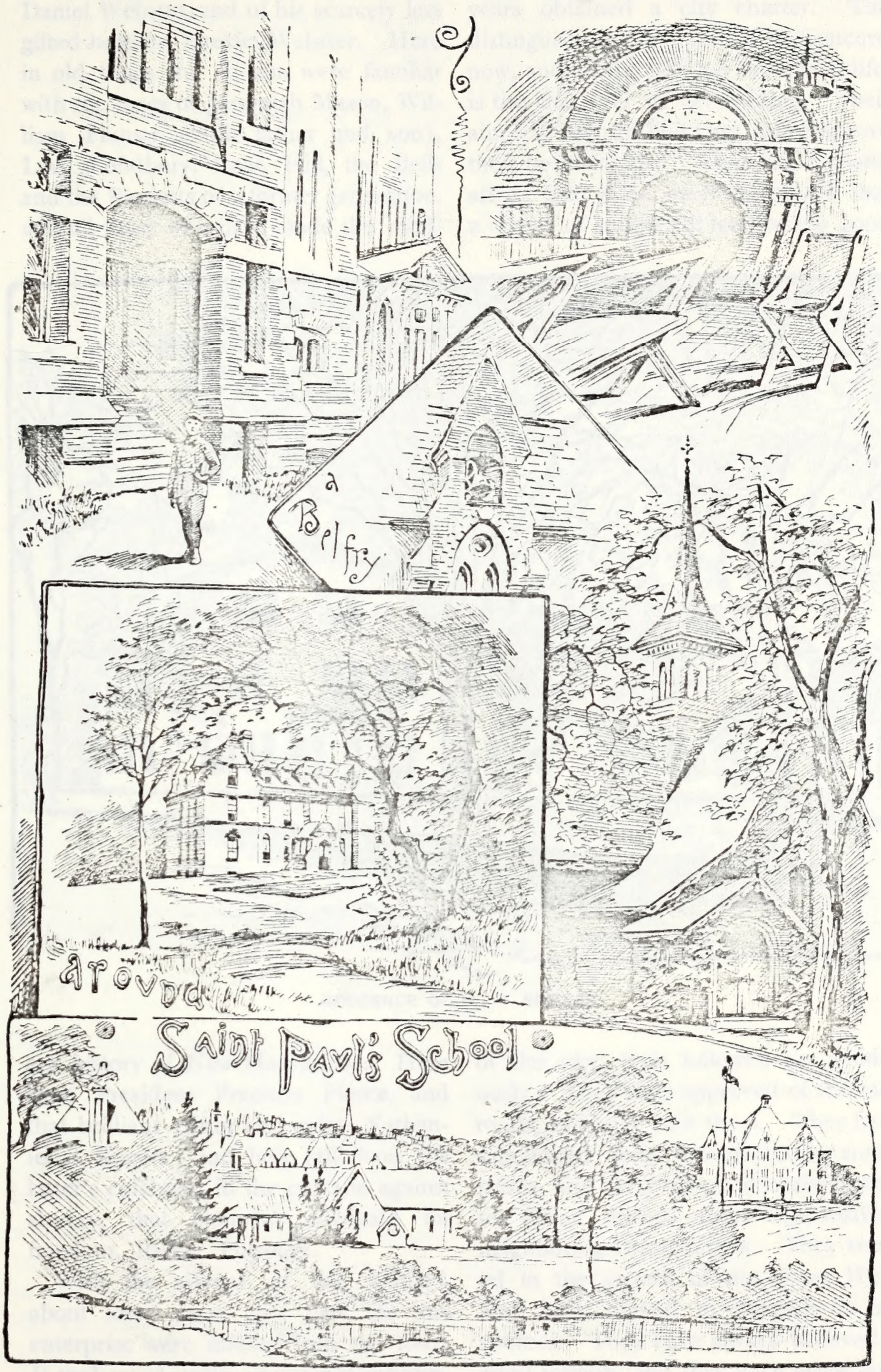


of Warsaw," were here reproduced, and sent broadcast over the land. In the little shops in the village were made the tall clocks which now find an honored place in the homes of rich and poor, their value certified to by the name of Hutchins or Chandler, their makers. Here was commenced the first manufactory of reed organs; here the elder Downing and Abbot made their celebrated wagons and coaches; and some assert that the electric telegraph was conceived by Professor Morse during his sojourn in the town as a young artist. Here Jacob B. Moore lived and labored. Here Dr. John Farmer, the apothecary, awoke an interest throughout New England in historical subjects, and wrote books of vast value to succeeding generations. Here lived Philip Carrigain, to whom is due the credit of making the first complete map of the State. Hither came all the governors to be inaugurated on election-day with imposing ceremonies,—some in their coaches; others, unattended, with democratic simplicity, would come on horseback. The echoes of the old court-house have



ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.

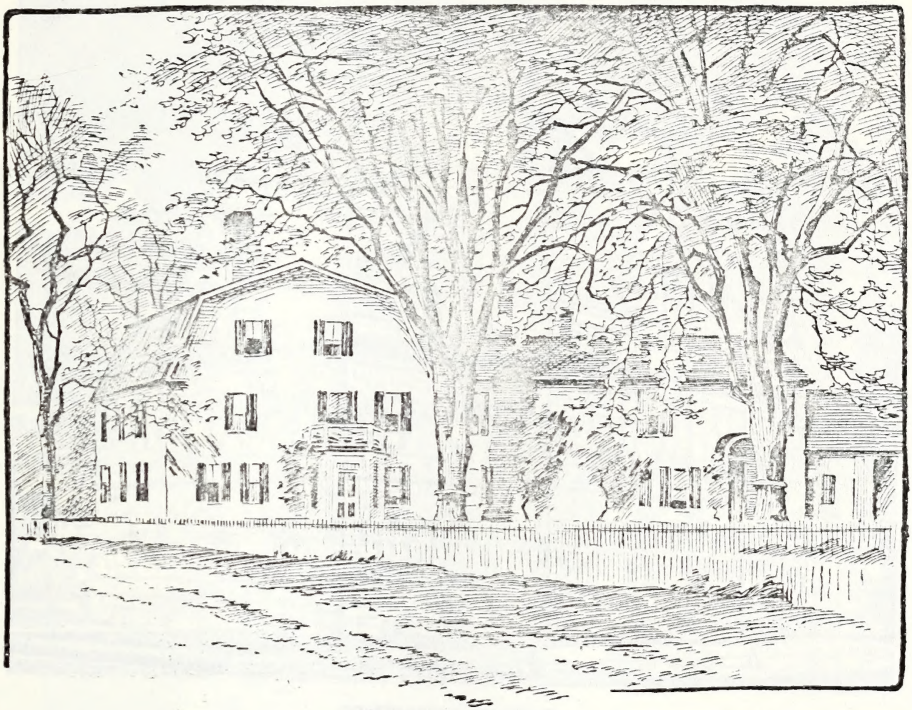




SKETCHES ABOUT ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL.



been awakened by the eloquence of Daniel Webster, and of his scarcely less gifted brother, Ezekiel Webster. Here in old times the citizens were familiar with the faces of Jeremiah Mason, William Plumer (both father and son), Levi Woodbury, Isaac Hill, the Bells and the Bartletts of a former generation, and all those who have made the moderm history of New Hampshire. Here lived President Franklin Pierce, and that brilliant editor and writer Nathaniel P. Rogers; and here still lives the latter's colaborer in the crusade against slavery, that eloquent advocate for freedom, Parker Pillsbury.



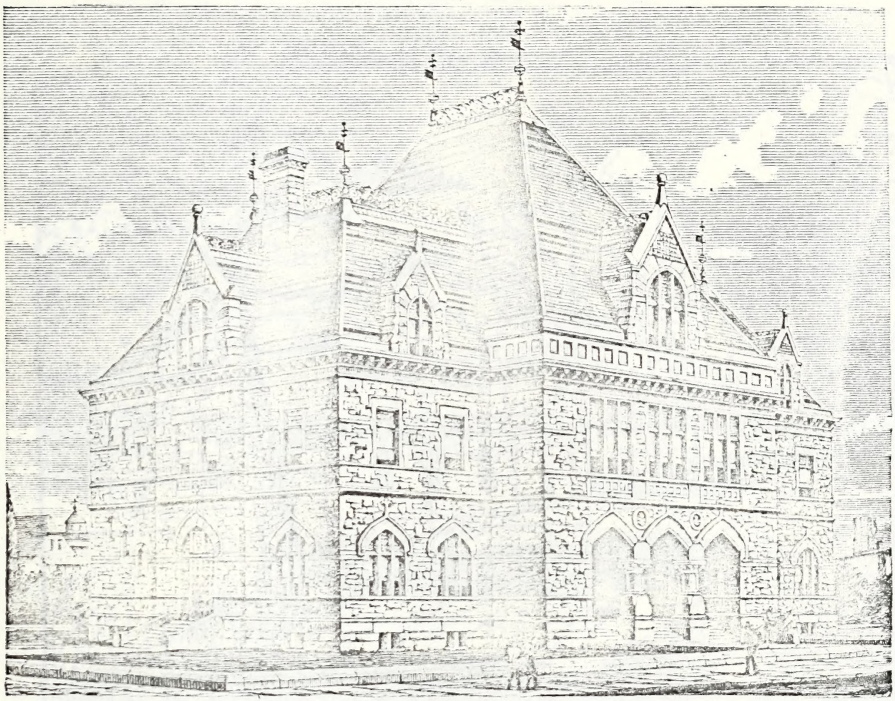
RESIDENCE OF M. H. BRADLEY.

With the advent of the railroad, about forty years ago, new life and enterprise were infused into the town. It took rapid strides in internal improvements and in population, and in a few years obtained a city charter. The distinguishing characteristic of Concord now, and all through her municipal life, is the character of her citizens. Their aim has been to build up and improve their beautiful city. They are conservative; but, when once convinced that a course of action will tend to the good of the city, it is followed up assiduously. They have approved of the railroads, and have built them. They have sanctioned great manufacturing enterprises, and have invested their capital to foster them, — more especially in neighboring communities. They trusted in the growth of the Great West, and have helped to develop its resources. They have always believed in good schools, and they have made their



schools good. In fact, the average common-sense of the citizens approves of all that tends to improve and beautify the city.

Concord is to-day one of the most charming cities in the world. On account of its government, its people, its climate, and its civilization, New England is perhaps the most favored locality on earth; within New England, at least, Concord has few rivals and no superiors, in variety and extent of attractions and beauties. Within the city limits, there is no quarter assigned to squalor and poverty. There are many cottages, but none so poor that attempts at beautifying are not made: flowers in the windows or in the garden, ivy or grape-vines, bushes and shade-trees, neat fences and paths, paint, whitewash, and cleanliness, indicate the ambition of the occupants. A stranger looks in vain for the abode of wretchedness. Of course there is poverty, but it is covered by the mantle of charity. The church edifices of every denomination in the city are creditable to the zeal and piety of the members. Several of the



GOVERNMENT BUILDING.

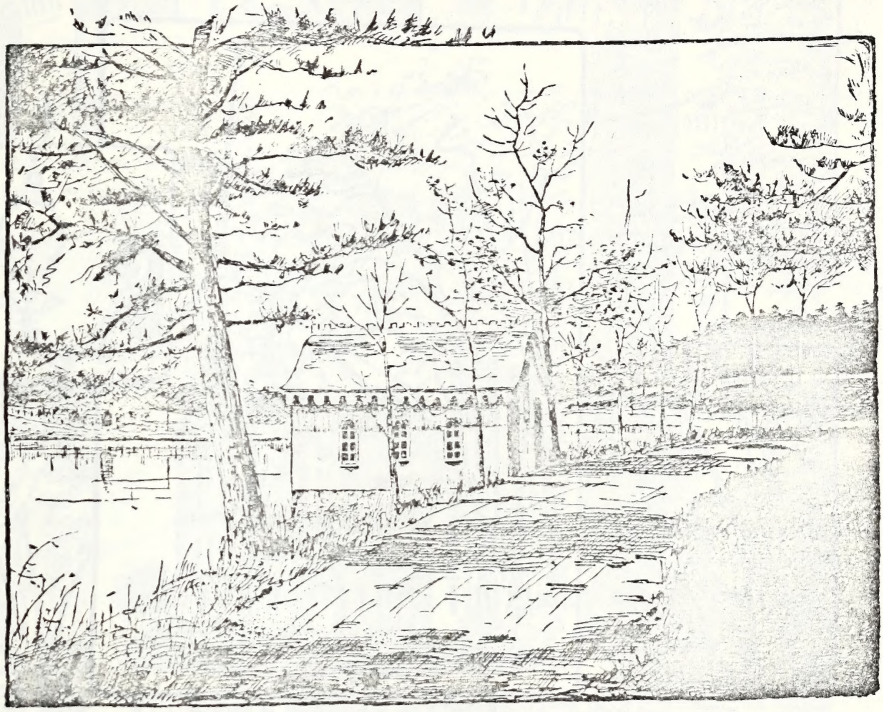
buildings are elegant specimens of architecture, and compare favorably with any in the State.

Its situation is far enough inland to escape the east wind of the coast: its elevation is enough to render the air dry, bracing, and salubrious. The Merrimack River flows through the city, and is joined in its course by the important tributaries, the Contoocook, the Soucook, and Turkey River, and many small brooks. The Merrimack is bor-



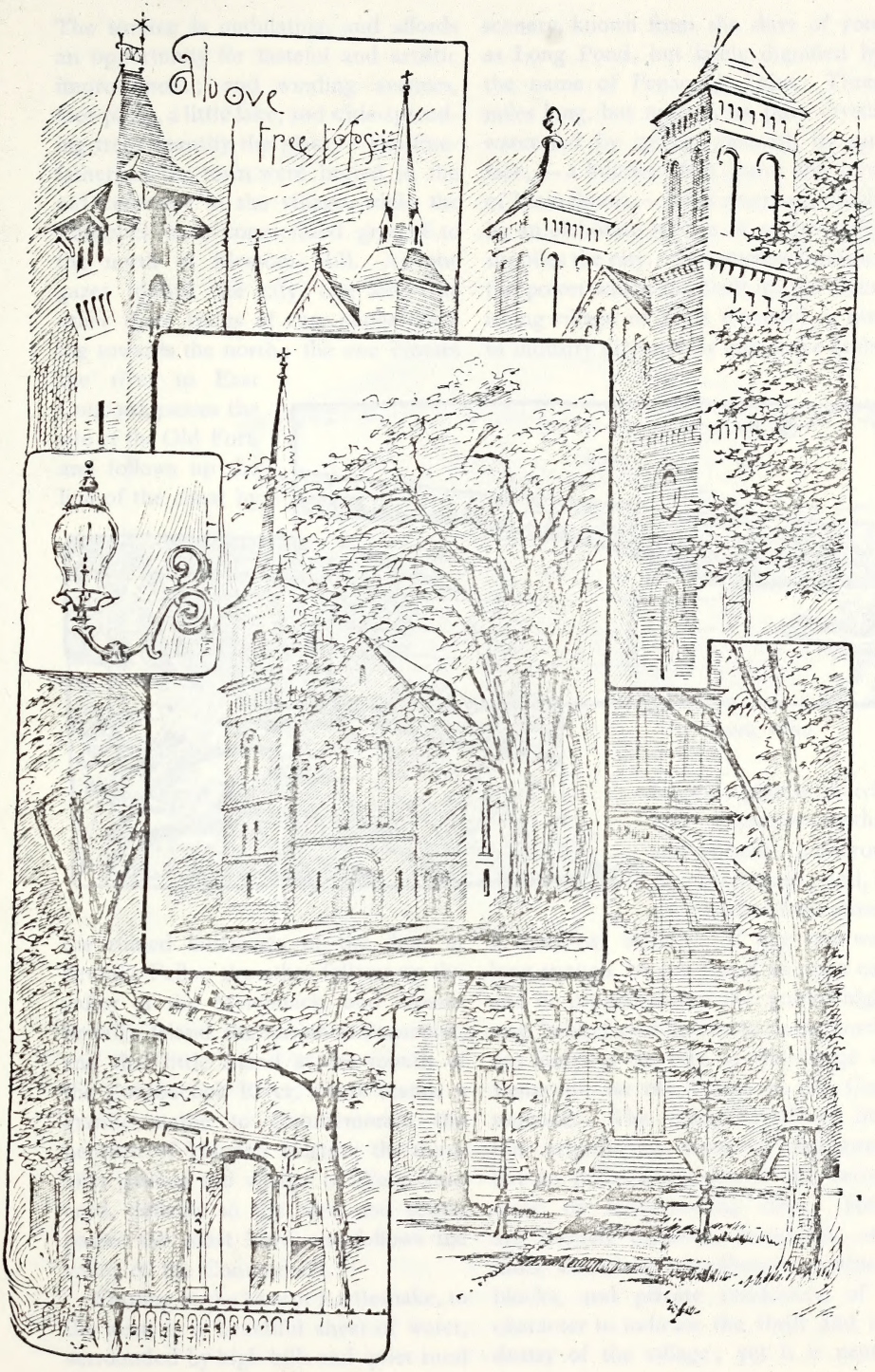
dered by broad intervales, bounded by older river-terraces, on one of which is located the village, the precinct, or *the city*. This beautiful river is restless in its flow to the sea, and is constantly wearing new channels. Great changes have occurred within the memory of men now living.

Near the centre of the city's area of sixty-four square miles, there is a miniature mountain known as Rattlesnake Hill, rising several hundred feet above the plane of the river, and composed of one mass of granite of excellent quality. From the lofty summit, almost the whole city is in view. At one's feet, like a broad blue ribbon, glides the Merrimack; beyond is the steep bank which limits the Dark Plains; while still farther away is Oak Hill and the Broken Ground and the Break of Day. Directly to the east is the village of East Concord, with its church, schoolhouse, ward-house, and many private residences, which lose nothing in attractiveness by a close inspection. At the base of the hill, in the same direction, is a pile of buildings where the convicts of the State are employed in forwarding an important industry. Humanitarian ideas were carried out in the construction of the new State prison; physical inconvenience and torture were not deemed an essential part of a prisoner's punishment, and the health of the inmates was taken into consideration in accepting the plans. It is a model institution. A little farther to the south is Blossom-hill Cemetery, a peaceful resting-place for the dead.



VIEW OF ASYLUM POND.

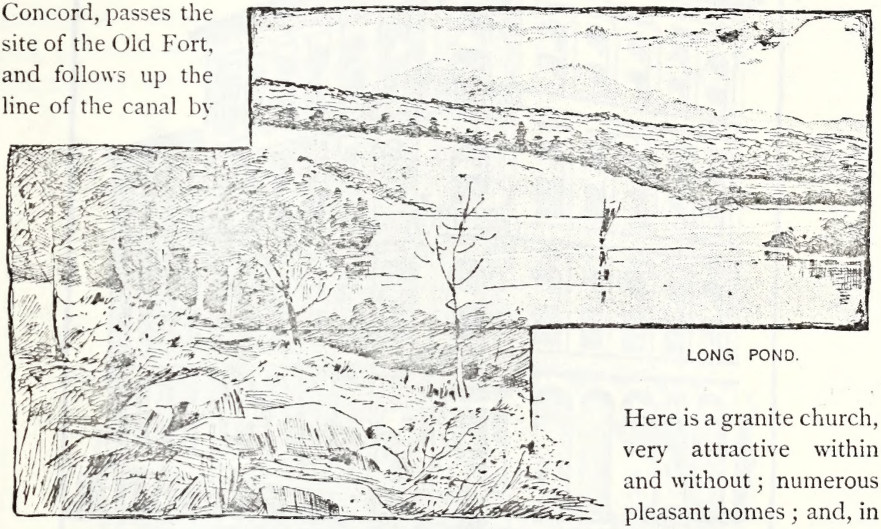




SOME CONCORD CHURCHES.



The surface is undulating, and affords an opportunity for tasteful and artistic improvement; and winding avenues, foot-paths, a little lake, and wide-spreading trees beautify the place. The forefathers of the town were buried in the old cemetery in the village, while the Catholics have consecrated ground to the north of Blossom Hill. As one gazes toward the city, one after the other three trains of cars appear gliding towards the north: the one crosses the river to East Concord, passes the site of the Old Fort, and follows up the line of the canal by the ruined buttresses of the dam at Sewall's Falls; the other follows up the valley of the Merrimack, and crosses Sewall's Island, the station at Penacook, and that little island at the mouth of the Contoocook River, where stands a granite statue to commemorate the heroism of Hannah Dustin; the third, after passing the village of West Concord, deflects to the west and south, passes the Mast Yard, and follows the valley of the Contoocook.



LONG POND.

Nestling at the base of Rattlesnake, to the west, is a beautiful sheet of water, surrounded by high hills and quiet rural scenery, known from the days of yore as Long Pond, but lately dignified by the name of Penacook Lake. Three miles long, but narrow, its pure crystal water fed by springs beneath its surface, — a hundred feet above the level of Main Street, — is the reservoir, which, by an elaborate system of water-works, supplies the city. Its overflow furnishes the power which has built up the flourishing village of West Concord, a hive of industry directed by one active brain.

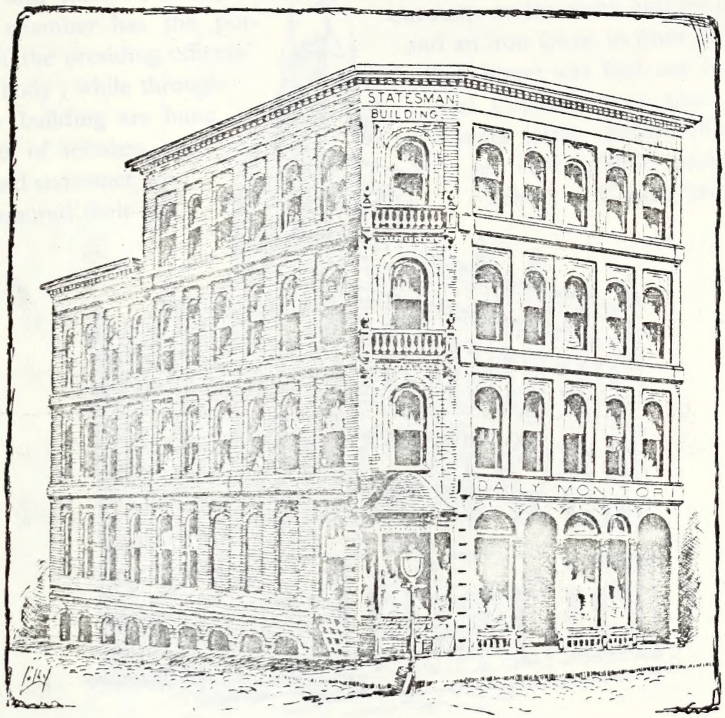
Here is a granite church, very attractive within and without; numerous pleasant homes; and, in the middle of the street, a horse-car station. If one but wait long enough, he can board an open car, and be propelled over the public highway, behind a steam-motor, to the northern limits of the city, to the village of Penacook on the banks of the Contoocook. The village overflows into the neighboring town of Boscawen, but the political division is only recognized on town-meeting days. Here are located factories, founderies, and mills, churches, schoolhouses, business blocks, and private residences, of a character to indicate the thrift and industry of the village; yet it is nearly



all the growth of the past two-score years. On one's return to the city, he passes, at the base of Rattlesnake, numerous establishments where busy workmen fashion the granite quarried from the neighboring hillside.

To return to the summit, the view on every side is pleasing. Throughout the city are fine old farm-houses, shaded by overhanging elms, the growth of a hundred years or more, surrounded by orchards and fertile fields and pastures. The roads wind up and down the hills, and through shady glades where the sun is screened at mid-day. Large barns indicate great crops, and testify that the owners are "well-to-do." Beyond the limits of the city, on every hand, are the hills and mountains for which New Hampshire is celebrated. All around the horizon they loom up, and by the aid of a map can be easily distinguished. Here, sometime in the future, will be built a grand hotel.

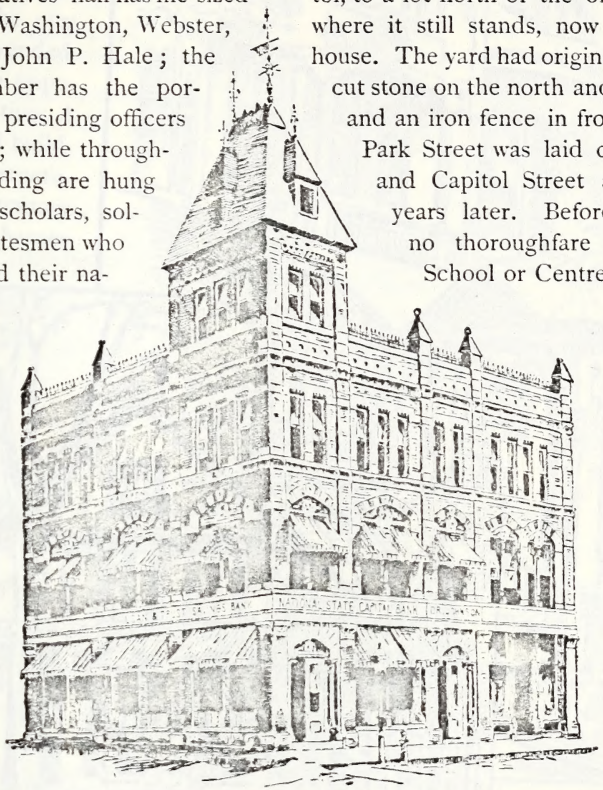
A ride of seventy-five miles brings one from Boston. Passing up on to Main Street, his point of departure in viewing the city should be the State House. Situated in a spacious square in the heart of the city, it is an effective piece of architecture. The body of the building is of dark surface granite, constructed many years ago; while the elegant Doric façade, built since the War of Rebellion, is the choice production of Rattlesnake quarries. Within, the rotunda is embellished by the tattered flags of New-Hampshire regiments, borne on a hundred Southern battle-fields; the council chamber has



STATESMAN BUILDING.



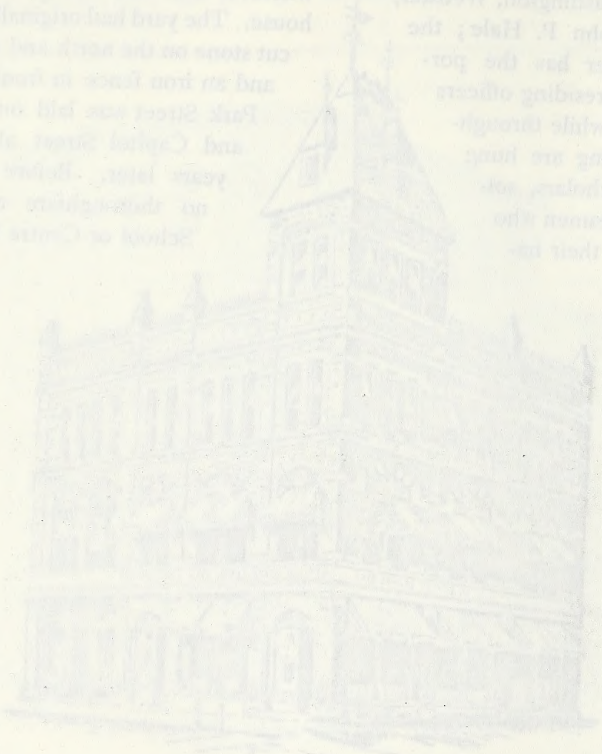
on its walls the portraits of all the governors since the organization of the State; the State library has a collection of portraits of the chief justices, an excellent law-library for reference, and a large miscellaneous collection of books; the representatives' hall has life-sized portraits of Washington, Webster, Pierce, and John P. Hale; the senate chamber has the portraits of the presiding officers of that body; while throughout the building are hung portraits of scholars, soldiers, and statesmen who have honored their native State. The State-house Square, or "yard," is adorned by many noble trees, — one on the north side planted to commemorate the visit of Lafayette, — and is traversed by paths for the accommodation of the public. It is surrounded by an iron fence, and has a fountain within it. An appropriate statue of Daniel Webster is soon to be placed within the enclosure, — the gift to his native State of Benjamin S. Cheney, a generous citizen of Massachusetts. The State House was commenced in 1816, and finished in 1819. The land originally belonged to Peter Green. In 1803 a society of Friends was gathered, who built a meeting-house on the site of the State House. It was moved, to make room for the Capitol, to a lot north of the old cemetery, where it still stands, now a dwelling-house. The yard had originally a wall of cut stone on the north and south side, and an iron fence in front and rear. Park Street was laid out in 1834, and Capitol Street about thirty years later. Before there was no thoroughfare nearer than School or Centre Street.



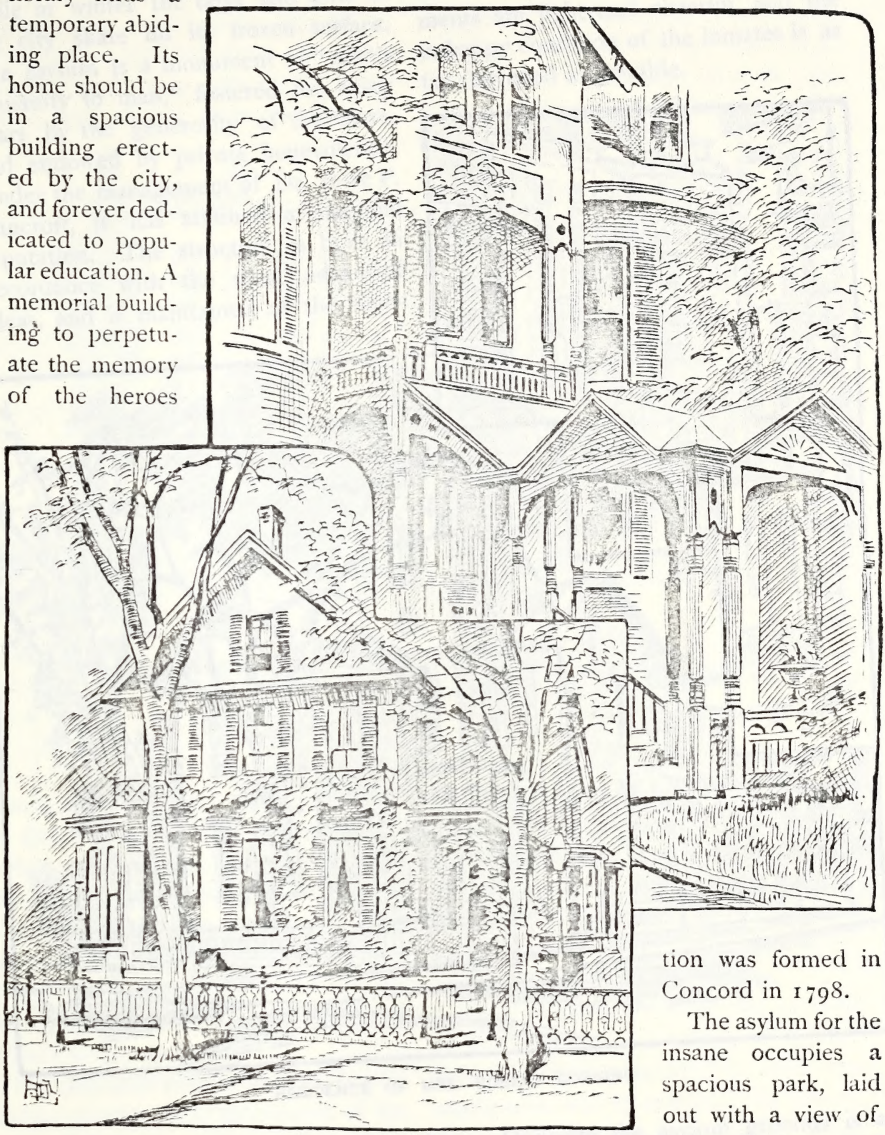
STATE CAPITAL BANK BUILDING.

In the rear of the State House, facing on State Street, is in process of erection the United-States Post-office and Court-house, occupying a whole square. Within will be located the pension office. Facing the State-house Square is St. Paul's Church, the opera-house, the Eagle Hotel, and several business blocks and private residences.

Main Street, for some distance above and below the State House, is bordered by business blocks of pleasing archi-

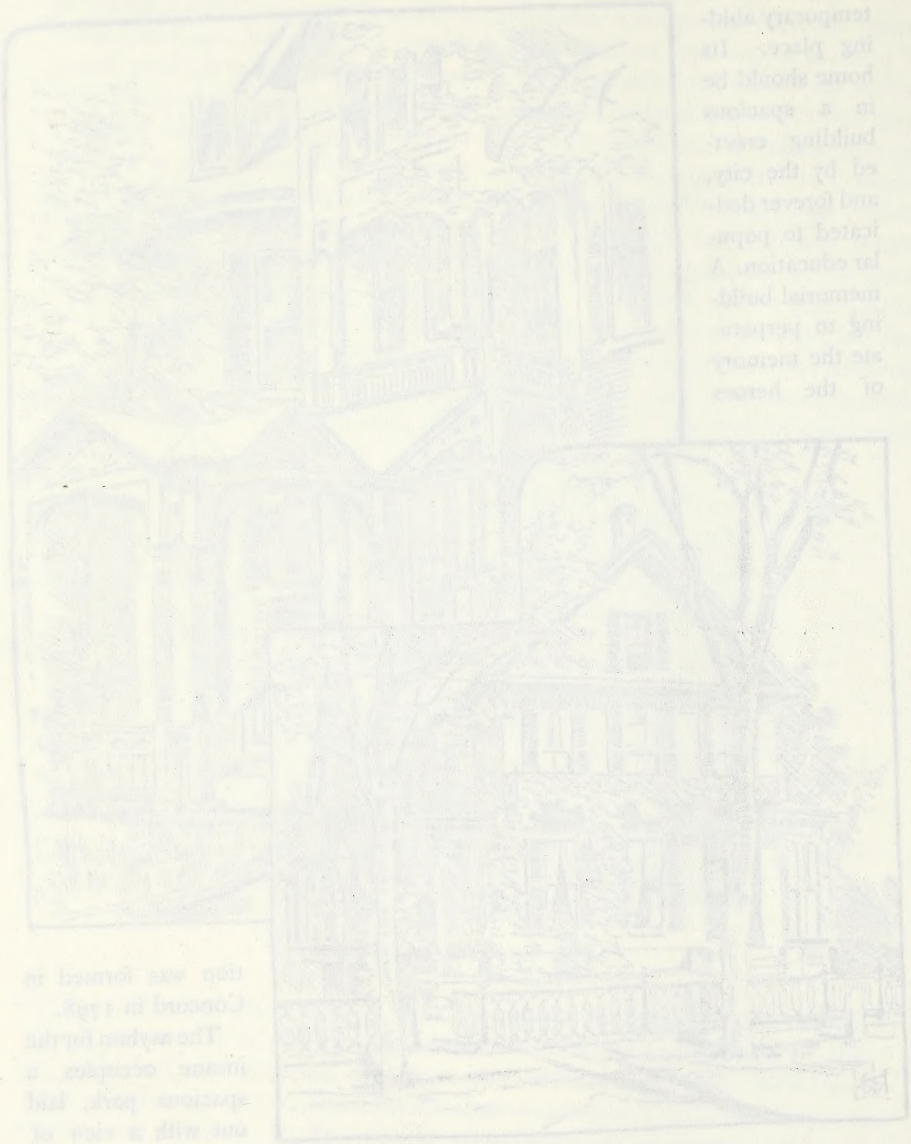


tecture, all built in recent times. In the board-of-trade building, the city library finds a temporary abiding place. Its home should be in a spacious building erected by the city, and forever dedicated to popular education. A memorial building to perpetuate the memory of the heroes who went from Concord to save the Union would be very appropriate. It has a large and well-selected collection of books of especial value for reference. An enthusiastic lover and compiler of books is the librarian, Deacon Daniel F. Secomb. The first library association was formed in Concord in 1798.

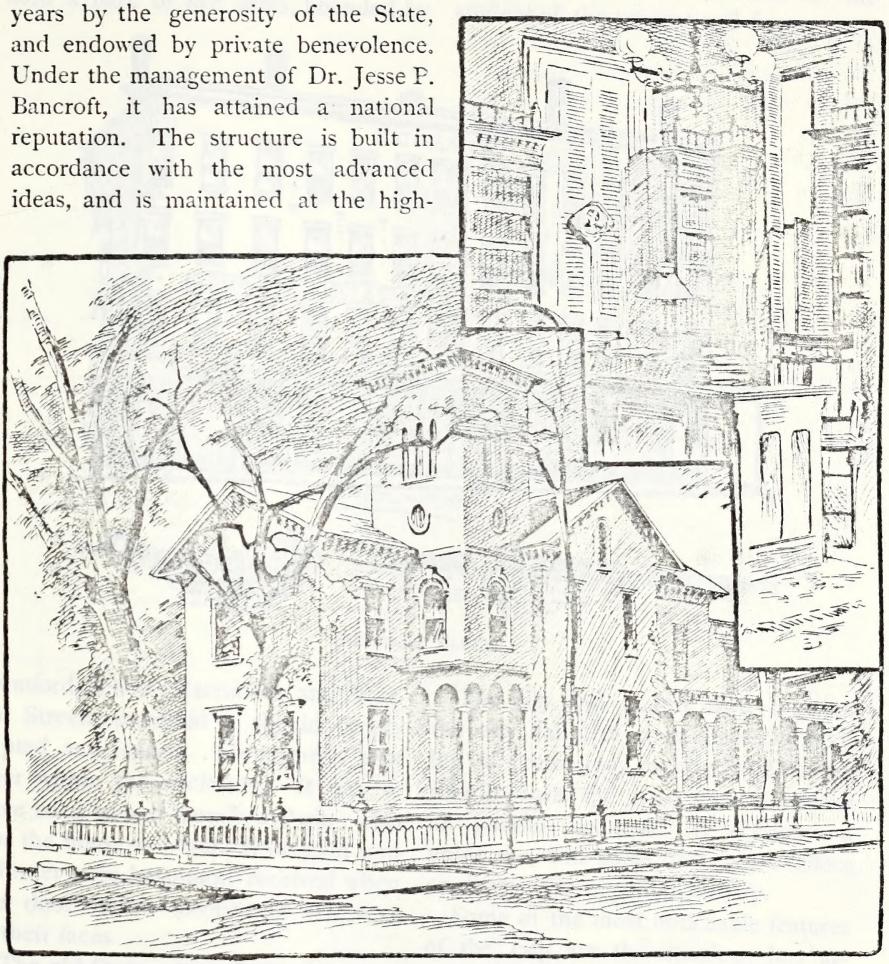


RESIDENCE OF MRS. N. WHITE.

The asylum for the insane occupies a spacious park, laid out with a view of enhancing its natural beauties. A massive pile of buildings crowns the highest elevation, while paths and avenues lead in and out among grand old oaks and elms. Here, too, is a sequestered lake, on whose quiet bosom in summer



occasionally glides a pleasure-boat, while in winter the boys and girls of the city skate on its frozen surface. The asylum is a monument of "man's humanity to man," fostered for many years by the generosity of the State, and endowed by private benevolence. Under the management of Dr. Jesse P. Bancroft, it has attained a national reputation. The structure is built in accordance with the most advanced ideas, and is maintained at the highest standard of excellence. From its chapel, adorned by the portraits of its benefactors, and occasionally converted into a theatre or an opera auditorium, through every hall, ward, and office of the institution, to the spacious basement where the ventilation and heating by indirect radiation are controlled, the appointments are perfectly adapted for their intended uses. The apartments are light and cheerful, and the unhappy condition of the inmates is as far alleviated as possible.

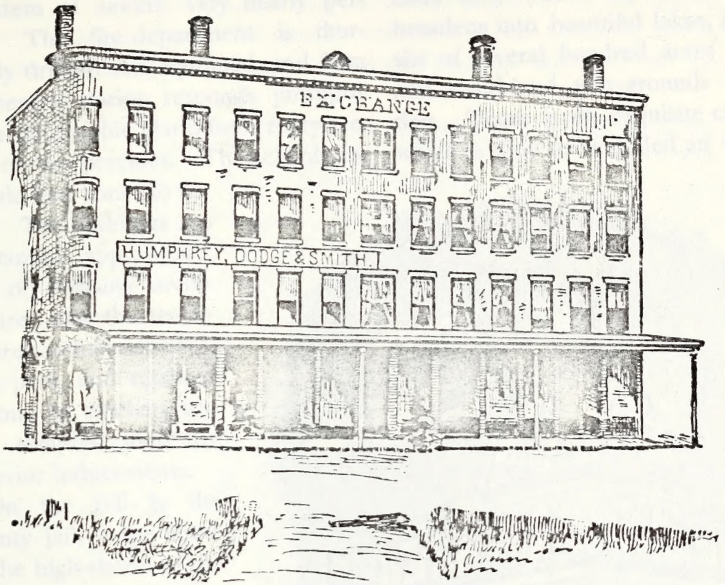


RESIDENCE OF MRS. ROBERT CORNING.

Opposite the asylum grounds is an institution which does credit to the citizens of the city and State. The old Dodge mansion (once the home of George Kent the poet), on its generous lot, has been converted into the Centennial Home for the Aged. It has already received a liberal endowment,



but pleads for more to place its future beyond a peradventure. Within, its inmates, after a well-spent life, find a quiet retreat, shielded from adversity. George Kent once offered to Concord a park of five acres, bounded by Rumford, School, Merrimack, and Pleasant Streets, provided it should be accepted and fenced. He formerly kept deer within the enclosure. It was to have been named Rumford Park. This was the house in which Thompson and Whittier were hospitably received when the door of the town-house was shut in their faces.



EXCHANGE BLOCK.

The old State prison, built of imperishable granite, is a monument of the past, — its interior converted into a voluntary boarding-house; its workshops utilized by artisans and machinists; its high wall removed, and forming the underpinning of recently built houses.

The New-Hampshire Historical Society, organized over sixty years ago, own the old bank building at the north end, and have converted it into a library, in which have accumulated books, pamphlets, manuscripts, newspapers, paintings, and works of art and historical interest, all of rare value for the student of the present and future.

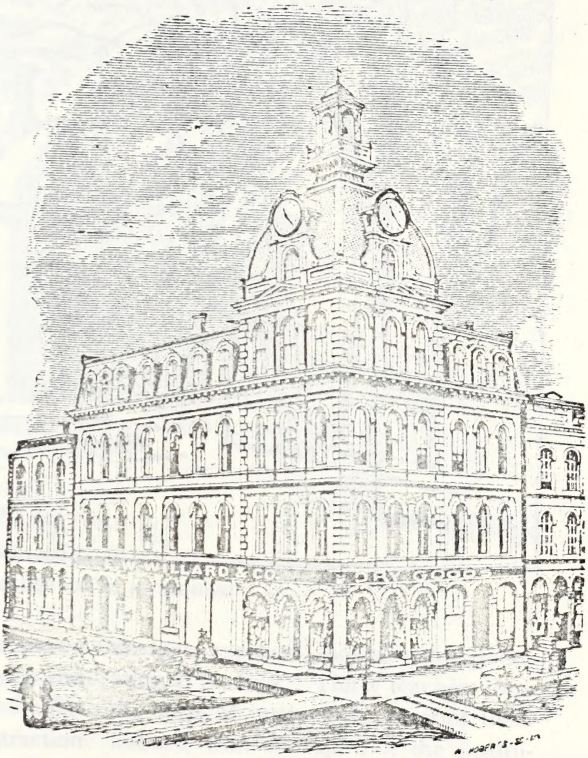
The city and county own together the city hall and court-house, a building of pretentious architectural claims, which awaits the artist who can relieve its painful ugliness. It occupies a noble site, and some time it will reflect credit on the city and county.

Some of the most noticeable features of the city are the spacious lots assigned to private residences, and the shade-trees which overhang the streets. Ancient elms are very common; while the oak, maple, horse-chestnut, and sycamore abound. Concord was the original home of concrete pavement, and the sidewalks are smooth and pleasant to walk upon. They are a joy to the bicyclist. Hydrants at convenient distances, and lamp-posts at every cross-



ing, show how the city is watered and lighted. Beneath the streets, paved, macadamized with broken granite, or rolled, but always kept in scrupulous repair, there is an unseen factor which contributes to the health of the city, — a system of sewers very nearly perfect. The fire-department is thoroughly drilled and equipped, and from the central station responds promptly to the telegraphic alarm from every section of the precinct. The schools are a pride and honor to the city. The buildings are substantial, appropriate, and of pleasing architecture; and the teachers are carefully selected, well paid, and retained as long as efficient, unless tempted away by superior inducements.

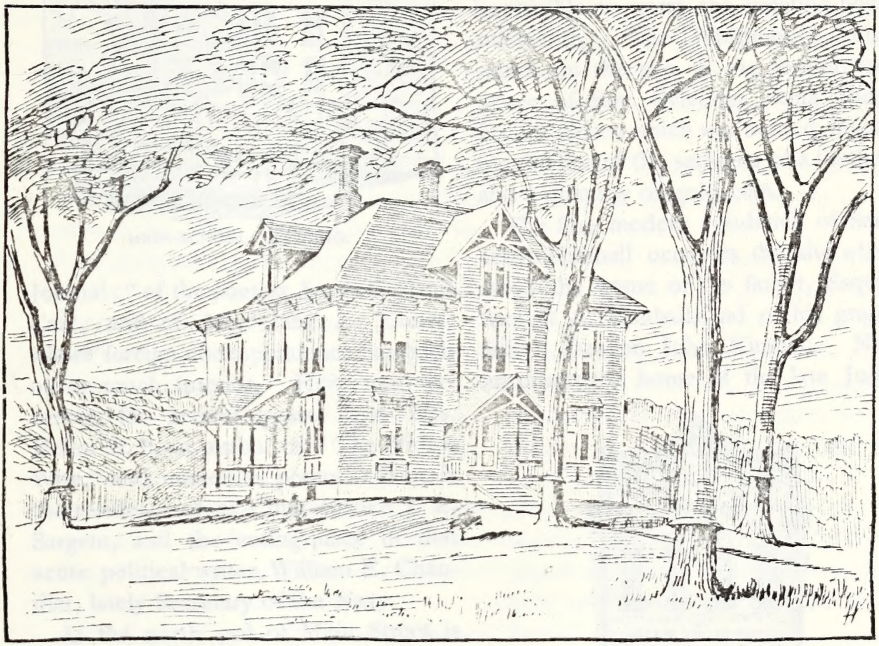
On the hill is the county jail, — the home of the high-sheriff of the county. Near the new cemetery is the enclosure of the Concord base-ball club. On the plains on the east side are the fair-grounds, lately leased to the State as a field for the annual muster of the State militia. Up towards Prospect Hill is the lot being converted into a public park, by a generous lady of the city, — Mrs. Nathaniel White. Out on the Hopkinton road, by the grand lot chosen by President Pierce as the site for a mansion, — which he never built, — by the Bradley Monument which commemorates the Indian massacre in colonial days, is St. Paul School, an institution which renders Concord celebrated throughout the length of our land. It has grown to its present proportions within the last thirty years, under its first principal, Rev. Dr. Henry A. Coit. The grounds of the school are most charmingly situated on either bank of a little river, which in places broadens into beautiful lakes, and consist of several hundred acres of lawn and wood-land, play-grounds and garden. There is an exquisite chapel, to which is soon to be added an imposing church edifice, one of the most beautiful in New England; a schoolhouse, a gymnasium, a rectory, an infirmary, a farm-house; buildings where are dormitories for the various forms or classes, and cottages scattered about for teachers and assistants. When an outlying



BOARD-OF-TRADE BUILDING.



farm in the neighborhood has come into the market, it has been purchased by the trustees; and its old or unique buildings quickly assume a certain nameless grace which stamps them as the property of St. Paul School. Every thing about the school is graceful and attractive: nothing offends the most critical eye. The physical charms of the place, however, have not drawn together three hundred young men and boys from homes of culture and affluence in distant States. The attraction of the place must be looked for in the personality of the principal. In the school curriculum he places truthfulness before Greek and Latin, obedience before mathematics. The character of the pupil is formed and trained, while the mind is being cultured. The intellect, sensibility, and will are here recognized; and a cub of a boy is, by a formative process, transformed into a gentleman. The school has become immensely popular, and its accommodations are constantly taxed to the utmost. Fortunate indeed are the parents who have secured for their children an entrance to the school; and established is the character of the youth which has the stamp of the reverend doctor's approval, shown by his graduating at St. Paul. Thirty teachers form the corps of instructors; most of them imbued with the spirit of the institution from early training, and all working together in perfect harmony.

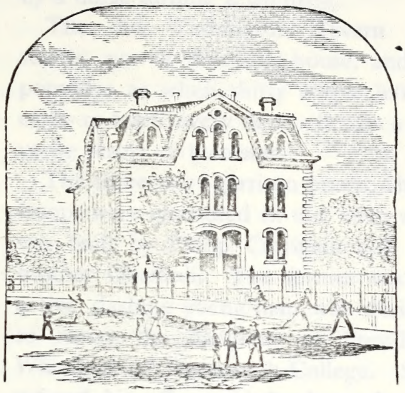


RESIDENCE OF J. H. STEWART.

In the heart of the city, there is much of interest to note. Here is the home of Abba Goold Woolson, whose poetic fancies and sterling criticism give value to her lectures on Shakspeare and early English literature. Here her husband, Moses Woolson, a



teacher of youth for many years, pursues his calling. Here also is the home of the antiquarian enthusiast, J. E. Pecker, — "F. F." of "The Boston



HIGH-SCHOOL BUILDING.

Journal;" of the poetess, Laura Garland Carr; and of Mrs. Jane A. Eames, whose foreign correspondence has been of so much interest. Here, until recently, for several years lived Mrs. Helen M. Bean, author of "The Widow Wise," and numerous poems. Here is the residence of ex-Chief Justice J. E. Sargent, and the voting-place of that acute political writer, William E. Chandler, lately Secretary of the Navy.

At the north end of Main Street is still standing the house of the first minister, Rev. Timothy Walker, built in 1733–34; and before its door is the old horse-block on which many generations of Concord beauties have alighted. Great elms overshadow the venerable residence, and within are relics and mementos of the old time. Around it was built in the days of Indian alarms a high stockade, within which were sheltered several neighboring families. It descended from the minister to his son Judge Timothy Walker, to his grandson Capt. Joseph Walker, and to his great-grandson, the present owner, Joseph Burbeen Walker, who with his wife, Elizabeth (Upham) Walker, maintains the dignity of the family. Among the most highly valued treasures of the old mansion are the portraits formerly the property of the Countess Rumford. Opposite the Walker house, and a little north of it, is the house in which the Legislature of New Hampshire held its first session in Concord. It was found impossible to warm the meeting-house sufficiently. The Whittemore house stands on the site of the former residence of Rev. Sylvester Dana, Judge Dana's father, which was burned, involving the loss of the sermons of a lifetime, and a quantity of gold coin.

The fine modern residence of Samuel S. Kimball occupies the site where stood the home of his father, Esquire Samuel A. Kimball, and of his grandfather, Deacon John Kimball. Next north was the home of the late Judge



MORRILL BROS.' BUILDING.

Jonathan Kittredge, now occupied by Frank W. Rollins.

The brick store was built by Mrs. Anna True (widow of Rev. Henry True, thirty years pastor of the church at

Hampstead), Squire Kimball's sister, and was long occupied by the publishing firm of Robie, Kimball, & Merrill. Power was furnished in the basement by a horse turning a windlass.

The old Washington Tavern still stands, now a tenement-house, and as populous as when thirty stages left or came to town every day. It was a favorite resort of teamsters.

The three-story garrison-house, where troops were quartered in the 1812 war, was built by Philip Carrigain and his brother Obadiah. The former was an active, dashing young man, who desired to marry the daughter of President Wheelock of Dartmouth College. She refused his offer, and for her sake he lived and died a bachelor. Later the house was occupied by Jonathan E. Lang and Robert E. Pecker.

Ex-Mayor John Abbott lives where once was the home of Dr. Peter Renton, a bold, dashing, and skilful physician and surgeon. He was a sharp, shrewd Scotchman, and became a celebrated practitioner. He finally settled and died in Boston. Dr. William Prescott, the genealogist and antiquarian, lived there several years.

Frank A. Streeter occupies the house built by Judge Asa Fowler.

The Herbert house has been in the Herbert family through several eminently respectable generations. It was a store in the last century.

In this neighborhood lived Gov. David L. Morril and Dr. Samuel Morril, the first judge of probate for Merrimack County. The second male child in town was born in his house.

The Historical Society building was erected in 1806. At that date a charter was obtained for the Concord Bank; but even then there was jealousy between the north end and the south end, and a division occurred between the directors as to the location of the bank building. One party was led by Judge Walker, the other by William A. Kent; and for twenty years two banks were run under the one charter, involving law-suits and much animosity. The Walker party built the Historical Society building; the Kent party, the original First National Bank building. The one was the Upper, the other was the Lower Concord Bank. When the charter expired in twenty years, the Upper bank was re-organized as the Merrimack County Bank.

The late editor and publisher, Asa McFarland, lived in the house formerly occupied by his father, Rev. Dr. Asa McFarland, and adjoining the house occupied by Rev. Dr. Nathaniel Bouton, the historian of the town, and later of the State, who compiled the ten volumes of the Provincial and State papers.

The house long occupied by Hon. George G. Fogg, editor of "The Independent Democrat," and later of "The Republican Statesman," United States senator, and during the Rebellion the American minister to Switzerland, was built by Oliver Sanborn, of the Portland firm of Sanborn, Carter, & Co.

Rev. Dr. W. W. Niles, Episcopal bishop of the diocese of New Hampshire, occupies the house built by Ivory Hall, the clock-maker.

Woodbridge Odlin's house lot has been in the family since 1782.

The late Gov. Onslow Stearns lived in the house formerly occupied by Judge Upham, John Esterbrook, and Dr. Moses T. Willard.

The Stickney house, built to replace a still older residence by Joseph P. Stickney, occupies the site of one of the old garrison-houses, and for many years has belonged to the family.

For over fifty years, since it moved down from the north end, the business centre of the town has been fixed. Numerous fires have removed old landmarks, but stores have replaced stores. On the site of the Eagle Hotel formerly stood the Eagle Coffee House, built in 1828, with an eagle before its entrance, and with a wide piazza of two stories extending along its whole front. It long had the reputation of being the best hotel in the State, and was a favorite stopping-place for stage passengers to and from Boston. It took all day to make the passage then from Concord to Boston, and competition occasionally reduced the fare to one dollar. The Eagle had then, as now, a pretentious rival in the Phenix, kept in early days by Abel and Ephraim Hutchins; and in Gass's Hotel, which stood on the site of White's Opera-House block. Since then each hotel has been burned to the ground, the Phenix twice. Its site before the fire of 1817 was occupied by a large three-story house, the residence of Albe Cady and Abel Hutchins. It was rebuilt, and became a hotel, in 1819. Where the New-Hampshire Savings Bank is erecting its new block, formerly was Deacon William Gault's apothecary store.

The State House was completed in 1816. Before Capitol Street was opened in recent times, back fences and stables bounded the State House "yard" on the south. Jacob B. Moore lived just south of the building, in what is now the street.

From the first settlement of the town, the Church has received the attention due it in a Puritan borough. The first meeting-house was of logs, forty feet long, and twenty-five feet wide, situated on the site of the store of William P. Ford & Co. In the course of twenty years this was replaced by a frame structure at the north end.

After a ministry of fifty-two years, Rev. Timothy Walker was succeeded by Rev. Israel Evans, who married a sister of William A. Kent. Mr. Evans remained eight years with the church at Concord; his successor being Rev. Dr. Asa McFarland, whose ordination was celebrated by a ball at Stickney's Tavern. The latter was followed by Rev. Dr. Nathaniel Bouton. Before and during Mr. McFarland's ministry, the town constituted the parish; the salary was assessed, and collected as part of the town expenses under the name of the "pulpit tax." Under Mr. Walker's ministry, only two families are known to have separated from the parish.

According to a new law of the State, the First Congregational Society was formed July 29, 1824; and Rev. Dr. Bouton was ordained the following year. In 1833 the West Congregational Church was formed; in 1837, the South; in 1842, the East, — all having been separated from the parent church. During the latter year the First Church built a new meeting-house on the present site, which was burned in 1873. The next year, 1874, the corner-stone of their present edifice was laid. Rev. F. D. Ayer, the fifth minister, was settled in 1867.

In early days the Orthodox meeting-house, which stood on the site of the Walker Schoolhouse, was evidently the centre. Within it were held several sessions of the Legislature, the Constitutional Convention of 1791, and numerous forensic contests celebrated in the annals of the State.

To the east of its site is the old Coffin house, now the residence of Rev. Sullivan Holman, still overtopped by a magnificent elm-tree, the finest in seven cities. To the north is the Abiel Walker

house, in the same family from the earliest times.

Just off from Main Street is the gambrel roof of the ancient Bradley mansion, where lived Samuel Bradley, who was killed by the Indians; his son John Bradley; his grandson Hon. Richard Bradley, a leading citizen of Concord; and his great-grandson, the present occupant, Moses Hazen Bradley, whose sister married the late Hon. Harvey Jewell of Boston.

On the side street which leads over the hill lives Gen. Joab N. Patterson, United-States Marshal for New Hampshire, and a gallant commander in the war of the Rebellion.

The old cemetery was west of the church, on State Street. The old State prison, completed about 1812, caused State Street to be laid out; but it was many years before it extended south of Pleasant Street. To the west of it was a cow-pasture, within the memory of living men.

Where Mark R. Holt lives was the site of the store where for many years Francis A. Fiske and his father, Francis N. Fiske, were in business. Close by was a blacksmith shop, where the iron-work for Lewis Downing's first wagons was made.

Benjamin Kimball, Squire Kimball's brother, an upright and influential citizen and a good hatter, built the house lately occupied by Luther Robie, and had a shop in the south-east corner of the lot. On the lot where Pecker and Lang were in trade, Henry McFarland has erected one of the most attractive residences in the city. Col. John H. George's house was formerly the George Tavern.

The house now occupied by George F. Page, president of the Page Belting Company, was the home of Lawyer Charles Walker, whose daughter Lucretia, born there, was the first wife of the electrician, Professor S. F. B. Morse. Mr. Walker's law-office stood on the site of Judge A. P. Carpenter's house.

Dr. William G. Carter lives in the house long occupied by his father, the well-beloved family physician, Dr. Ezra Carter.

The old tavern, kept by John West, was long the home of his son-in-law Senator Edward H. Rollins. For many years it was a political Mecca. In one of its many rooms the Know-Nothing party, and later the Republican party, of New Hampshire, is said to have been organized. Through the garden flowed the West Brook, which had its source back of the old prison and the muster-field, and which was the frontier between the north end and south end boys of ye olden time.

Dr. Warren's house was formerly owned by Nathan Stickney, for many years chairman of the Concord Board of Selectmen and a useful citizen.

The Stickney Tavern stood on the vacant lot north of the City Hall. Its sign is at the Historical Society's rooms. The Dearborn house, built in 1756, which stood on the site of the City Hall, is the house at Fosterville which boasts of a cupola. The old Town-house was built in 1790 to accommodate the General Court. It stood end to the street. It was several times enlarged, and repaired in 1822, to accommodate the courts of Merrimack County, before it was replaced by the present structure. Here George Thompson, the anti-slavery apostle from England, with his friend, the then youthful but now venerable poet, John G. Whittier, were rather rudely received. This happened just fifty years ago.

In Smoky Hollow was the tanyard

of Capt. Richard Ayer. A deep ravine formerly intersected Main Street at that point. Near by was the residence of Dr. Thomas Chadbourne, a leading physician, who married a daughter of Dr. Green. The house is now the residence of E. S. Nutter. The stable to the west is part of the old garrison which once stood on the site of the house.

Some little distance below Pleasant Street is the residence of the late Joseph S. Abbot, the carriage-maker; opposite was the home of Dr. Alpheus Morrill, and the house of the late James R. Hill, the harness-maker, who did much towards building up the business portion of the city.

The large brick residence of the late Judge Asa Fowler was built by Judge Hall Burgin, who came from Allenstown; and it was afterwards occupied by Gov. Joseph A. Gilmore. It was a schoolhouse site many years ago, later a law-office. It has lately been purchased as the home for a ladies' seminary.

At the residence of the late distinguished civil engineer Charles C. Lund, lives Mrs. Ezekiel Webster, now in advanced years.

Hon. Benjamin A. Kimball's house and lot are among the most pleasing and attractive in the city.

John M. Hill, the last Democratic candidate for governor, son of Gov. Isaac Hill, father of Rev. Howard M. Hill of Montpelier, occupies the house once owned by Judge Ira A. Eastman.

Joseph Wentworth, from Sandwich (whose brother, Hon. John Wentworth, LL.D., known as Long John Wentworth, in early manhood did not think the State was large enough for Pierce, Hale, Burke, and himself, and migrated to Chicago for more room), owns the house of the late President Pierce.

George Clough lives in the Gov. Isaac Hill house, which when built was considered the finest residence in the town. In from the street, just below, is the ancient Rogers house, described in a late number of this magazine.

The Catholic priest, the Very Reverend J. E. Barry, vicar-general, occupies the pastoral residence adjoining St. John's Church, both the result of his long years of toil in the community. Father Barry, to a rare degree, enjoys the respect and confidence of his fellow-citizens, although by the Constitution of the State he cannot hold public office, — a law more honored in the breach than in the observance, and for years, to the credit of the State, a dead letter. Father Barry is a native of Eastport, Me., where his parents settled about 1823. As a boy he was studious, and went through the English High School before entering the Holy Cross College at Worcester. He finished his education at St. Sulpice Seminary at Montreal, and was ordained at Portland, June 29, 1863, by Right Reverend D. W. Bacon, Bishop of the Diocese. For fourteen months he was rector of the cathedral there, when he was sent to Concord. The Catholic Church was unorganized in the city then; but Father Barry devoted his energies to collecting and uniting the society, built the beautiful church and the pastoral residence, laid out the cemetery, — the whole at a cost of about seventy-five thousand dollars.

Lewis Downing, the pioneer carriage-maker, lived in the house now occupied by his son-in-law, Joseph C. A. Hill.

On the sidewalk east of the shop was the town pump, near which was erected the arch to welcome Lafayette, in 1825.

The character and enterprise of the citizens of Concord have given the city an enviable reputation throughout our own country and in foreign lands.

Perhaps the industry which has given Concord the most fame is the coach and carriage making business. The Abbot-Downing Company is not only one of the oldest, but one of the largest establishments for the manufacturing of carriages in the United States. They employ about two hundred and fifty men, many of whom have grown old in their shops; and they pride themselves on the acknowledged excellence of all their work. Anciently it was all hand-work, but now improved machinery has come into use. Then apprentices served six years, and worked from twelve to fifteen hours a day; now the firm depend on their old hands. They make a great variety of carriages, and their market is the world. Lewis Downing, jun., is the president, and Frank L. Abbot is the secretary, of the corporation.

Carriage manufacturing in Concord has been for many years a very important industry, contributing materially to the character and prosperity of the community. In May, 1813, Lewis Downing, then a young man twenty-one years of age, came to the village from Lexington, where he had learned the wheelwright's trade, and opened a shop on Main Street, just south of Dr. W. G. Carter's residence. His capital consisted of a very small amount of money (mostly invested in a good set of tools), a clear head, skilful hands, and good habits. He commenced building common wagons with the body fastened down to the hind axle; and for the first year he worked alone. The iron-work for the wagons was done at the State prison, and paid for in wood-work: he painted the wagons himself, and readily sold them. The second year he employed two assistants. In 1815 he purchased his late home at the south end, known as the Duncan estate; and the following year he built a small shop in the rear, for wood-work and painting, and moved his business there. The business grew apace, for several years confined to the manufacture of wagons. The first attempt at a spring was of wood, reaching from the hind axle to the rocker, followed by the leather thorough-brace, and successive styles of side steel springs. Mr. Downing neglected to get a patent for side-springs, an oversight involving the loss of a large amount of money, which he might have very honorably secured. In 1825 he commenced erecting the shops near his house; and, the year after, he began to make the old-fashioned chaise. The first one finished was sold to Rev. Dr. Bouton.

In 1826 Mr. Downing resolved to commence in Concord the manufacture of coaches. He accordingly went to Salem in search of a skilled laborer, and obtained the services of J. S. Abbot to build these coaches. He arrived here Christmas Eve, 1826. He was a young man who was destined to have considerable influence, and effect important improvements, in the village. In the winter and spring of 1827 were made the first coach-bodies ever built in the State. A partnership between the two men was entered into Jan. 1, 1828, and coach-building immediately became a leading feature of their business. The lightness, durability, and elegance of finish of their coaches found for them a ready market. During the first year they had four forges, which number was increased from time to time as their growing business demanded. The

partnership of Downing & Abbot continued until September, 1847, when it was dissolved by mutual consent. Mr. Abbot kept on at the old shops, which he had purchased of Mr. Downing in 1835; while Mr. Downing, taking his sons Lewis and Alonzo Downing into a new firm as partners, built and moved into new shops nearly opposite the Phenix Hotel. For eighteen years the two firms carried on their business in separate establishments, with considerable rivalry. L. Downing & Sons commenced with four forges and thirty men, which number in a few years they increased to eleven forges and eighty men. The settlement of California opened a large trade to them, both in coaches and carriages. In 1850 they commenced the manufacture of omnibuses, many for use in Philadelphia. Mr. Abbot extended his business in the South and West. At first he employed seventy-five men, which number was increased in a few years to two hundred. After a while he had twenty-four forges in operation. In the winter of 1849 the Abbot shops were entirely destroyed by fire, but were quickly replaced. In 1852 he took his son, Edward A. Abbot, into partnership. The Rebellion interfered with the business, but new markets were obtained in foreign countries.

In January, 1865, when Lewis Downing retired from business, the two firms were united into the firm of Abbot, Downing, & Co., which was incorporated in 1874 as the Abbot-Downing Company. The Concord coaches and carriages have gained their enviable reputation from the thoroughness of the work done. The very best of materials have been sought for, and the best skilled labor has been employed. A good workman has always had employment as long as he pleased. Men who commenced to work for them in youth have grown gray in their service. A large portion of the workmen have become permanent residents of the town, and own the houses they occupy. They are intelligent, industrious, enterprising, skilful, and valuable citizens.

On the first day of October of the current year, a gold-headed cane was presented with the following inscription: "Presented to Samuel Gage by the Abbot-Downing Company, on completion of fifty years' service." Such a golden memento probably could not be given in another establishment in the United States.[1]

When Mr. Downing bought the property, it extended from the fence south of the Catholic church to Isaac Shute's land on the south, and extended back to South Street, and was quite a farm. On the estate on Pierce Street, between Monroe and Downing Streets, was a white oak grove and a few pine trees, a favorite resort for the boys of sixty years ago. North of the Downing land was the land of Dr. Thorndyke, next the Harris estate, all running back to South Street.

There are in the city several smaller carriage-shops, employing in the aggregate many workmen.

[1] Inquiry at the company's office elicited the fact that many now in the employment of the company have seen long years of continuous service.

Lorenzo K. Peacock	47
Stephen Webster	47
Robert Woodruff	43
Hiram Rolfe	43
George W. Mitchell	38
W. H. Allison	38
Charles H. Adams	37
Luther Lawrence	37
James A. Miller	37
John L. French	37
Joseph H. Lane	36
Benjamin L. Leavitt	36
James Otis	36
James G. Chesley	35

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The firm of J. R. Hill & Co. have helped to carry the renown of Concord workmen and Concord products into the four quarters of the globe; yet nowhere is their reputation more established than in the immediate neighborhood of their extensive manufactory. They are known here, as everywhere, as a firm rigidly upright in all their dealings. Their trade-mark on a harness is evidence of its intrinsic value.

The business was commenced by Mr. Hill in 1840. As before stated, Concord in early days was a noted station on the stage-routes; and the youthful and energetic harness-maker aimed to gain and keep many customers. Frequently he would work all night to accommodate a patron whose team was to start in the morning; and he gained the good-will of all.

With the advent of the railroad, and the rapid settlement of the West, the fame of the Concord harness was carried to the frontier by stagemen from this section; and the gold-hunters of California remembered the skilful and reliable work of J. R. Hill, and sent their orders to him across the continent.

In 1851 George H. Emery, the present senior member of the firm, commenced his apprenticeship with Mr. Hill, and by untiring industry and energy became master of every detail of all the branches of the business. For many years, to his executive ability has been due the continued growth of the business, and the careful management in every department, to not only sustain the reputation already gained, but to keep the manufactory in the van in the march of improvements. There has been progress made in harnesses as well as in most other products of human skill.

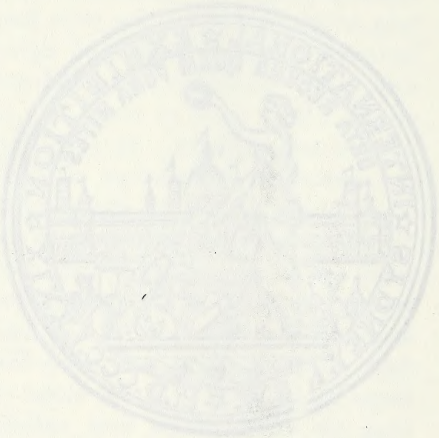




In 1865 J. E. Dwight, the junior member of the firm, and Mr. Emery, formed a co-partnership with Mr. Hill; and since then the firm has remained unchanged, save for the retirement and death of Mr. Hill in 1884. The infusion of youthful energy and enthusiasm into the business gave it new vigor; and the thorough good-fellowship of the two younger members has served to sustain the home popularity of the firm.

During the Rebellion the firm secured large government contracts, and have





always endeavored to meet the demands of an exacting public.

They now employ more than a hundred of the most skilful workmen, and, as has been their custom for years, use the utmost care in selecting leather.



The work as well as the leather in every harness is of the best quality, and their trade-mark is a guaranty of excellence.

The "Concord harness" embraces all kinds and styles of harness, — light single and double road-harness; fine carriage, business, and carryall; coupé, rockaway, truck, double and single express, coach and stage harness.



Their Concord collar for heavy teaming is the best in the market. Considering the quality of their goods, they are remarkably low-priced; and their merits have been attested by the highest awards at every exhibition.

The leather of the Concord harness out-wears the iron and steel used in its manufacture. Some of them have withstood the constant wear of more than a score of years.

The store of the firm is in Hill's Block, — a large, well-lighted room, in which are displayed a great variety of their choicest goods, manufactured in



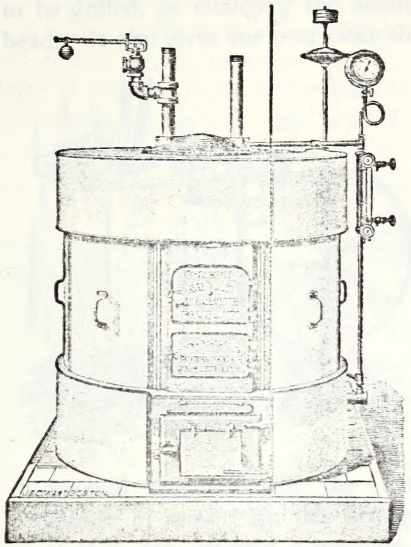
the large workshops in the rear and in the two upper stories. Here is on exhibition the case in which was exhibited, at the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, in 1876, the harnesses which were given the highest awards of merit. Here is an elegant display of all goods found in a saddler's store, — robes, blankets, whips, saddles, bridles.



The Prescott Organ Company are the pioneers in this country in the manufacture of organs. The original founder was making musical instruments in 1814. The manufactory has been in constant operation since 1836. A. J. Prescott and George D. B. Prescott, sons of the founder, carry on the business.



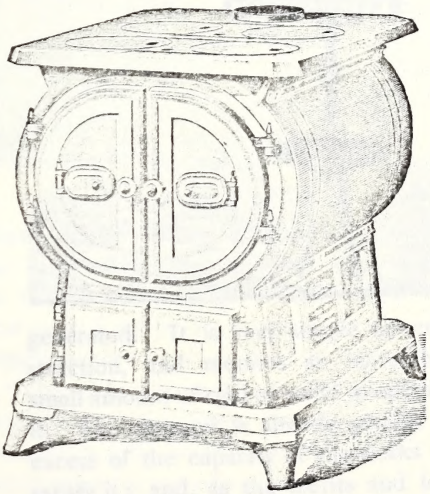
The great shops of the old State prison of Concord are already crowded by the works of the Concord Steam-



Heating Company, of which Hobbs, Gordon, & Co. are proprietors. A few years ago they commenced to manufacture their goods, in a small way, in a shop between Warren and Pleasant Streets. They made a first-class steam-heater; and by judicious advertising, more especially in the pages of the "Granite Monthly," they informed the New-England public of their enterprise, and created a demand. Increased facilities for manufacturing were soon required, and they moved to their present quarters. Horatio Hobbs is the business manager of the firm, and E. F. Gordon is the inventive genius and mechanic. They not only make their steam-heater, but machinery, radiators, and stoves, all of their own invention.

Their steam-heaters are a perfect success. We have had one in operation in our house for two years, and can speak of its merits from personal knowledge. During the coldest days of the last two winters, the house has been thoroughly and comfortably heated; and the coal-bill has been so much reduced, that we consider the heater has about paid for itself. Steam-heat in the house brings hither the climate of Florida or Bermuda, and makes the Northern winter endurable.

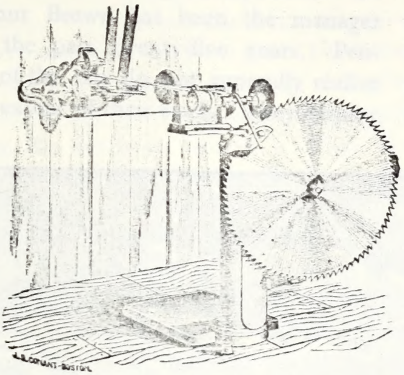
The wood-worker and machinist will find at their establishment some of the most ingenious tools and machinery. Their suspended radial drill does the work effectively of half a dozen skilled artisans. Being suspended from overhead, it gives unlimited floor-space under the column, thereby enabling the user to drill much larger castings than any other radial drill now in use. Parties having pieces to be drilled — like cylinders for locomotives, and engines of all kinds, water-wheels, blowers, and other pieces having holes in a circle — will find this machine



very valuable, as the piece can be so located under the drill that the centre of the line of holes will correspond with the centre of the depending

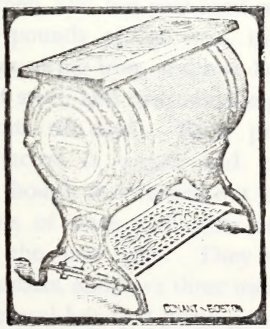


column, thus allowing the operator to reach every hole within the radius of the machine, without moving the piece to be drilled, or changing the sliding head. It also gives one over twice the



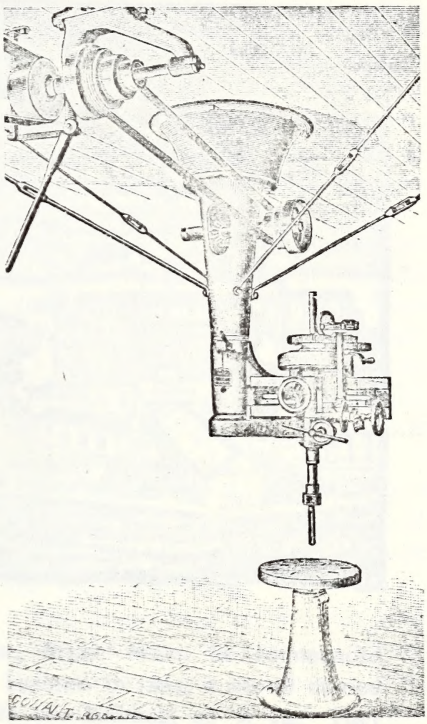
diametrical capacity with the same overreach of arm. By this arrangement they can produce a machine of same capacity, in every way, for one-third the money. And their saw-sharpener, so simple in its mechanism, will soon be introduced into every saw-mill in the country.

Another specialty manufactured by this house is the celebrated "H. G." saw-bench that has now become to be considered an indispensable appliance in all wood-manufacturing establish-



ments. This bench is marvellously ingenious; and it is so constructed that it may be adjusted to all angles, and raised and lowered, so that in grooving and mitring, the work can be accomplished in one-fifth of the time needed by former methods.

The Economist stove, however, is the product of their manufactory on which they especially pride themselves; for it meets the wants of everybody. It is a complete revolution in the whole theory and principle of stove-making. It almost perfectly utilizes all the heat

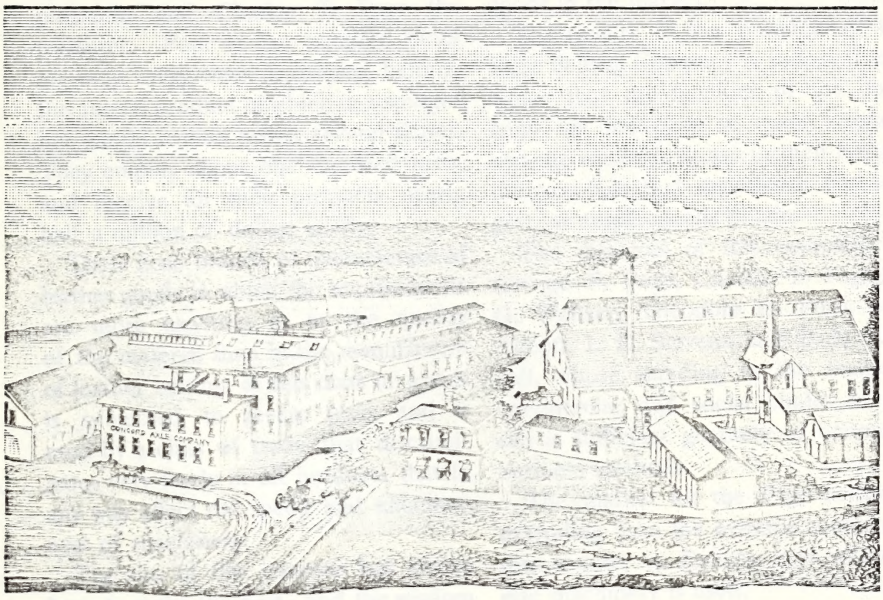


generated. It is very simple in construction, and requires an incredibly small amount of coal or wood to operate it. The demand is already greatly in excess of the capacity of the works to satisfy it; and, as the merits and low price of the stove become more widely and generally known, the manufacturing of them will become one of the most important industries in this section of country.



The Concord Axle Company, whose works are at Penacook, merit attention. The business was established in 1835 by Warren Johnson. D. Arthur Brown & Co. carried it on from 1864 to 1880, when it was legally incorporated. D. Arthur Brown has been the manager for the past twenty-five years. People of the city do not generally realize the extent of their work. They employ

The trade has gone on to steel instead of iron more than formerly; they are a low carbon steel of great strength and durability. They also make the malleable iron-hubbed wheels for steam fire-engines, hose-carriages, hook-and-ladder trucks, salvage wagons, and freight wagons, by Archibald's patent press process; Mr. Brown being president of the company, located at Law-



a hundred men, and last year used over one million pounds of bar iron, three hundred tons of pig iron, and one hundred tons of steel, and consumed eight hundred tons of coal. Their principal manufacure is wagon and carriage axles, though they turned out four hundred tons of stove and other casting during the past year. They use five trip-hammers, and have three water-wheels of several hundred horse-power. They claim for their axles that they are made of better iron than any others, and will carry a heavier load.

rence, Mass. When he commenced the business in 1864, it was all carried on in one building, 48 × 24. They now carry it on in about ten buildings altogether.

Their axles of steel are of great strength and durability, and in such demand that the works are run to their fullest capacity, sometimes well into the night.

Mr. Brown is a wide-awake businessman, who gives his personal supervision to the work.

Hon. C. H. Amsden is the president.



On the south side of the road leading around Horse-shoe Pond is the tannery and manufacturing establishment of the Page Belting Company, one of the largest and best known concerns in the country engaged in this branch of trade. By their new processes, they have revolutionized the business. The company was organized in 1872, and ever since it has been managed successfully by the brothers, George F. Page the president, and Charles T. Page the treasurer. Four or five hundred hides are used every week in making belting, the annual product of which in a straight line would extend across several States. They employ about one hundred men, and receive for their products nearly half a million of dollars yearly.

There is no branch of manufacture of leather goods in which the requirements are more exacting as to the quality of the material than in the manufacture of leather belting, as this class of goods is subjected to severe tests, and is used by a class of trade that discriminates very finely in all products that in any way affect the speed and effectiveness of machinery.

The aim of this concern has always been to make the best: and the wisdom of this policy is shown in the extensive business that they have established, and in the fact that, wherever this belting is used and known, its quality is never questioned; but it is acknowledged to be the very best in the world.

Another specialty with this house is the manufacture of the celebrated "Hercules" lacings, which are the result of long experience and observation, and possess points of excellence that commend them to all practical men. In addition to the Hercules, this house makes tanned lacing under the name of "Patna Brand," also Concord rawhide lacing. Some idea of the extensive business done by this house may be gained from a knowledge of the fact that they have branches in the following places: At 19 Federal Street, Boston; 111 and 113 Liberty Street, New York; 159 and 161 Lake Street, Chicago; and 209 and 211 North Third Street, St. Louis; and that, in all of these large cities, these establishments are recognized as the headquarters for the best goods in the market.

The quality of the products of the Page Belting Company is sufficient evidence that the facilities of the company are first-class in every respect; and the methods in use in their factory, the very best that experience can suggest, or ample means obtain.

The directors of this company are George F. Page, Charles T. Page, E. G. Wallace, Theodore H. Ford, John Abbott, L. D. Stevens, and B. A. Kimball, whose standing in the financial, commercial, and social circles of this city is sufficient guaranty of honorable business methods.

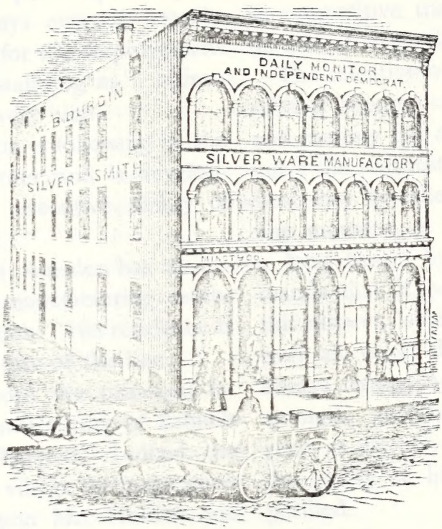
The market for the Page belting is extending from the extreme confines of this country to Europe, and wherever else machinery is used.

The Messrs. Page are yet young men, public-spirited, enterprising, reliable, and a force in the community. They have within a few years come into possession of the water-power at Sewall's Falls, and are designing great improvements in that section of the city.

William P. Ford & Co. at their foundery make stoves, ploughs, and agricultural implements. The business was started by the senior member of the firm, in 1837. George H. Marston was admitted to partnership twenty years ago; John W. Ford, five years later. The firm employ forty operatives.

The manufacture of solid silver ware has been conducted in this city for over thirty years by William B. Durgin, with whom for some time his only son, George F. Durgin, has been associated in business. The senior commenced business in Concord in 1854, with very limited capital; but with financial ability of the highest order, and strict and unquestioned integrity, laid the foundation of a great business enterprise. His trade-mark has always been regarded as reliable, as an index of intrinsic value, as the stamp of the United-States Mint.

No manufacturer in the country ranks higher than he; and he is often called upon to manufacture various articles, for public and private purposes, where only real merit would answer the conditions.



W. B. DURGIN'S BLOCK.

The three floors and the basement of his spacious block on School Street are occupied by his works. The bricks and bars of the precious metals, gold and silver, are mostly received from the government assayer, and are here rolled, wrought, hammered, and moulded into forms of exquisite beauty. Forks and spoons receive the first attention; and later, urns, vases, cups, pitchers, dishes for various uses, ornamental or useful, and jewelry are produced. Side by side are massive machines and delicate engraving tools, each operated by skilled workmen, directed by an active brain, careful to meet or forestall the wants of a critical and exacting public.

The office on the first floor is devoted to the exhibition of the manufactured goods. Here can be seen wealth in graceful shapes, pleasing to the eye. The goods find a ready market at home; but the demand is greatest in the great cities, centres of wealth and culture, where artistic merit is most appreciated. Philadelphia, New York, and Boston demand most of the products of the factory; although orders are received from every section, even from the cities of the Pacific slope and the far South.

This may seem somewhat surprising; but Mr. Durgin, during his business experience of more than a generation, has gained a reputation among the trade that is largely national in its character, and is such that any man might well be proud of.

It is interesting to watch the skilful workmen manipulate a bar of silver. It first goes through ponderous rollers, under trip-hammers, great stamping machines, and is cut like paper under massive presses. The very air in the room is loaded with gold and silver dust; and the sweepings of every room are carefully and profitably assayed, yielding during the year many hundred dollars to pay for the trouble.

From the mention above of a few of the articles made by this house, an



idea can be formed of the amount and complication of the business they do, which could better be realized by a personal visit to the manufactory, an outside representation of which appears above. The organization of the various departments is such that they all proceed with the greatest regularity and order. Many expert workmen are employed, and the most reliable goods are manufactured.

Mr. Durgin is a public-spirited citizen, and has always entered heartily into every project for the improvement of the city. His standing as a citizen and a financier is very high.

George F. Durgin is following in the footsteps of his father, and is developing business and executive ability of the highest order.

Hon. Charles H. Amsden has an extensive furniture manufacturing establishment at Penacook. His residence is on the Boscawen side of the line.

At West Concord the principal industry is the manufacturing of flannels by Hon. Daniel Holden. Indeed, the prosperity of the village for many years has depended upon Mr. Holden and his late brother, B. F. Holden. He operates in his two mills eight sets of machinery, four in each, and employs about a hundred and forty operatives, using one thousand pounds of scoured wool every day. He ships twenty-two cases every week, each containing eight hundred and sixty yards.

Mr. Holden learned the business of making cloth in Lowell, and settled in Concord in 1847, three years after his brother.

When the water-works were built, the city so injured the water-power, that it became necessary to use steam-engines in connection with his works.

E. B. Hutchinson, contractor and builder, has been in business in Concord, continuously, since 1858. Many of the finest blocks and residences of the city have been constructed by him.

At East Concord is the establishment of Samuel Eastman & Co. for manufacturing the famous Standard leather hose. Cyrus R. Robinson is the manager; and he succeeds in making a very superior article, popular with firemen and insurance companies from Maine to Texas. It has carried off many a palm in competitive trials, and well deserves its title of "Standard."

The selection of fire-hose is a matter of vital importance to every community, and nothing but *the best* should ever receive the slightest consideration. Fire-hose may be called upon for service at any moment, or it may lie unused for a long time; but public security demands that it be always reliable. In this respect, leather stands pre-eminent over all other flexible substances. It always retains nearly all of its original strength, and has been selected for years as the only reliable material where the safety of life and limb were imperilled.

Their factory is near the railroad-station, and may readily be recognized at a long distance by the lofty tower used for drying hose. They manufacture direct from the rough stock, currying the leather themselves. The utmost care is exercised in every branch of the work; for every single foot of hose must be as near perfect as it is possible to make it, on account of the severe service hose is put to. They make over fifty thousand feet annually, and their "Standard Oak Leather Hose" is a favorite in the market. It is noted for its durability, reliability, and economy. The firm also manufacture a superior article of oak-tanned belting.

"Samuel Eastman & Co., manufacturers of the Standard Oak Leather Hose, are the largest manufacturers in this line of goods in the United States. Their hose is to be found in every section of the country, the State of Pennsylvania alone having over two hundred thousand feet of this make in their fire-departments and manufactories. Their recent improvements in their hose have added requisites which are indispensable in a fire-hose, and impossible to exist in any other kind, owing to the nature and adaptability of the material used in its construction. Its principal features are its permanency upon storage; its durability, and great excess in strength over all requirements; its pliability and lightness; its compactness and permanent handles every five feet, by which it is handled in any position with one hand; its capacity to resist abuse, and retain nearly its original strength through a long number of years; and its pliable nature, never requiring it to be oiled. These, with other merits which it possesses, must ultimately make it supersede all other fire-hose now on the market. Their orders for this hose are now in excess of their production, which cover different cities and towns in the different States from almost every section of the country. Their long experience and constant study have brought success to their efforts in perfecting and adopting the best flexible substance. Its success is assured."

The granite business is a very important industry in Concord. Our granite is sought for in distant States, on account of its marble-like beauty, for monumental and architectural purposes. There is an inexhaustible supply, and it is a source of great wealth to the quarry-man and the skilled artisan.

Among the many business-men who have honored the city of Concord by choosing it as their place of residence, few have ranked as high for ability, enterprise, and commercial integrity, as the members of the wholesale grocery firm of Woodworth, Dow, & Co., — Albert B. Woodworth, Samuel H. Dow, and Edward B. Woodworth. Mr. Dow, it will be remembered, built the fine business blocks on Bridge Street, and converted that tumble-down locality into a busy, bustling, thriving community, with fine brick edifices that are an ornament to that section of the city, which was formerly covered with mere wooden hovels, and buildings of an inferior appearance. The improvements there made are of a permanent and pleasing character; and the new blocks are occupied by some of the most flourishing merchants and busy artisans in the city. Among the first to locate there was the firm above mentioned.

When they established the business in the city a number of years ago, they were met with the discouraging prophecy that business of this class could not be drawn to Concord; but their success justified their judgment. Already a large section of New Hampshire and Vermont depend on this firm for their supplies. Why not? Concord is a railroad centre, easy of access; and if goods can be bought as low as, or lower here than, elsewhere, the expense of the journey, and the additional freight, can be saved.

The firm knew there was a field here for their business talents, and they have cultivated it. In January, 1884, they moved into their spacious new quarters. The block they occupy is three stories in height, besides a spacious attic for storage of grain. The first floor is directly on the railroad; and goods can

be loaded and unloaded to and from the cars at the very doors. This room is piled high with barrels of flour and heavy groceries. The second floor, in which is the office, is filled with lighter groceries, and is on a level with Bridge Street. The two upper floors are used for storage. Connected with the building is a grist-mill, — the only one within a radius of half a dozen miles, — which the firm run to accommodate their customers.

This has proved to be of great benefit and convenience to the farmers and their other customers in the immediate vicinity. The firm does a large business, which is steadily increasing, and already extends beyond the borders of the State. The future prosperity of this enterprising firm is already well assured. The success which they have already achieved, and that which is in store for them, have been fairly and richly earned.

Mr. Dow has done very much to improve the business facilities of the city. The Woodworth brothers are comparatively young men, thoroughly indentified with the growth and prosperity of Concord; and all of them are highly respected in the community.

In looking over the handsome drug-store of A. Perley Fitch, the casual observer does not realize the extent and importance of his business. We were lately surprised, in going over the premises, at their magnitude. In the rear of the store is the private office of the proprietor, to which only the privileged few are admitted; the convenient desk presided over by the prescription clerk; a large room devoted to drugs, chemicals, and medicines; and a smaller room, where are stored choice drugs and compounds, like opium and quinine. Beneath the whole store is a lofty basement, where is a great stock of paints, oils, and varnishes for the nicest carriage-work, or the coarsest for houses, barns, and fences. Here are stored the heavy chemicals, and great quantities of the goods of E. R. Squibbs, Parke, Davis, & Co., and the fine oils imported by Dodge & Olcott. The front of the basement is partitioned off for a wine-cellar, and the choicest of brands are here kept for medicinal purposes. The adjoining basement, under the banking establishment of E. H. Rollins & Sons, is the laboratory of the establishment, presided over by a skilful chemist, George A. Berry, a pupil of Professor George A. Gay. Here are produced the fluid extracts, tinctures, wines, elixirs, liquors, ointments, and druggists' sundries, for which the establishment of Mr. Fitch has been long celebrated, not only with the retail, but with the wholesale trade. Under Norman G. Carr's jewelry-store is another basement reserved for the storage of Mr. Fitch's goods, all opening onto a rear carriage-way; but still further store-room is required, and found in a store-house on Green Street.

The store is very centrally located, on the corner of Main and Depot Streets. In the front store is a handsome display of toilet articles and sundries, and an immense stock of choice cigars.

Mr. Fitch has the reputation of compounding physicians' prescriptions in the most careful and reliable manner.

In 1859 Mr. Fitch entered the employment of the old firm of Allison & Eastman, with whom he remained one year. One year he was in Lebanon. For over three years he was one of the firm of Fitch & Underhill. In 1874 he was one of the firm of Eastman & Fitch. He has been the sole proprietor since May, 1882.

One of the best known and most popular boot and shoe dealers in Concord is Mr. William A. Thompson, now located in a superbly fitted store, No. 30 North Main Street, in Bailey's Block. Mr. Thompson's success in building up a large and successful trade is a prominent and pertinent illustration of what business push and natural energy will accomplish. He first started in the boot and shoe business in Concord in 1880, locating in the small store in the "Statesman" Building. He made close bargains in his purchases; and by judicious advertising, and dealing only in reliable goods that would stand the test of wear, he soon found his trade steadily increasing, and on many occasions found his store crowded with customers, so that it was almost impossible to do business with ease and comfort. With rare sagacity he made large purchases in certain specialties, and was enabled, by taking advantage of the condition of the market, to present his customers with good bargains, and at the same time reap a rich reward for himself. At last his business entirely outgrew the quarters he had occupied for about five years; and in August, 1885, he removed to the large and commodious store in Bailey's Block, four doors north, across Depot Street, from his original quarters. This was fitted up for his use in an elegant manner; furnished with shelves, counters, sofas, and all the needed accessories of a first-class retail boot and shoe emporium. It is safe to say that he now has one of the finest and best appointed stores of its kind in New England, where himself and his gentlemanly clerks are constantly engaged in "giving fits" to the pedal extremities of an appreciative public. His great success, and the rapid growth of his thriving business, are almost phenomenal. It is not a mushroom growth either, but is real, solid, and substantial, having its foundation in merit and reliability. "Thompson's shoe-store" is in very reality one of the established institutions of Concord, in which its citizens take a just and pardonable pride. It is one that would be a credit to any city in the country. The proprietor, though yet a young man, is thoroughly familiar with all the details of his business; and, having had a practical experience of over sixteen years in the business, he can, by a glance of the eye, tell a good article from an inferior one. Handling such large quantities of goods, he is enabled to buy "way down at bottom prices," and sell at the same, and all the while realize a handsome profit in the aggregate, though it be but small upon each bargain. He always keeps abreast of the times, and is prompt in securing all the latest styles and novelties; thus enabling him to meet the wants of all classes of customers, and retain their trade. He never permits a customer, who knows what he wants in the line of foot-gear, to go out of his store with his wants unsatisfied.

His shelves and counters contain all that is desirable or that can be asked for in any shoe-store in New England, from the heaviest brogan to the finest and most delicate kid. A repair department, in charge of skilled workmen, is also connected with this model establishment, making it complete and satisfactory in every respect. Mr. Thompson is a prominent member of the Independent Club, and, besides being an energetic and successful business-man, is a public-spirited, generous-hearted citizen. We are always glad to chronicle the deserved success of such self-made, enterprising men.

E. C. Eastman, the principal bookseller, publisher, and stationer in Concord, is located opposite the State House, next door south of the Eagle Hotel. Mr. Eastman deals in standard publications of all kinds, stationery of every description, and fancy goods in an almost endless variety. He constantly keeps a large and carefully selected stock. He boasts that he keeps the best pens, ink, pencils, paper, town and legal blanks, to be found in the State. An inspection of his stock will readily show that he is not far out of the way in this assertion. He is one of the oldest publishers in New Hampshire, as the successor of Jacob B. Moore, and later the immediate successor of Parker Lyon, who followed Mr. Moore. He publishes several standard works, like the "Life of Gen. Stark," "Robinson Crusoe," and others; and some of his publications reach an edition of forty thousand each, annually. He has published several local historical works, and does a large wholesale business in stationery, etc., besides enjoying a fine trade in school-books and school-apparatus. Eastman's pencils and pens have won a national reputation, and have been adopted by many school-boards and mercantile firms throughout the country. "Eastman's White Mountain Guide," and "Leavitt's Farmers' Almanac," are among his publications, either of which is sufficient to gain him a reputation as a publisher all over New England, where he has long and favorably been known. He has been quite a traveller himself, especially in the White Mountain region; and it is a rare pleasure indeed to listen to his faithful and living descriptions of those regions, and the historical incidents connected therewith. One can almost imagine himself beholding the beauties and glories which he is wont to vividly depict of that wonderful region, which his publication so truthfully portrays. The daily *habitués* of his store embrace the *élite* of Concord's society,—the clergy, men of letters and refinement, and ladies of culture and reading. He always keeps the latest respectable works on his shelves; and they are also adorned with all the standard publications to suit the taste of, and please, *littérateurs*, and lovers of poetry, history, drama, and fiction. Here one can delight in all that is wholesome in the way of literary pabulum, whatever his taste or inclination may be. A visit to Eastman's bookstore is like that to a "world's palace," or a museum of art,—delightsome, enchanting, and refreshing. Mr. Eastman has a natural and readily acquired taste for his business; and it has built itself up about him as apple-blossoms come out upon the perfect tree, scattering their fragrance everywhere. His store is a credit to the capital city; and the fact that it is so largely and so liberally patronized, bespeaks well for the culture, education, and refinement of the city, which has been greatly improved in the last generation.

Humphrey, Dodge, & Smith, the leading firm of hardware dealers, carry the largest and most complete stock of any firm in Central or Northern New Hampshire. They occupy the old stand in Exchange Block, next to Eagle-Hotel Block, on Main Street, where they have so long done a large and flourishing business in standard heavy, light, and fancy hardware, as well as carpenter's tools of every description. Their stock of planes, handsaws, agricultural tools and implements, is always of the largest and best. They make a specialty of iron and steel, springs and

E. C. Eastman, the principal bookseller, publisher, and stationer in Concord, is located opposite the State House, next door south of the Eagle Hotel. Mr. Eastman deals in standard publications of all kinds, stationery of every description, and fancy goods in an almost endless variety. He constantly keeps a large and carefully selected stock. He bases that he keeps the best pens, ink, pencils, paper, town and legal blanks, to be found in the State. An inspection of his stock will readily show that he is not far out of the way in this assertion. He is one of the oldest publishers in New Hampshire, as the successor of Jacob B. Moore, and later the immediate successor of Parker Lyon, who followed Mr. Moore. He publishes several standard works, like the "Life of Gen. Stark," "Robinson Crusoe," and others; and some of his publications reach an edition of forty thousand each, annually. He has published several local historical works, and does a large wholesale business in stationery, etc., besides employing a fine trade in school-books and school apparatus. Eastman's pencils and pens have won a national reputation, and have been adopted by many school-boards and mercantile firms throughout the country. "Eastman's White Mountain Guide," and "Leavitt's Farmers' Almanac," are among his publications, either of which is sufficient to gain him a reputation as a publisher all over New England, where he has long and favorably been known. He has been quite a traveller himself, especially in the White Mountain region; and it is a rare pleasure indeed to listen to his faithful and living descriptions of those regions, and the historical incidents connected therewith. One can almost imagine him

axles, and always have on hand finished and complete woodwork for carriages of every description. The standing of each of the members of this firm in the church and community is of the first rank. Mr. Humphrey was chosen a State Railroad Commissioner in 1882; while himself and Mr. Dodge have both served their wards with credit as members of the "General Court;" and Mr. Smith has served with distinction as a member of the staff of his Excellency the governor of the State. It is always a pleasure to deal with members of such a firm; for one knows he is getting just what he pays for, and is not afraid of being deceived by any misrepresentation. This firm has grown up in the midst of Concord's people, and all its members have a reliable, permanent standing in the community. Their trade extends all over the State of New Hampshire, and into many other States in New England. For credit and the most perfect reliability, it is not excelled. It is with the utmost pleasure that THE GRANITE MONTHLY numbers this firm among its earliest patrons, and with pride it points to their marvellous success as an illustration of what advertising in this magazine will accomplish. We have no hesitancy in commending this firm to the consideration of all our numerous readers, and can guarantee them reasonable bargains, fair prices, and reliable goods at all times and under all circumstances. It is a pleasure to deal with such a firm, where sharp practices are unknown, and where honor and integrity mark every transaction.

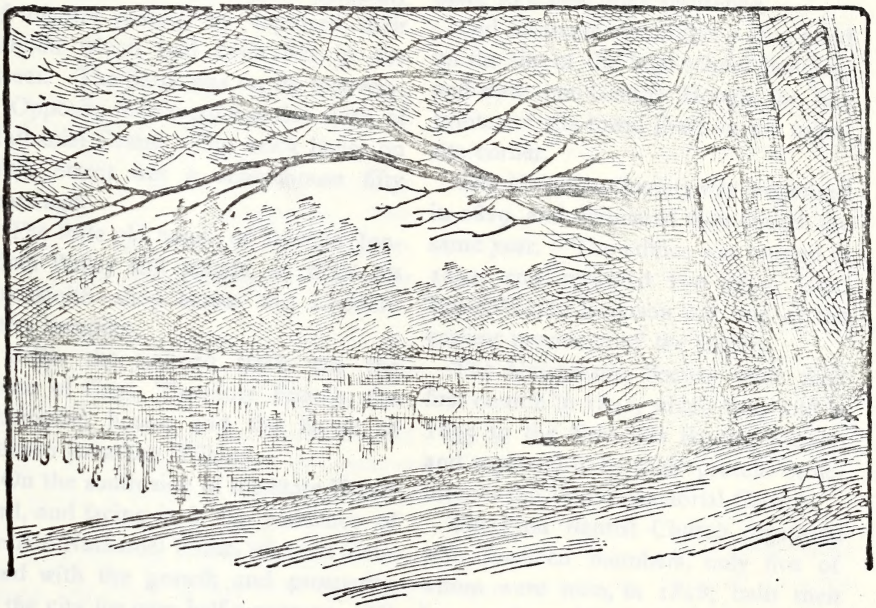
For nearly twenty years the leading grocery-store in Concord has been that of Batchelder & Co., 14 North Main Street. It was established in 1866; and since that time it has gained an enviable reputation as a reliable, fair-dealing, and fully equipped establishment. The proprietors early adopted the rule to buy and sell only the best quality of goods, and they have strictly adhered to this principle to this day; and their large and steadily increasing trade has demonstrated the fact that there was wisdom and sagacity in the adoption of this principle. They readily secured the best class of custom in the city, and have been enabled, by always supplying first-class goods, to retain this custom, which is sure to pay, and leave but a minimum of bad accounts on the firm's books. Their business has grown to immense proportions, aggregating in the retail department alone hundreds of thousands of dollars annually, and regularly supplying a very large number of families in the city with the "good things of life." This house constantly carries one of the largest and finest stocks of choice groceries to be found in any store devoted to the grocery trade in New Hampshire, if not in New England, outside of the great centres. In summer they make a specialty of strawberries and other berries and fruits, handling hundreds of bushels of the former; choice creamery butter is another of their specialties; and in all departments their stock is always full, fresh, and of genuine quality. The housekeeper who wishes to be sure to obtain any article of household consumption to be found in the market anywhere, is always sure to find it in quantity, and of first quality, at Batchelder's. This has come to be a recognized fact among house-dwellers in the capital city, and has enabled Batchelder's to maintain its position in the foremost rank of grocery-stores in the State.

H. L. Porter is operating a model shoe-shop on the Free-bridge road.

Concord is the seat of other important industries. Here are made the Blanchard churn, the Clapp traps, axe-handles, birch-bark pictures, bricks, bedsteads, brooms, brushes, carriage-springs, cigars, crackers, confectionery, excelsior, flour, furniture, lumber, mackerel-kits, meal, ploughs, salve, saws, shoes, soap, stoves, toys, water-wheels, etc.

The wholesale trade of Concord merchants includes books, stationery, flour, grain, groceries, aside from the manufactured articles, and extends all through central, western, and northern New Hampshire and Vermont. The retail stores command a large business from neighboring towns, and large stocks in the various lines are carried. The most important is the home trade, however, for thirteen thousand people consume much food, and wear many garments. There are three well-patronized book-stores in town, several printing-offices, and two daily and five weekly newspapers, aside from THE GRANITE MONTHLY. There are three national banks, three savings banks, and one private banking institution. Within the city there are several private libraries, especially rich in valuable and unique collections of books on art, history, and science.

Down towards the Lower Landing and the Concord Bridge is the mansion of the Countess Rumford, substantially unchanged since her death. By her it was bequeathed with an ample endowment-fund for a home for orphan girls, — a noble charity, which will keep her memory green for an untold period. The house was built in 1764, but it has lately been enlarged to twice its original size. Out beyond Millville, there is another orphan-asylum, conducted under the auspices of the Episcopalians.



UPPER POND, AT ST. PAUL'S.

At the extreme south end is an unique private residence, with a remark-



able balloon-like cupola, which has lately been converted into the Concord hospital. Its interior is well adapted for the care of the sick: its rooms are large and light, and each is furnished by the ladies of some church society of the city.

In this neighborhood occurred the famous battle of Brimstone Hill. A company of artillery had gone into the Butter's, or Southwick, Tavern for New-England refreshment, when a company of infantry passing by captured their cannon which had been left in the street. The battle was for its recovery.

Opposite the tavern was the store of Nathaniel Evans. The brick house on West Street was a schoolhouse fifty years ago.

The little old house of Deacon Jonathan Willey still stands, as does his blacksmith-shop across the Londonderry turnpike.

Below the railroad track was the house of Capt. Theodore French, the Thompson house, and the house of Deacon Jonathan Wilkins.

On the south side of the State House yard, and facing it, is the residence of the late Nathaniel White, who was identified with the growth and prosperity of the city for over half a century. All around the square are evidences of his prosperity and public spirit. His widow, Mrs. White, is carrying into effect many schemes of benevolence devised by them during his lifetime.

White's opera-house occupies an historic spot. Many years ago it was the site of the old green store,[1] in the upper story of which was the Episcopal chapel, and later the American House.

[1] The building was converted into a dwelling-house, and moved to its present location next west of the opera-house. Within it John Farmer had his apothecary-store. In the west corner room, Judge Josiah Minot and Joseph B. Walker studied law with Gen. Charles H. Peaslee.

Judge Nathaniel Upham lived in the brick house, built in 1831, on the opposite side of the square. Dr. Timothy Haines and Capt. William Walker lived in the two houses to the west of the Upham house.

Call's Block has been scattered over the city, to make room for the new government building; while the residence of the late William Butterfield was moved from its old site, to give place to a new brick residence.

Old residents remember a frog-pond on the site of the high-school building, and state that George Hough, the first printer of the town, lived on the opposite corner.

The Unitarian Society was organized in 1829, and dedicated their church the same year. The edifice was burned in 1854, and replaced two years later. Ralph Waldo Emerson was one of the earliest preachers of the society.

The Universalist Society built their first church in 1841, which they sold in 1855 to the Free-will Baptist Society, and replaced it by their present structure, — the White Memorial Church.

The First Baptist Church organized with fourteen members, only five of whom were men, in 1818, built their house of worship in 1824; but it has been several times renovated, — the last time in 1875. The Pleasant-street Baptist Church separated, and built their edifice, in 1853.

The South Church lost their meeting-house, which stood on the corner of Main and Pleasant Streets, in 1859, by fire, purchased the lot occupied by William A. Kent's house, and built their present building the following year.

The Baker Memorial Church was organized in 1874.

Among the teachers who are remembered were the Eastmans (father and

son), Nathan K. Abbott, Deacon James Moulton, Joseph Robinson, Moody Currier, Edwin D. Sanborn, and T. D. P. Stone. The old academy was on the hill just south of Washington Street.

Among the residents of the town, not already mentioned, were Judges Ira Perley, Josiah Bellows, Matthew Harvey, and William H. Bartlett; Govs. Walter Harriman and Nathaniel B. Baker; George A. Pillsbury, Parker Lyon, Chandler E. Potter, and a long list of honorable and worthy men and women.

The lawyers of the city rank very high in their profession, and there are a great many of them; and the same is true of the medical fraternity.

The city is far enough away from any great centre to be cosmopolitan. The society is very refined, its members having had the advantage of extensive travel.

The great event with the ladies of the city is the annual meeting of the "Old Charitable Society." All the churches are represented, and the electioneering going on for officers and the balance of power is refreshing to a ward politician.

Politically the city is strongly Republican, but there is very little animosity in politics. The county of Merrimack is so very close, however, that both parties are always on their good behavior.

A Rip Van Winkle would see the most startling changes, however, on the central part of Main Street. Mother Osgood's Tavern stood on the site of Exchange Block. The Benjamin Gale Tavern has been replaced by the State Capitol bank building, while the Centennial Block replaces the residence of Deacon William Gault. Low and Damon made chairs there later. William Low, a brother of Gen. Low, postmaster for many years, had a tavern on the site of the board-of-trade building.

As the older generation passes away, their places are taken by younger people. The citizens of the city to-day are an active, wide-awake body, determined to keep Concord in the front rank as an enterprising and attractive city. The time is approaching when the vast forces, now almost entirely unused, at Sewall's Falls and at Garvin's Falls, will be utilized.

As time rolls on, the great plains of the West will have become settled, and the young men and women of the city will not be drawn away to distant States. Here will be the goal of their ambition. Every available foot of land will be utilized. Every pound of water-power will be employed to clothe the nations, and provide for their numerous wants.

Here will be the site of schools, colleges, cathedrals, libraries, hospitals, and parks. Here will be homes of culture and elegance, distinguished as in the present and past by the virtue, intelligence, and generosity of the citizens.

John N. McClintock

THE CANTERBURY SHAKERS.

SOME fifty years ago Dr. Dixi Crosby, the celebrated physician of Hanover, gave his counsel and advice to the Shakers, Dr. Thomas Corbett and David Parker, to aid them in the preparation of a curative compound of herbs and roots, which should meet the wants of the medical fraternity. The learned doctor wanted his prescription honestly and conscientiously mixed; and, reposing confidence in the fidelity of the Shaker community, he and his friend Dr. Valentine Mott gave the new medicine the benefit of their approval, and widely advertised its merits. The combination was of the roots of sarsaparilla, dandelion, yellow-dock, mandrake, blackcohosh, garget, and Indian hemp, and the berries of juniper and cubeb, united with iodide of potassium. From the most euphonious of its constituent parts, it was called "sarsaparilla," and became so famed for its curative properties, that great fortunes have been made in manufacturing imitation or bogus articles of the same name. The medicine was designed for impurities of the blood, general and nervous debility, and wasting diseases; and, for the half century during which it has been prepared for the public, it has been an inestimable boon to the sick and suffering.

To fully appreciate the care given to the preparation of this remedy, one should visit the Shaker community in Canterbury, the home of Dr. Thomas Corbett and David Parker, — both long since gone to their final reward, — and see their successors in the field and in the laboratory, working to compound the sarsaparilla. A little north of the kitchen garden of the First Family, and east of the great barn, near where the saintly Elder Henry caresses his pet bees, and jovial Friend George attends to the grape, the pear, and the apple, the brothers of the family cultivate the curative herbs in a garden especially tilled by them. At the proper season the plants are gathered into storehouses, the roots and berries subjected to chemical changes by skilful hands, dirt and impurities are absolutely banished, and in time *Shaker sarsaparilla* is ready for the market.

The Shaker community at Canterbury is in many ways remarkable. It was first organized nearly a hundred years ago, by strong men and women, for which the town has been noted since its first settlement, — the Cloughs, the Whitchers, and later the Parkers. They separated from the world, and tried to live ideal lives, cultivating every Christian virtue. They were frugal, temperate, industrious, honest, and won the respect of their neighbors. Their community of interests gave them an ambition to accumulate property; their religious creed has been a bond to keep them united; their growth has been maintained from without the society by the adoption of children, mostly orphans. Their estate comprises about four thousand acres, the most of it contiguous, but extending into adjoining townships. The old range road, which climbs a hill and follows a ridge for several miles, cuts it in two parts, each vieing with the other in beauty and variety of scenery. On the crest of the hill, and commanding an extensive view, is the principal village.

The fields, pastures, orchards, and gardens, groves of trees, forests, farm-roads, woodland paths, a chain of miniature lakes or ponds, babbling streams, little canals, and waterfalls diversify the landscape all about. The houses are quaint and old-fashioned, but scrupulously kept in repair. They are connected one with the other by flag-stone paths, and are spotlessly neat and clean within and without. The meeting-house wherein they worship is in the midst of the village. It is the pivot around which the society revolves.

In times past the trustees viewed the growth of the West, and, instead of moving thither in a large body, purchased and cultivated, through agents, large tracts of wheat lands in Central New York. At home the little streams across their territory were bound to lend their forces to the industrious Shakers, and turbine wheels have long propelled their machinery. In one little mill they grind their corn and wheat; in another they saw their lumber, and do the most exquisite lathe-work. In one shop they manufacture their far-famed washing-machines, used in so many great metropolitan hotels; in another, the corn broom and brush, the original inventions of a Shaker family. In the great barn forty head of cows, and a hundred head of other live stock, are wintered, fed from the sweetest hay-mow, groomed and cared for; while the dairy is a model of neatness. There are a number of hired men about the premises, whose labor is employed to maintain the estate; and even the horses show the result of good keeping.

A visit to this community is a pleasant event to the denizens of the outside world. The food on their hospitable table is plain, but served with exquisite neatness. The air on the highlands occupied by their village is bracing; the scenery on every side is inspiring. We never refuse an invitation to call upon the Shakers. One of the ponds on the estate has been stocked with a very choice variety of pickerel, — a tempting morsel for the lazy fisherman, who, of an early morning, can catch them with great ease.

A few years ago I spent several weeks with the Shakers at Canterbury, surveying and plotting their extensive domain, and became very familiar with some of the brethren, and saw the gentle influences exerted by their creed and manner of life. My testimony is not needed to make known their goodness of heart, their purity, their charity and benevolence, their efforts to follow humbly in the footsteps of the Great Master: wherever they go, they are known; there is an atmosphere of sanctity about them. These few lines I have written to make known to the readers of THE GRANITE MONTHLY that their friends in Canterbury are still manufacturing the best corn brooms and brushes in the world, the most perfect washing-machines, the nicest cider apple-sauce and Shaker sarsaparilla, — all of which, for their own prosperity and for the benefit of the people, they wish to widely advertise and sell.

For a number of years Weeks & Potter, the wholesale druggists of Boston, handled their sarsaparilla; but they have taken the business of its sale back into their own hands, and now deal directly with the apothecaries and incidentally with the public. Communication should be directed to "Nicholas Briggs, Shaker Village, New Hampshire, U.S.A.," and will receive prompt attention.

STRANGER THAN FICTION.

By Henrietta E. Page.

[Concluded.]

"Yes, raving mad, poor fellow! He swore he had sold his soul to perdition to possess her, and now she was dead he would not live; and, in spite of the watch kept upon him, he succeeded in throwing himself into the hungry river. Every effort was put forth to save him, but life was gone before he was reached.

"Ah, but he was a handsome fellow, was Raphalio! We were all proud and fond of him. But the beautiful American wife always seemed sad and listless, and her death was the signal for his. His mother had died a short time before the marriage, so now the home was broken up. Signor Russino came with the child and its nurse to me, where they have been ever since.

"The poor fatherless and motherless infant was the old man's idol, and has had, as Milord can see, every advantage that wealth and education could bestow; and she is as good as she is beautiful."

He rose and bowed. I signified that I was satisfied; and, with another and lower bow, he left the room, silently closing the door behind him.

I sat musing for a long time. I was at my wits' end. What should be my next move? I could not challenge the dead: that was apparent to even my dazed faculties. The old man had not been an accessory to the devilish plot; that, too, I could plainly see. Then what should I do?

Once more I drew out the papers, and read them from beginning to end. How my heart ached for the poor beautiful young mother, for the little deserted child! I blamed and pitied in the same breath. Oh, if she had only confided in her fond and loving father, how different might have been her life, how distant her death! Her father! Ah, now I knew what to do. I hastily arose, and enclosed all the papers in a thick envelope, and began to address it, when another thought struck me.

What if they were lost!

I sat down, and wrote as full an account of every thing as I could, and by the morning mail it was started for America. Then I gave myself up to my happiness; and, ah, what happy days those were! Sometimes I feared it might all be another dream, a fantasy, and I should awake and find it so. Then I would pray that I might die in my sleep, if it were, as I gazed in my darling's eyes.

Just as soon as it was possible for him to get there, Mr. Travers held me by the hand, and was looking with feverish anxiety into my face. Was he wondering if I were still mad?

For answer I laid the papers in his trembling hands. Slowly he read them through, great beads of sweat gathering upon his brow the while. His hands shook, his lips quivered, and tears stood in his eyes as he finished. "Where is she? where is my Elinor's child? Do not keep me waiting, I implore."

I rang the bell; then, writing a few lines upon a card, I sent it to my betrothed.

We strove to talk, to ask and an-

swer questions, but it was mere child's play: each heart was full to overflowing. We tried to hide our agitation from each other: that, too, was utterly useless. After what seemed an eternity, — but, upon gazing at the mantle clock, I found it was just ten minutes, — I heard footfalls in the passageway, and knew my loved one was approaching.

I was watching the door, — in fact, we both were, — when a slight sound caused us to turn our heads; and there, holding aside the *portière*, with her beautiful face in a glow of expectation, stood Carina, in all her radiant youth and glorious beauty. I had not dreamed of the effect her sudden appearance might have upon Mr. Travers, and I was greatly shocked.

"My God! Elinor!" he wailed, and would have fallen had I not sprung to his side, and placed him in a chair. She crept to him, and, putting her soft, fair hand to his face, whispered, "Granpadre mio."

He rallied at that sweet sound; and, drawing her face to him, he looked searchingly into her lovely eyes, as he murmured, —

"Elinor over again. Great Heaven, I thank thee! It seems almost as if it must be she. — How can I ever thank you for this great happiness you have found for me in my old age?"

"By letting me share it, sir," I modestly answered.

He looked from her blushing face to my — shall I say sheepish? — one; and drawing her head to his shoulder, as she knelt beside his chair, he said, —

"Ah, is it so? Have I only found my darling to lose her again?"

"Ah, no!" she murmured.

"Indeed, sir, I would not dream of such a thing. We can all be happy together, cannot we?"

"I hope we can," he heartily cried, grasping my hand, and looking at me with worlds of thanks in his fine eyes.

I greatly feared opposition from the Signor, to my desire of carrying his idol far away over the seas, but was happily disappointed, insomuch as the handsome old fellow was intending to take unto himself another wife; and he informed me, kindly and frankly, that perhaps it might be better all around.

Our marriage was celebrated at the same altar that Elinor's was, but under how much happier circumstances!

A splendid sum was settled upon Carina by her paternal grandfather, and handsome gifts bestowed by all the relatives. My gift I reserved until reaching home; and I assure you she would part with any one of the others, ere she would lose one tiny particle of mine.

It was that statue of her mother. When I drew aside those curtains, and told her whom it was, she fell upon her knees as before a saint: she wept, she kissed the hands, the cheeks, she patted the hair, and strove to peer into the downcast eyes.

"Oh, my husband, how cold she is! If she would only speak! Ah, madre, madre!"

The artist in me thrilled, the heart of the man ached.

I lifted and soothed her, and upon my breast her grief was short.

But that is her daily shrine, and offerings of flowers are regularly placed as you now see them.

"And so you are married."

"I am happy to answer, yes."

"And your boarding-mistress — ?"

"Is my wife; in a little while you shall see her."

And, oh, Jack, I did! Ah, such beauty! I was almost mad with jeal-

ousy, envy, and all ungodliness, until I saw the picture of her cousin; then for fear I might miss a life-long happiness, by procrastination, — that thief of time, you know, — I started upon the next steamer, and here I am. I am not in despair; and, in fact, I am almost ready for congratulations. Go and see Winn and his lovely wife; and, if you do not become a candidate for matrimony, I am mistaken. Such a pair of turtle doves! Expect me — when you see me, not before.

Yours fraternally,

HAROLD WHITNEY.

The last sheet fluttered from my hand; and I sat in a happy trance, I know not how long.

A feeling of chilliness at last aroused me, and I looked dreamily around.

The blues were gone, bag and baggage; so was the fire. Snow was pattering against the pane, but it had a musical sound now. I looked anxiously around for my friend the fly: he had hummed himself to sleep upon the stovepipe, and was sleeping the sleep of the just; and day was gliding into the arms of night.

I arose, and lit my lamp; and, gathering up the scattered sheets, I tied them neatly together, and now, just as I received them, I tender them, dear readers, unto you, without any of my officious "tinkering."

Will you not agree with me that facts are Stranger than Fiction?

THE THUNDER-STORM.

ALICE FREESE DURGIN.

DARKLY, heavily, threateningly lowering,
The clouds mass their angry forces;
Shiveringly, tremblingly, the tall trees, cowering,
Bend to the wind's wild courses;
While beneath the bending boughs,
Huddled together, the frightened cows,
Scenting the danger abroad on the land,
Wild-eyed with terror, mutely stand.

The speckled hen warningly calls to her brood,
From the snug shelter of her nest;
And helter-skelter the whole sisterhood
Flutter and tumble and safely rest,
Just as the storm in its fury breaks.
With peal on peal the thunder wakes
Deep echoes from every distant hill,
Voicing the fiery lightning's instant will.

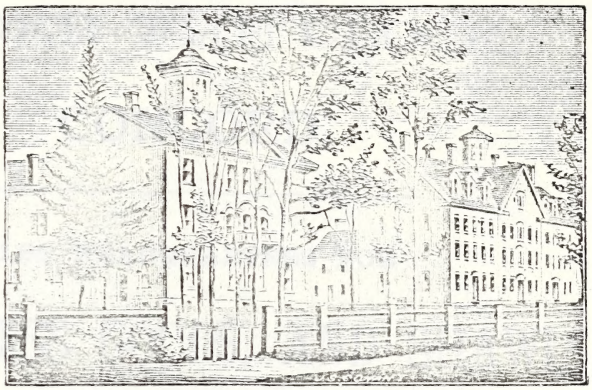
From the imprisoning clouds set free,
Swift on its downward course,
On comes the rain with maddening glee,
Mocking the winds in its blinding force.
Helpless he their power to brave, —
Creation's lord, yet Nature's slave.
When the elements assert their sway,
O blind and feeble man, obey.

NEW-HAMPTON INSTITUTE.

THE New-Hampton Institution has a model location in a quiet village, amid New-Hampshire hills and rural scenery, and among people who fully appreciate the advantages of having a college or seminary in their midst. It was established in 1821, and soon became widely known as a theological school for divinity students preparing for the Baptist ministry.

In 1829 a female department was added.

In 1852 the institution came into the hands of the Free-will Baptist denomination; and for sixteen years, or until it was removed to Lewiston, Me., in 1870, it was the seat of a biblical school. In 1866 a commercial department was added to the school.



NEW-HAMPTON INSTITUTE.

The school is at present very successfully conducted. During the past year the average attendance has been about one hundred and fifty pupils, two-thirds of whom have been young gentlemen. The principal, Rev. Atwood B. Meservey, A.M., Ph.D., is a gentleman of literary acquirements, whose fame has gone abroad. He is a wise and judicious instructor, a practical business-man, and possesses rare executive ability. He is ably supported in his efforts to sustain the high rank of the school by five gentlemen and four lady teachers.

Rev. E. H. Prescott, the resident Free-will Baptist minister, and president of the board of trustees, seconds Professor Meservey in his efforts to build up the school.

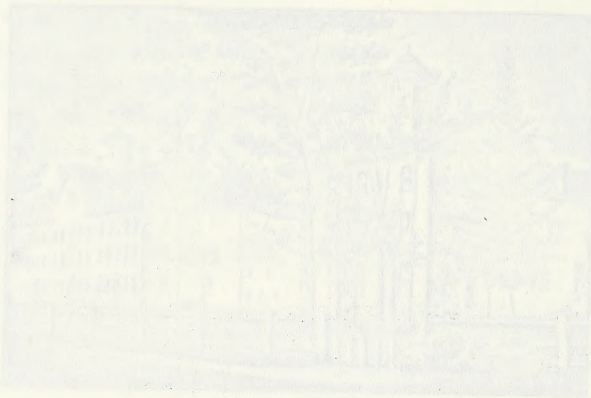
A few years ago we visited the school, as an instructor in geodetic surveying, and noticed then, as we have several times since, the deep interest the students took in their work.

They are as happy as youth, health, and pleasant associations will permit.

The character of the school is maintained to its old standard. That it is high, may be known from the character of its graduates, — statesmen, judges, lawyers, ministers, doctors, missionaries, merchants, farmers, manufacturers, mechanics, and financiers, and their helpmates.

Among the *alumni* may be mentioned Judge Clifford, Dr. Peaslee, and Hon. John Wentworth.

Boys and girls — or, as they would prefer to be called, young gentlemen and young ladies — are here surrounded by the comforts of home life; and the very atmosphere of the place is scholastic.



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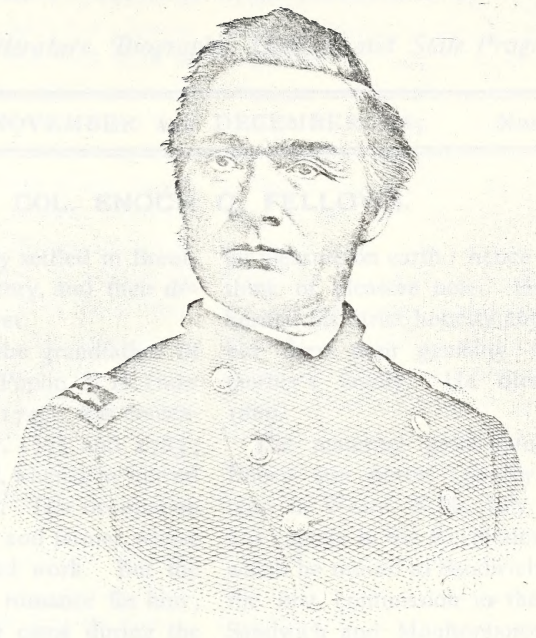
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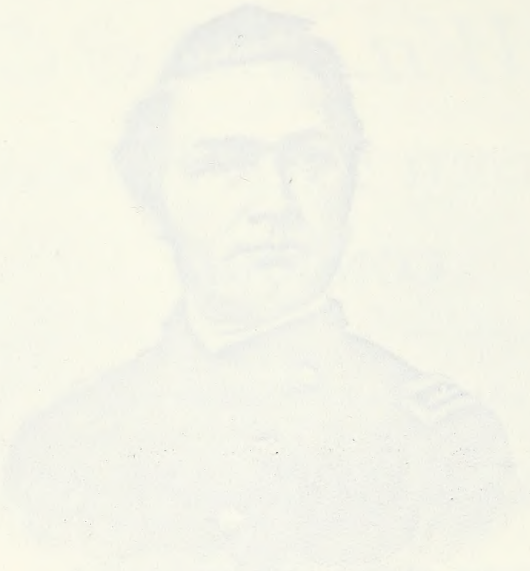


Engd by G.E. Perine N.York.

Enoch Q. Fellows

ENOCH Q. FELLOWS,

Col. 9th N.H.V.



THE
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COL. ENOCH Q. FELLOWS.

THE Fellows family settled in Brentwood in the last century, and their descendants are there yet.

Stephen Fellows, the grandfather of Enoch, was born in Poplin, N.H. (now Freemont), Jan. 11, 1749; was constable and tax-collector, 1777 and 1783; moved to Brentwood, whence he moved to Sandwich in 1806. His occupation was that of a butcher and farmer, whose living came from hard work. But the whiff of war had its romance for him; for when the rumor came during the Revolution, that the British were landing at Hampton Beach, he said he "run forty bullets as quick as ever forty bullets were run," and mounting his horse, took his gun, and started for them. But the rumor proved to be untrue. He died Oct. 15, 1830.

John Fellows, the father of Enoch, was born in Poplin, Nov. 11, 1791, and went to Sandwich with his father, where he spent his life as farmer, carpenter, storekeeper, and, for amusement, captain in the militia. He was a kind man, but austere and determined in his own belief. His Bible offered to an upright life a reward in heaven, but no particular pleasure on earth: hence he did not think of pleasure here. His sons inherited his strict honesty and firmness, but drew their geniality from their mother's family. He died July 3, 1869.

The maternal great-grandfather of Enoch was Aaron Quimby, who was born in Weare, N.H., July 22, 1733; was captain in the Revolution, just after which he moved to Sandwich, and held the first commission in the militia in Sandwich and Moultonborough as ensign in an alarm company in 1787, with the rank of major. He had two children by his first wife, and ten by his second, and died in Sandwich in 1810.

His son Enoch Quimby was born in Weare, March 23, 1769, and went to Sandwich with his father. He was a farmer, and lieutenant in the war of 1812. The daughter of Enoch Quimby, Mary J., married John Fellows, Nov. 16, 1815; and on the 20th of June, 1825, Enoch Q. Fellows was born in Sandwich.

Till seventeen years of age Col. Fellows attended the district schools and town academy when not at work.

He early determined to obtain an

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education; and, though his father did not oppose him, he did not second him in his efforts. The autumn after he was seventeen he attended Rev. L. P. Frost's high school in Wayland, Mass., one term, and the following winter taught school in Framingham. While there his attention was first called to West Point, from the fact that a lawyer was in practice there who had been in West Point one year. The next year, 1843, he attended the Newbury (Vt.) seminary three terms. On leaving there he was fitted for college in all except Greek. During the summer vacation he went to Meredith Bridge (now Laconia) while court was in session, in order to see John P. Hale, then Congressman, relative to the West-Point appointment. The State had recently been redistricted; and Mr. Hale told him he was not in his district, but in that of Moses Norris, jun., and, as Mr. Norris was there, introduced the young man to him.

Mr. Norris did not promise him an appointment; but the next spring, there being a vacancy, he did appoint him.

Promptness has always been a characteristic of Col. Fellows: so he at once left for West Point, and spent several weeks there studying for the entrance examination. He entered on his nineteenth birthday, and at once took a good standing in his class, which he always maintained, standing eighth when he voluntarily resigned in November, 1846. He had for schoolfellows Gens. George B. McClellan, Ambrose E. Burnside, D. N. Couch, Jesse L. Reno, and "Stonewall" Jackson.

His father was opposed to his entering West Point and being away from home; and it was on account of his solicitations that he finally resigned, and returned to his home in Sandwich.

He worked at home most of the time till 1854. In 1847 he was appointed one of the drill-officers of the New-Hampshire militia, and resigned in 1851, when the militia law was revised. He was also adjutant of the Nineteenth Regiment in 1847–1849, and in 1858 brigadier-general of the brigade composed of Carroll, Belknap, and Strafford Counties. In 1851, 1852, 1853, and 1854, he was doorkeeper of the New-Hampshire Senate. From 1854 to 1857 he held the position of inspector in the Boston Custom House. From 1857 to 1861 he was in Sandwich; but in April, 1861, the moment he saw President Lincoln's proclamation, calling for seventy-five thousand troops, he offered his services to the adjutant-general of the State, and was immediately ordered to report at Concord. He was at once employed in drilling recruits, and assisting in the organization of the First Regiment, and was offered a captaincy in it, but declined, though he immediately enlisted as private; then was commissioned as first lieutenant of Company K, and detailed as adjutant of the regiment, the duties of which office he performed during the three months the regiment was out.

His success, and that of the other officers, was attested by the many compliments the regiment received for its splendid appearance.

He was mustered out with the regiment on the ninth day of August, 1861, and on the following day was commissioned colonel of the Third Regiment without any solicitations on his part. Col. Mason W. Tappan urged his appointment before the governor and council.

While the Third Regiment was being organized, Gen. T. W. Sherman came to Concord, and selected it as a part of

his expedition down the coast. Col. Fellows was the ranking colonel during the expedition.

In the winter of 1861–1862, with the Third Regiment, he was stationed at Hilton Head, S.C., and held the position of first commandant of the post, acting as brigadier, having seven regiments under his command.

During some of the movements made by the regiment that winter, it at one time happened that Major John Bedel was left in command of the camp, greatly to his displeasure. On this account he conceived a dislike for Col. Fellows, allusion to which appeared in an article on Major Bedel, published a few years since in THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

Col. Fellows was universally esteemed as an officer and a gentleman by his men and other associates.

When Gen. Sherman was relieved in the spring of 1862, Col. Fellows mentioned to him, that, as he had been in the service continually for a year, he had been intending to ask for a leave of absence. Gen. Sherman told him to make an application to his successor, and he would indorse it, which he did in very flattering terms; and a leave of absence was immediately granted.

Just then, however, a movement was made on Fort Pulaski, and re-enforcements were needed at Edisto Island near Charleston, and the Third Regiment was recommended to go: so Col. Fellows wrote to Gen. Benham, that, if he could be of any assistance, he would defer his leave of absence. Gen. Benham accepted his offer, and at once put him in command of all the troops at Edisto, consisting of three and one-half regiments, four pieces of artillery, a company of dragoons, and a gunboat.

After Pulaski had fallen, Col. Fellows was relieved and came home. While at home he was requested by the governor to take command of the Ninth Regiment, and at the same time hold his position in the Third. This latter, however, he would not do, thinking it would do injustice to the officers of the Third; so on the 26th of June, 1862, he resigned from the Third, and took command of the Ninth.

Within three weeks after the Ninth had left the State, it was engaged in the battles of South Mountain and Antietam, and behaved so well it received the name of the "Bloody Ninth."

At the battle of South Mountain, the regiment made a brilliant charge up a hill in the face of the enemy's fire, and broke the line of battle, and drove them from the field. For this charge Gen. Reno complimented Col. Fellows and the regiment; and, as he was riding away, he was killed by the Rebels.

In November, after the battle of Antietam, Col. Fellows resigned rather than ask for another leave of absence. The regiment was then marching in Virginia, and the cold rains and occasional snows brought on the neuralgia so bad it was impossible for him to remain with his regiment.

He served in all over a year and a half, going through three campaigns, — the three months' campaign under Gen. Patterson, the Port Royal campaign under Gen. T. W. Sherman, and the Maryland campaign under Gen. McClellan.

He was recommended by the governor and council to President Lincoln for appointment as brigadier-general of the United States volunteers, and a considerable part of his service was in that capacity.

He inherited a strong liking for the pomp of military life, which was the

reason for his entering West Point. His education there, combined with his natural tendencies, made him one of the best drill-officers in the State.

While in West Point he became deaf, and has been so ever since. He could never hear commands, but always depended upon his knowledge and eyes to execute them at the proper moment.

Although his deafness did not injure him as a soldier, it has been a great affliction to him otherwise.

The embarrassment deafness causes to nearly every one is felt by him to an excessive extent, and he has never been able to conquer it. With a few friends he feels at ease, but in a company where there are strangers he experiences almost torture. For this reason he can never be persuaded to attend public gatherings of any kind; and, although he retains his affections for his old soldiers, he cannot bring himself to attend their re-unions.

Partially for this reason, too, he makes it his home in Sandwich, and, when not away on business, spends his time among his books.

In 1863 he first went West on business. For a few years after, he was interested in the Carroll County Bank of Sandwich, and together with Col. Joseph Wentworth bought the same; then sold his share to Col. Wentworth.

In 1869 he became interested in a private banking-business in Minnesota; and, having a partner there, he spent most of his time in New Hampshire. From 1869 to 1873 he was assistant assessor, and deputy collector of internal revenue, in both Carroll and Belknap Counties.

He was member of the Legislature from Sandwich in 1868, 1869, and 1877. In the two former years he strongly urged the adoption by the State of a militia system like the present, but it was not adopted till a few years later. He was then a member of the military committee, and in 1877 of the railroad committee.

Having nearly closed his business in Minnesota, he turned his attention to Kansas in 1879. He went to a new town just starting, Wa-Keeney on the Kansas Pacific Railroad, and invested in buildings and land. He is still interested there, as well as in other sections of the State. He has spent two winters in Kansas, and is there for a month or two each year.

The one predominant trait in his character is strict honesty, both legal and moral. If in selling property to a person it has afterwards depreciated in value, it has been his custom to bear that loss. Had he been a scheming man, or desirous of riches, he might have been wealthy.

His endeavor has been to support his family, have enough for his old age, and educate his children. He has three children, a son and two daughters. The former he has given a collegiate education, and fitted him for the bar. One of the latter has been through the seminary, and the other is still there.

He has never sought political honors, but as a Republican has labored zealously for the party.

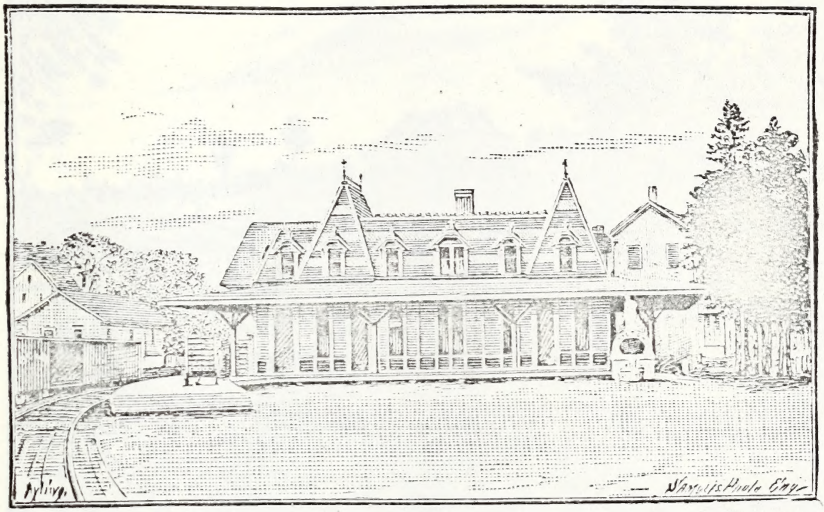
His life contains no startling episode, but is the story of a self-made, upright man, and, like that of many others, is best known by his soldier comrades.

He treated all his soldiers well. He was willing to listen to any proper complaint, and right any wrong; and the soldier is yet to be found who cherished a grievance against him.

TILTON.

THE first village of importance north of Concord, on the line of the White-Mountains division of the Boston and Lowell Railroad, is Tilton. On the west bank of the Winnipiseogee River, about eighteen miles from the capital, it occupies about the geographical centre of the State of New Hampshire. The separation of Northfield is remembered only on town-meeting days, or when the tax-collector is on the war-path.

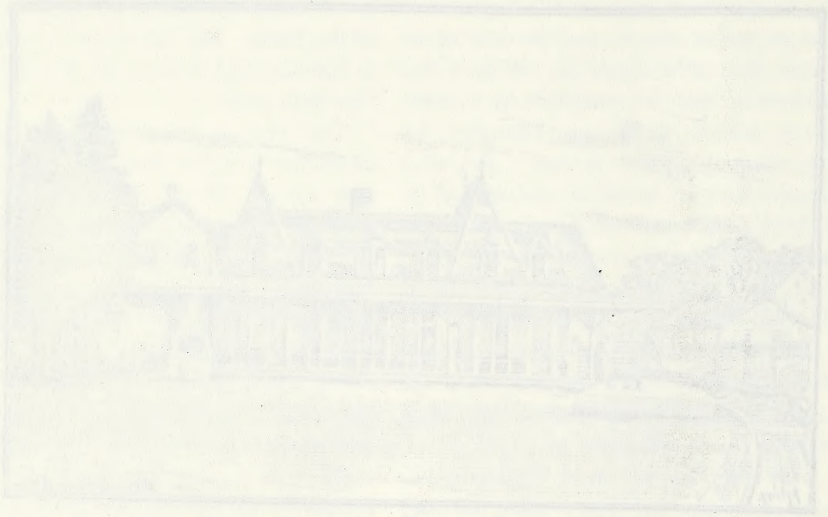
As one steps from the train, and glances about, it is hard to realize that the village is modern, the growth of the present century; yet but a little over a hundred years have passed since the



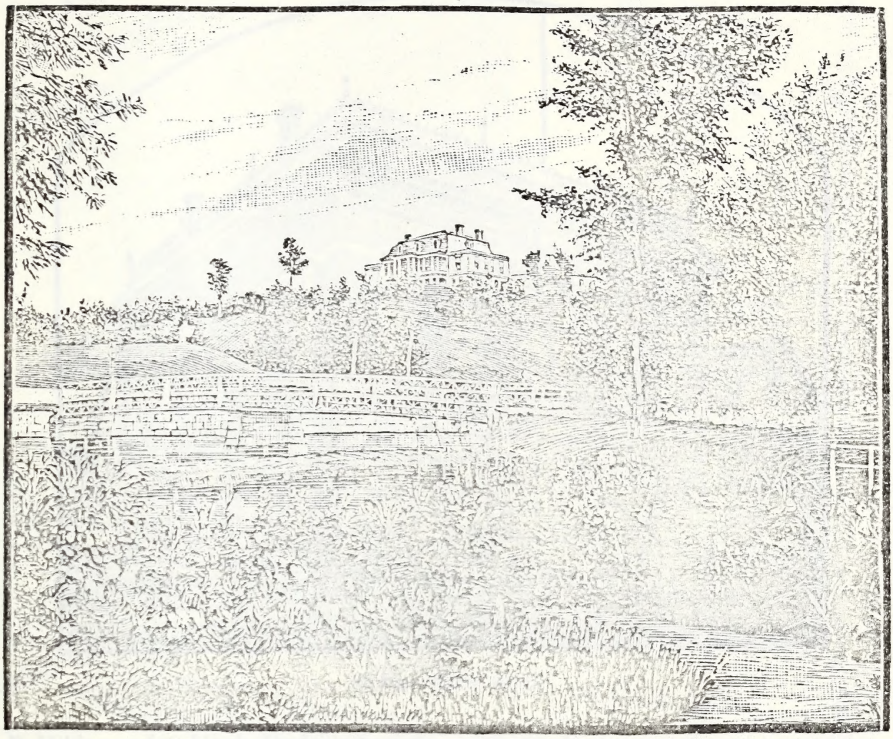
BOSTON AND LOWELL RAILROAD DEPOT AT TILTON.

river, the outlet of the great lake reservoirs, takes four great leaps in passing the village on its way to the ocean, and separates the town of Tilton from Northfield, and Belknap County from Merrimack County.

The village, however, which we are about to visit, is not bounded by the river, but is divided by it; its two sections being connected by highway bridges, railroad bridges, and foot bridges. The Tilton side has the start in the race for manufacturing and mercantile advantage; and the political primeval forest and the unfettered cataract were where now is the hum of industry and the home of skilled labor. A depot of graceful proportions is the *entrepot* of the town. In front of it is a granite drinking-fountain for man and beast, surmounted by a marble arch inscribed with the name of Tilton. From the depot the wide main street leads, parallel with the river, straight towards the old Sanbornton Bridge, the business centre of the village; and, arriving there, it opens into a generous square.



To the south, a street leads by an iron bridge across the river, and merges into the river road to Concord in one direction; over the hill, in another, to Canterbury and the settlement of the thrifty Shakers; and in still another to Belmont and Gilmanton, and the old Hollow Route road through Loudon.



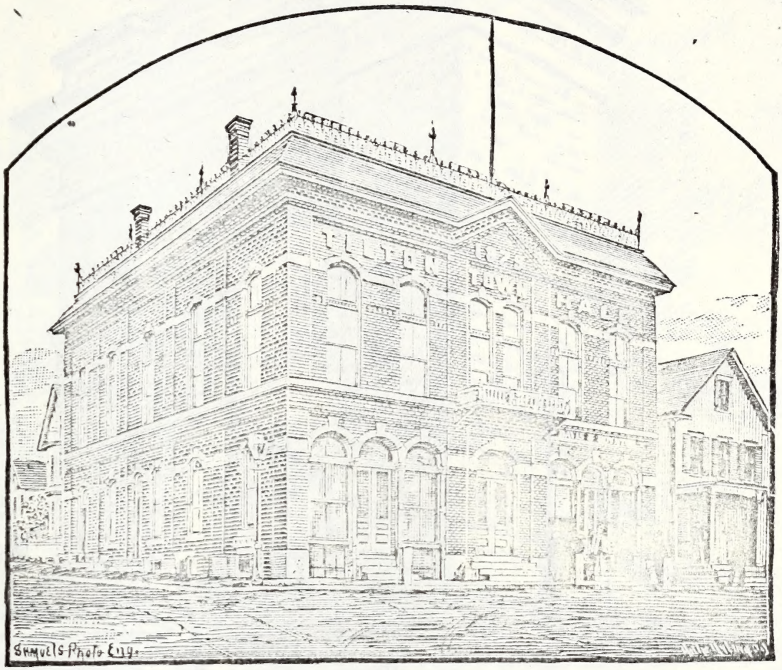
VIEW FROM ISLAND PARK.

To the east, the street follows the west bank of the river, bounded by its sinuosities, and for a long way protected from its encroachments by a faced wall of granite blocks, and guarded by an iron fence. To the north, the street climbs a hill, a foot hill of Sanbornton Mountain, and leads to the Square, to New Hampton, to old Holderness, and the White-Mountain wilderness. To the west, the street leads back by the depot, by the cemetery, and by the park, to Franklin, Salisbury, and western New Hampshire.

Facing Monument Square is the Tilton town-hall, a large two-story building, built of pressed brick with granite trimmings. It contains one of the finest halls in the State, the post-office, town offices, stores, etc. It is one of the many generous gifts to his native town by Charles E. Tilton. On its site, in 1789, Mr. Duncan, the pioneer merchant of the place, kept a store. Across the street is the Dexter House, of which for many years Col. Samuel Tilton was the popular landlord. Across the square was the original Tilton blacksmith-shop. Where Hason Copp's mill now stands, there was erected about 1788, by Tilton



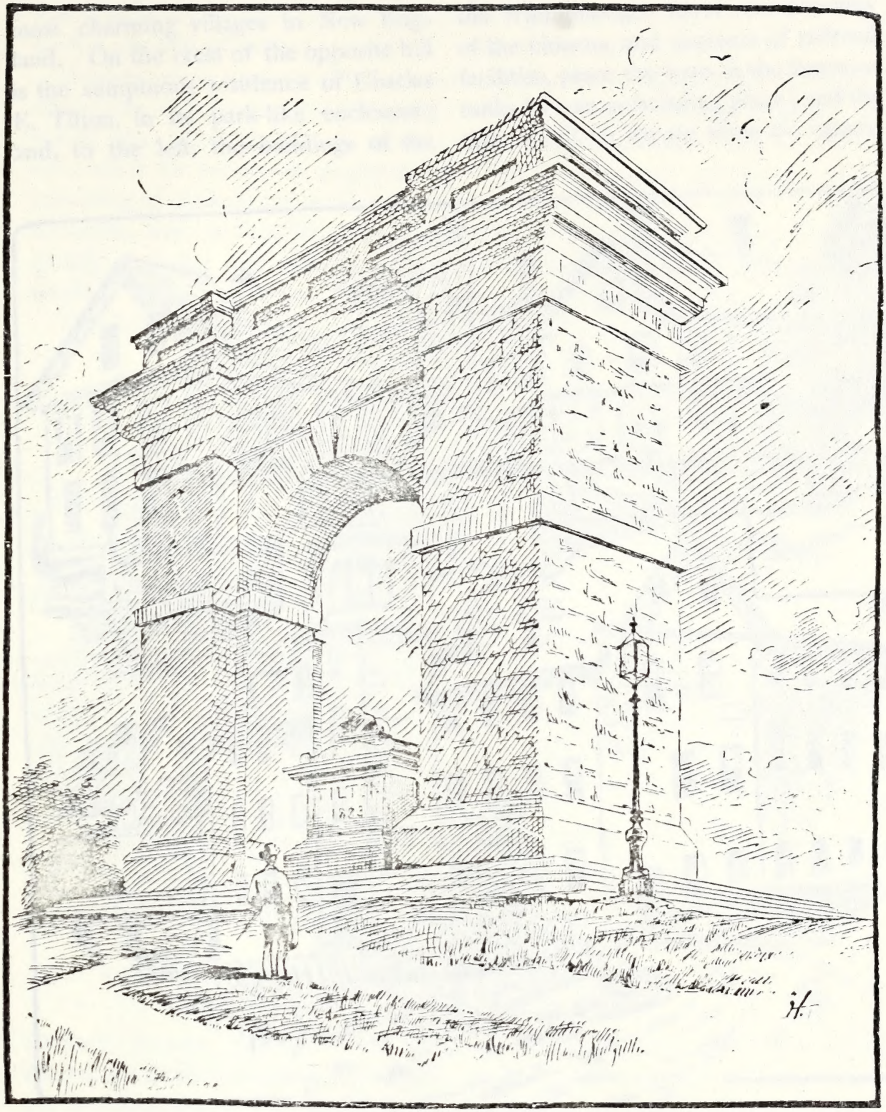
& Smith, a trip-hammer scythe-shop, and grist-mill, the first improvement at Sanbornton Bridge. In 1830 the site was occupied by a cotton mill, which was burned in 1837. In 1838 a woollen factory was started there. The square is bounded by Hill's three-story brick block, containing four stores; W. P. Hill's wooden block, Dodge's hosiery mill, and several other places of business.



TILTON TOWN HALL.

Overlooking and commanding the square from the south is a decided eminence, on the summit of which is a memorial arch. Both a carriage-road and a concrete-paved footpath lead to the top of the hill; and an excursion there well repays the labor of the undertaking. The arch itself is unique in this country. It is a copy, in our splendid New-Hampshire granite, of the arch of Titus, in Rome. In dimensions it is almost a counterpart of the original; but this was built of massive blocks of granite laid on a firm foundation, keyed together, and designed to withstand the changes of our climate for an infinite time. The storms of a thousand winters will leave it intact, if man's cupidity or savagery be not tempted. The arch stands as a monument, a reminder, a memorial of the Tilton family; and as such, for all time, it is designed to be consecrated. On the platform beneath the arch is a marble sarcophagus, with polished sides, surmounted by a reclining lion. Nothing in Central Park, the pride of our great metropolis, compares with this monument, save the Needle of Cleopatra; and it may well be likened to that great wonder, — the towers of the New York and Brooklyn bridge.

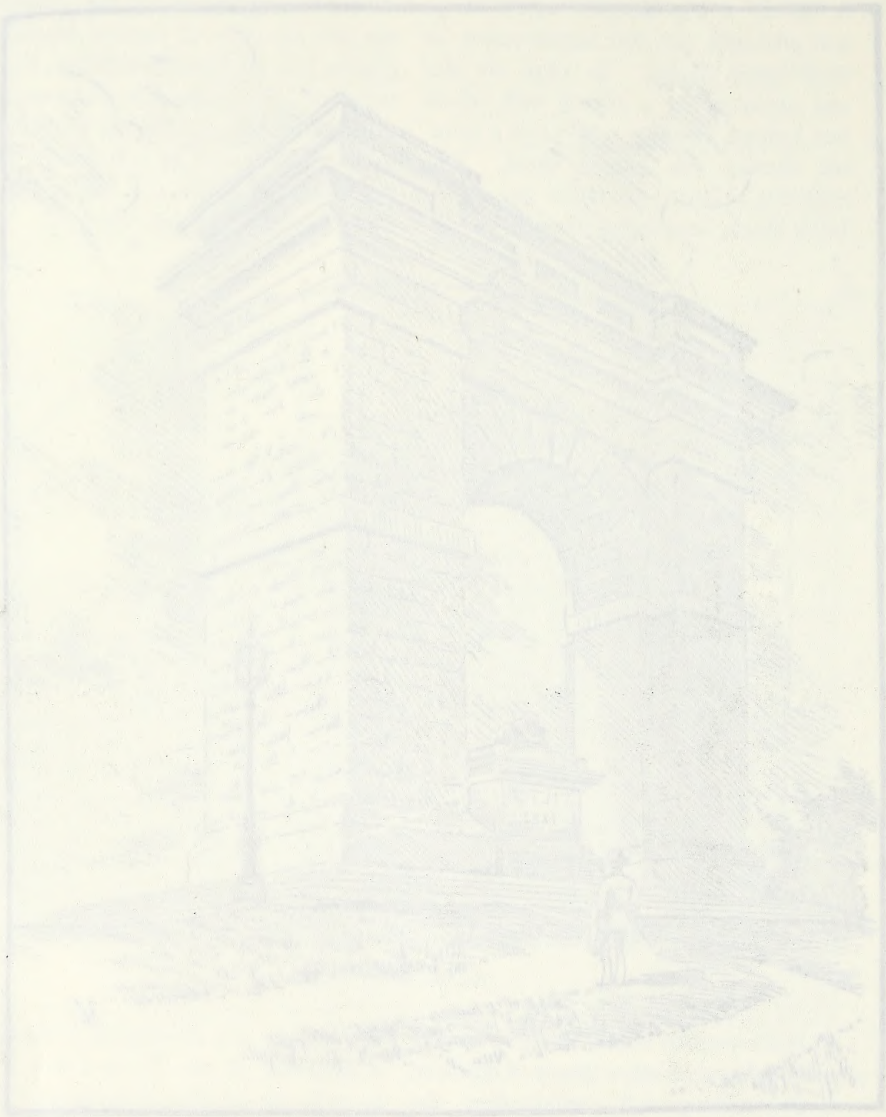




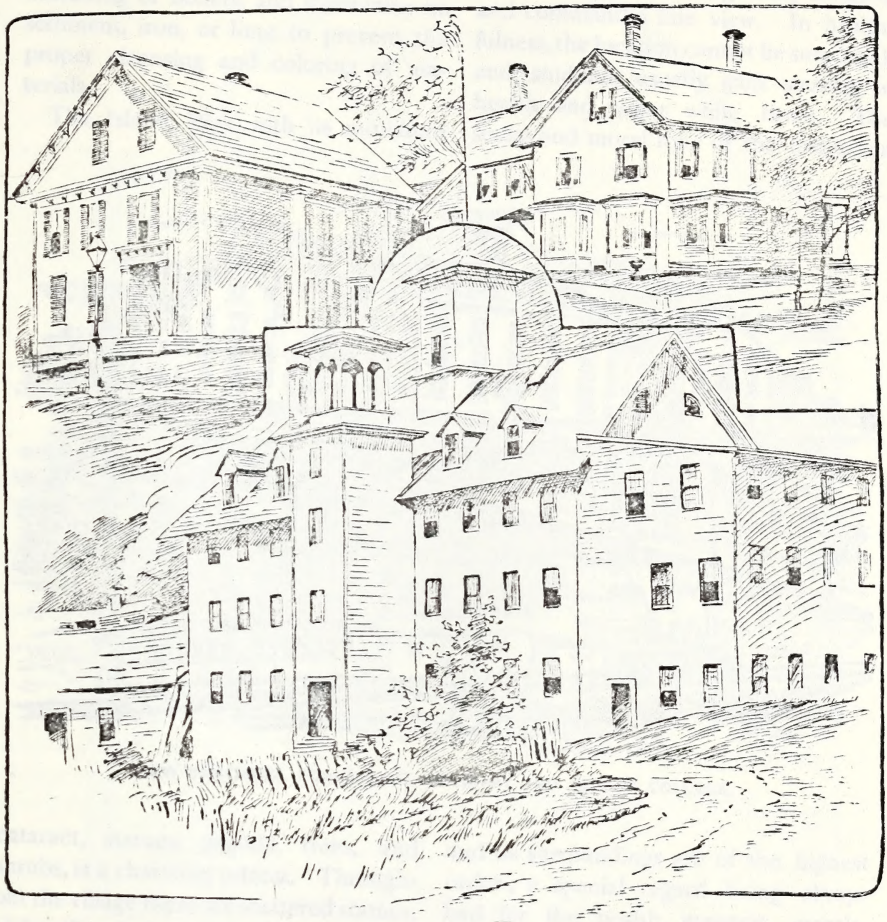
MEMORIAL ARCH.

From a granite settee by the side of the Tilton arch, one can drink in the inspiration of the scenery spread like a panorama on every side. Away in the distance are the Belknap Mountains, and, beyond the great lake, the dim outline of the Ossipee range, Red Hill, and Mount Chocorua. To the west is Kearsarge, Ragged Mountain, and the hills of central New Hampshire. To the north is Sanbornton Mountain and the village of Sanbornton Square; to the south, Bean Hill, a mountain in all save the name, and a view of the Trotting Park.

At one's feet is spread one of the



most charming villages in New England. On the crest of the opposite hill is the sumptuous residence of Charles E. Tilton, in its park-like enclosure; and, to the left, the buildings of the New-Hampshire Conference Seminary and Female College. In the valley is one of the most flourishing business communities to be found in many a day's journey. The houses are neat and tasteful, the streets are attractive, the people are busy and happy.



THE GRANITE MILLS.

The water-power facilities afforded by the Winnipiseogee River, the liberality of the citizens, and nearness of railroad facilities, place the town in the foremost ranks for a manufacturing place; and the time is not far distant when the opportunities will be utilized. The river, being the outlet of Winnipiseogee, running with an unobstructed flow of water from Laconia, with the great bodies of water in Winnisquam Lake, Middle and Lower Bays, as reservoirs, and a fall of water amounting to about seventy-five feet exclusive of the Great Falls at



East Tilton, affords nine mill sites ready for the erection of mills.

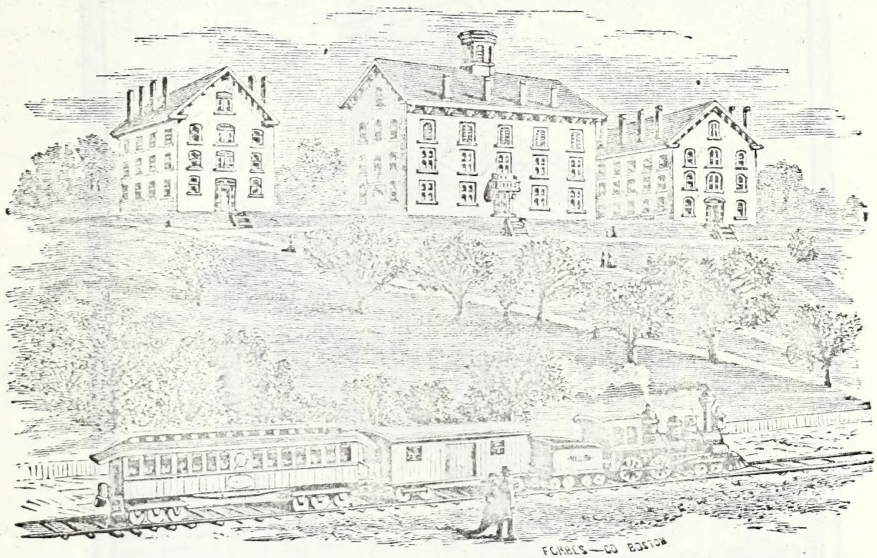
Freshets never occur; and the river is always free from floating ice, trees, drift-wood, etc. The quality of water is unexcelled for purity: it produces no corroding of boilers, and it contains no sediment, iron, or lime to prevent the proper cleansing and coloring of materials.

The Island Park, with its miniature cataract, statues, pagoda, trees, and shrubs, is a charming retreat. Throughout the village there are scattered statues, giving the whole a park-like appearance.

The Driving Park, a little way out from the centre of business, is as attractive as money and taste can make it.

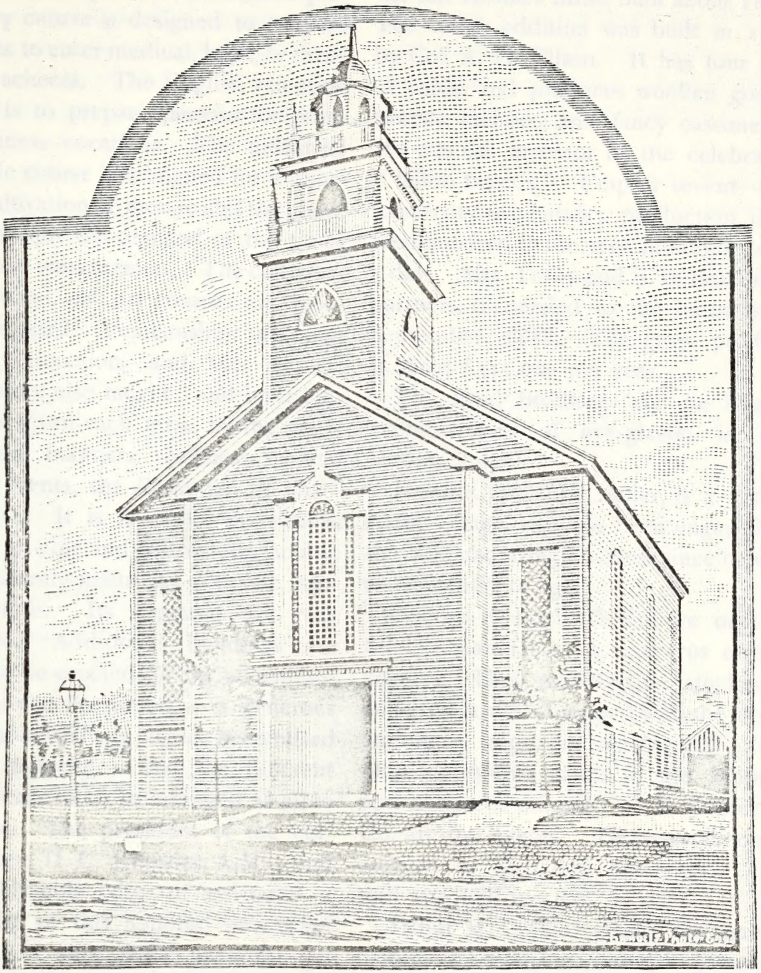
The cemetery is carefully laid out; and the new park opposite is beginning to have its attractions in woodland paths, drives, and arbors. Mrs. John Cummings of Boston is erecting a memorial public library building in the village, to the memory of her first husband, Dr. Brackett Hall.

The New-Hampshire Conference Seminary and Female College is a Methodist institution, located at Tilton. The buildings are delightfully situated, and command a fine view. In healthfulness, the location cannot be surpassed, and students usually gain steadily in health and vigor while there. The social and moral tone of the institution and its surroundings are of the highest order; a special regard being always had for the health, manners, morals, and social habits of the pupils. The institution unites the seminary with the Ladies' College. Two courses of study are arranged with special reference to ladies, and are complete, thorough, and practical; while most excellent facilities are also offered in music and art. The plan of the institution is based upon the sensible theory, that in co-education young people obtain the most natural



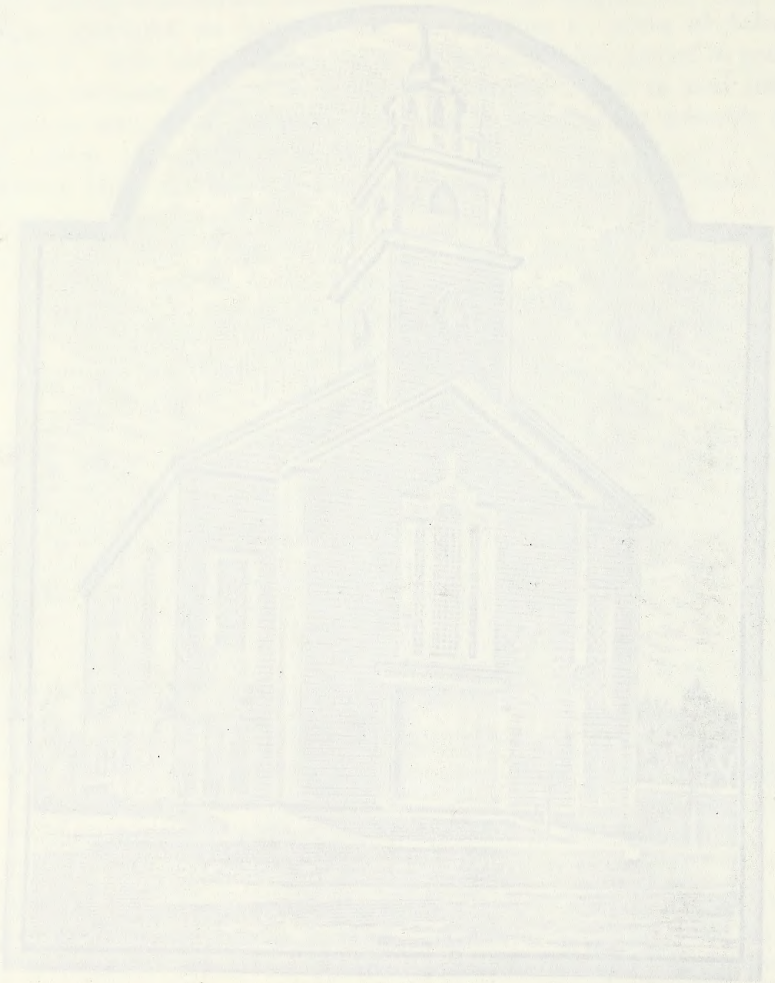
NEW-HAMPSHIRE CONFERENCE SEMINARY AND FEMALE COLLEGE.

and healthful development of their faculties, giving them the best preparation for future duties and responsibilities. There are ten regular courses



CONGREGATIONAL HOUSE OF WORSHIP.

of study; viz., the classical and belles-lettres of the Female College; college preparatory; Latin scientific; professional school preparatory; English scientific; industrial science; commercial; musical and art. Diplomas are awarded to those who complete either course. The courses are each carefully arranged with regard to the particular object in view. The number of teachers is so large, that the pupils have the benefit of a specialist in each department. The classical course is a full college course of four years, and entitles the young lady who satisfactorily completes it to the degree of M. L. A. The belles-lettres course is the same as the classical, with the omission of the Latin. The college preparatory course enables one who com-



pletes it to enter any New-England college or university. The Latin scientific omits the Greek from the college preparatory course, and substitutes other studies. The professional school preparatory course is designed to prepare students to enter medical, legal, or theological schools. The English scientific course is to prepare persons for general business vocations. The industrial scientific course is designed for a thorough cultivation of the eye and the hand, and to supply the demand of the times for trained workingmen. The commercial, musical, and art courses are carefully arranged. Penmanship, theology, French, elocution, and the natural sciences are also taught; and brief lectures are given each term, by the president, on manners, business habits, current events, the formation of character, etc. It is a model institution, and has an able and painstaking faculty, and constantly maintains over one hundred pupils. Its expenses are very moderate. Additional buildings are shortly to be erected for the accommodation of the institution, — a generous sum of money having already been raised for this purpose, — and the different buildings are to be so arranged as all to be in one. The president of the college is Rev. D. C. Knowles, A.M.; and he and his able corps of assistants in the faculty of this honored institution are doing a most noble work for the youth of the State, and others who avail themselves of the advantages offered by the Conference Seminary.

Would the reader like to glance at the manfacturing and business interests of the village, and the people who are the life of such enterprises?

The Granite Mills Company [1] manufacture tricos, plaids, and ladies' dress goods, using the best of wool; employ from sixty to seventy-five hands. The goods are sold principally in New York. S. P. Dexter & Co. are the agents.

The Tilton Mills are an outgrowth of the old Holmes Mills, built about 1825. The north addition was built in 1867 by Col. A. H. Tilton. It has four sets of cards, and produces woollen goods, tweeds, meltons, and fancy cassimeres. He was the inventor of the celebrated "Tilton tweeds." Employ seventy-two to seventy-five hands; production, thirteen hundred to fourteen hundred yards a day. Mrs. Tilton and S. B. Peabody,[2] partners, succeeded to the business in September, 1878. The gross product is about $375,000 per year.

The Lord Brothers [3] are the largest manufacturers of eye-glasses in the United States.

Hason Copp,[4] the miller, is a native of the village, and has been engaged in the manufacturing business since he was sixteen years of age.

George E. Buell [5] & Co. are one of the live manufacturing concerns of the village. They manufacture stockings, and have a mill equipped with the latest and most improved machinery. Employ eighty-five hands at the factory, and hundreds outside. S. P. Dexter & Co. are the agents. The manufactures amount to $150,000 per year. The mill was built in 1880.

Arthur M. Dodge [6] started the manufacture of hosiery in Tilton, in January, 1885. Runs one set of cards, and manufactures a coarse grade of Shaker stocking; employing thirty hands, making seventy dozen daily.

Richard Firth manufactures ladies' cloths. Employs forty hands. Mr. Firth has been established in business in the village twenty-three years.

The Citizens' Bank was organized in 1853, with Hon. Asa P. Cate of North-

field as president, and Charles Minot as cashier. It was re-organized as the Citizens' National Bank of Tilton. Austin F. Pike is president, and W. T. Cass[7] is cashier; the latter holding the position since 1856. The capital is $70,000; surplus, $8,400; and pays three per cent semi-annual dividend. The average, however, has been four per cent.

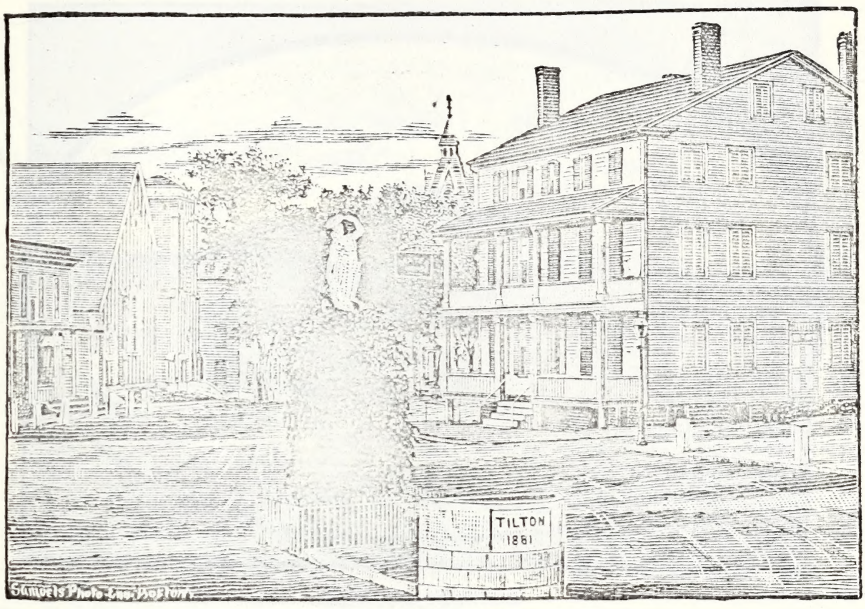
The Iona Savings Bank was incorporated in 1870. Deposits now are $280,000; guaranty fund, $6,000; surplus, $9,000. A. S. Ballantine is president; W. T. Cass is treasurer.

George B. Munsey, job-printer, issues from his office "The Eclipse," devoted to the interests of the New Hampshire Conference Seminary. He has been established since 1881, and has built up a good business. In October of this year he sold out to George W. Baker, who in addition edits the "Hamptonia." Charles F. Hill has also a well-equipped job-office.

The Dexter House is the hotel of the town. It is very centrally located, and is conducted by J. F. Bryant, who bought out Gen. T. D. Foss in November, 1880. The house was built in 1826, and for many years was the favorite inn on the old stage road.

Herbert C. Boynton[8] deals in ready-made clothing and gentlemen's furnishing goods.

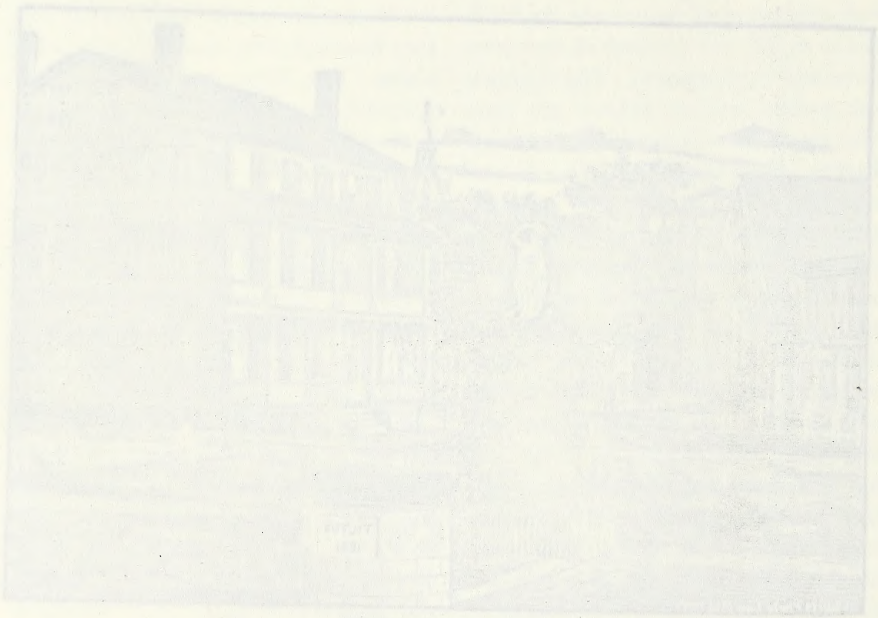
John F. Taylor,[9] in trade in the village, carries a general assortment of merchandise, — including groceries, dry goods, crockery, and shoes, — and does a flourishing business.



THE DEXTER HOUSE.

C. P. Herrick and George Lord are the apothecaries of the village.

Hill & Fletcher (Joseph Hill[10] and William P. Fletcher[11]), in Hill's Block, deal in groceries, hardware, lime and cement, phosphates, and miscellaneous merchandise. The firm was established in 1881. Mr. Fletcher is the son of William Fletcher, who came to this



country with his brother John Fletcher, and settled in Tilton about the same time.

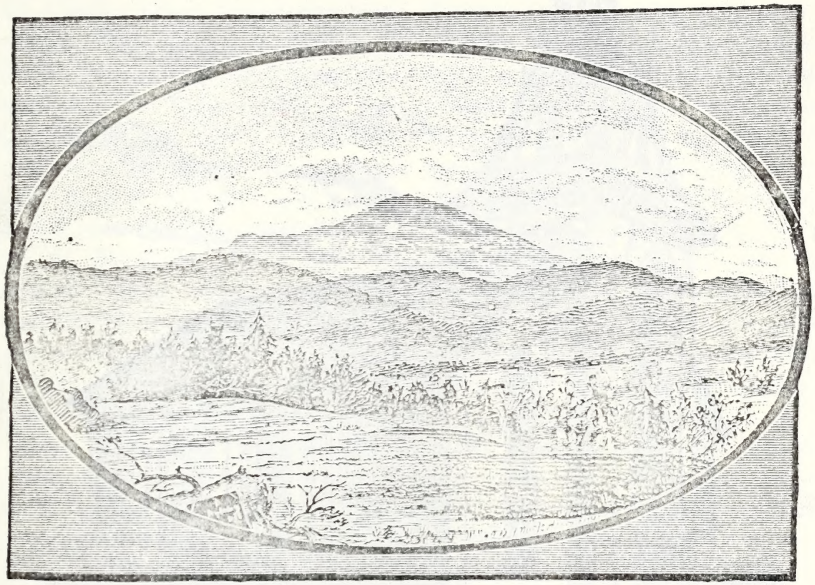
The dry-goods store of the village is carried on by Wilbur J. Sanborn.[12] He carries a fair stock, and a supply of fancy articles, clothing, and hats and caps.

Andrew Davis has also opened a large dry-goods store in the old skating-rink.

flour, and dry-goods, were established as a firm in 1876, and moved to their present quarters in January, 1882, taking the stand long occupied by F. J. Eastman.

Daniel M. Page is the contractor and builder of the village and vicinity. He has been settled in the town since 1869.

Frank J. Eastman, for many years a



KEARSARGE MOUNTAIN.

Samuel J. Tilton bought out the business of W. A. Colby, in May, 1885, and carries on the business with Mr. Colby's assistance. The store is devoted to groceries, fruit, confectionery, fish, oysters, and runs the news-stand. Mr. Colby has been in business in the village for fifteen years. Mr. Tilton is a native of Tilton.

A. H. Brown runs the grain store in the rear of Colby Block, and also sells hay.

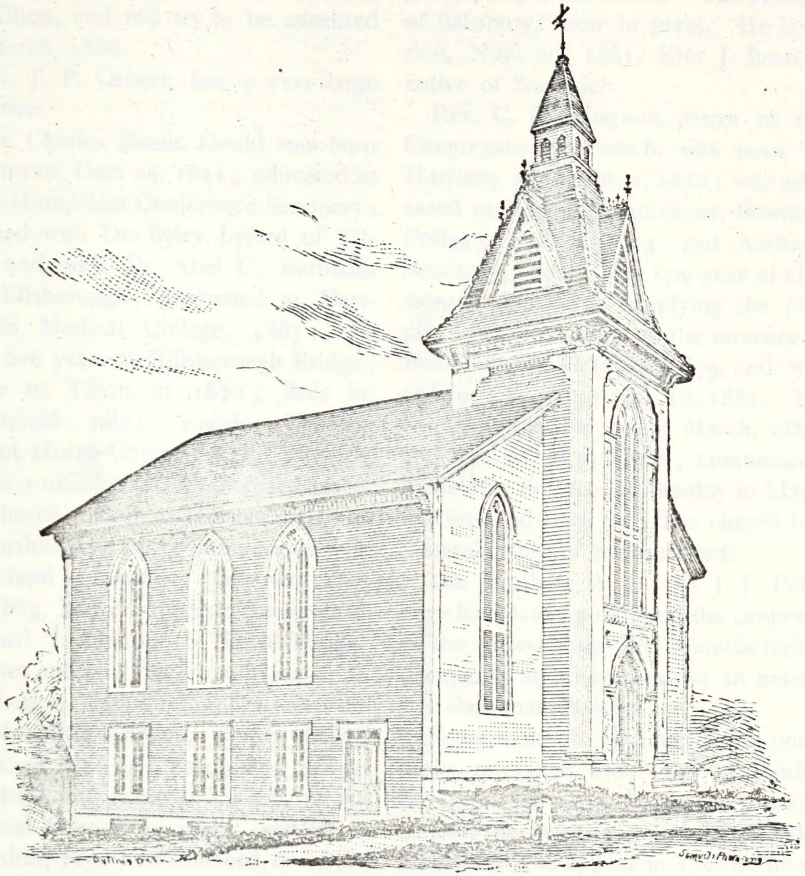
Philbrick [13] & Hill,[14] dealers in general merchandise, hardware, boots and shoes,

leading merchant and citizen of the village, was born in Danville, Vt., June 10, 1818. Went into trade at Danville, Vt., with Andrew McMillan, 1839; went to Barnet in 1842; Littleton, in 1847; settled in this village in 1867; retired from active business in 1881. Town treasurer of Northfield for eleven years. His father, Jonathan Eastman, formerly lived in Northfield. At Littleton he was a member of the firm of Eastman & Tilton, a leading firm of northern New Hampshire. Henry Mattocks, father of Gen. C. P. Mattocks,



was formerly a member of the firm. He represented Littleton two years in the Legislature, and Northfield one year.

Daniel E. Hill has been the postmaster since 1877. For some years before



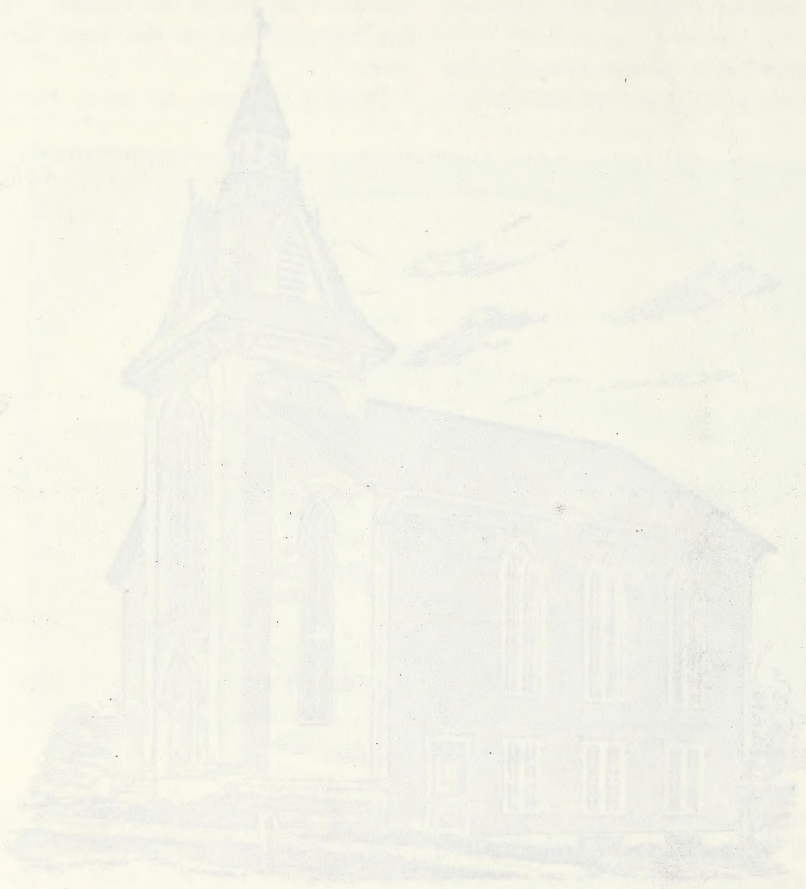
METHODIST HOUSE OF WORSHIP.

that he was county commissioner for Merrimack County. He owns the best farm in Northfield (on Bay Hill), of a hundred and fifty acres.

PROFESSIONAL MEN.

Charles C. Rogers, Esq., the legal adviser of Tilton, has been in town many years.

William B. Fellows, son of Col. Enoch Q. Fellows, formerly of the 3d and 9th New-Hampshire Volunteers, of Sandwich, was born July 5, 1858; was educated at New-Hampshire Conference Seminary, Dartmouth College (class 1880); studied law with Hon. E. A. Hibbard; was admitted fall term, 1883; settled in Ashland one year; coming November, 1884, to Tilton, taking the practice of W. D. Hardy. In 1881 he was sergeant-at-arms of the Senate; private secretary of Senator Pike, Forty-eighth Congress; now clerk of committee on claims. Married, Nov. 1, 1881,



Ida G. Scribner of Ashland; two children.

Lucien F. Batchelder, law-student with Mr. Fellows, was born in Loudon, Oct. 2, 1859; fitted for college at Gilmanton academy; began the study of the law with James O. Lyford, Esq., at Tilton, and will try to be admitted in March, 1886.

Dr. J. P. Osborn has a very large practice.

Dr. Charles Reade Gould was born in Antrim, Dec. 28, 1841; educated at New-Hampshire Conference Seminary; studied with Dr. Byley Lyford of Tilton, and with Dr. Abel C. Burnham of Hillsborough; graduated at Dartmouth Medical College, 1865; settled five years at Hillsborough Bridge; came to Tilton in 1870; lives on Northfield side; Knight Templar Mount Horeb Commandery. Attends, and is a member of, Methodist-Episcopal church. Both at Hillsborough and in Northfield he has been superintendent of school committee. Married, Dec. 25, 1865, Mary S. Dunbar, daughter of Edward J. Dunbar of Hillsborough; one son and two daughters living.

Albert A. Moulton, M.D., was born in Meredith, Oct. 6, 1828; studied medicine with Drs. Eaton and Sawyer of Bristol, and graduated at Dartmouth Medical School in 1849; settled in Meredith, 1850; in Concord, in 1856; was surgeon of the Third New-Hampshire Volunteers; served over a year; returned to Concord; settled in Tilton in 1874. His son is settled in Utah.

John J. Dearborn, M.D., settled in Tilton, in December, 1884. Dr. Dearborn was born in Concord, Dec. 19, 1850 (son of John M. and Ruth E. (Hoyt) Dearborn); studied medicine with Drs. Gage and Conn; attended lectures at Dartmouth College and Vermont University, where he took his degree in 1873. Settled first in Hopkinton, remaining nearly four years; thence to Salisbury, where he continued until he came to Tilton. The doctor is deeply interested in historical subjects, being the author of "The History of Salisbury," now in press. He married, Nov. 20, 1881, Etta J. Bean, a native of Sandwich.

Rev. C. C. Sampson, pastor of the Congregational church, was born in Harrison, Me., Sept. 2, 1850; was educated at Bridgeton Academy, Bowdoin College, class of 1873, and Andover Seminary, 1878. Was one year at Gilmanton Ironworks, supplying the pulpit. Began his labor in the ministry at Pembroke in October, 1879, and was ordained as pastor May 18, 1881. He left Pembroke the last of March, 1885, and was called to Tilton; commenced preaching the second Sunday in May; was installed June 30. The church has a membership of two hundred.

The brothers A. J. and J. J. Pillsbury have lately purchased the property of the New-Hampshire Manufacturing Company, and have started an extensive shoe-manufactory.

Perhaps to no one man is the prosperity of Tilton due. But to Charles E. Tilton, for whose family the town is named, the town owes very much. His biography is to appear in a future number of THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

NOTES.

[1] Adam S. Ballantyne of the Granite Mills Company, one of a family of thirteen, was born in Scotland (Selkirk, within three miles of Abbotsford, the home of Sir Walter Scott), Sept. 29, 1833; migrated to this country in 1856, and settled in Northfield in January, 1865; and married the same year Mittie Tilton, daughter of Jeremiah Tilton, a sister of Mrs. Jonathan E. Lang of Concord. Their union has been blessed with six children, of whom four are boys. Mr. Ballantyne has resided since 1881 in Tilton. He has been moderator many times, town clerk one year, and represented Northfield in 1881. He has

been an industrious and successful manufacturer, and is highly respected. He is an active member of the Congregationalist church. Mt. Horeb Commandery.

John Fletcher of the Granite Mills Company was born in Utley. near Keighley, Yorkshire, Eng., April 6, 1825, third of family of seven. Came to America in 1848. Taught music in Trenton, N.J., from 1850 to 1864, when he settled in Methuen one year; came to Tilton the fall after Mr. Ballantyne. Married in November, 1846. Has had four children: two daughters, both married; and one son, Francis W. Fletcher, in the employment of the firm. Mr. Fletcher is church organist at Trinity Church. Lives in Northfield. Mt. Horeb Commandery.

[2] Mr. Peabody was born in Sutton, Jan. 15, 1839, but was brought to Sanbornton Bridge in 1843, where he was educated. Studied medicine with Dr. Seyfarth of Lawrence; but, before taking his degree, enlisted in 1862 in 40th Mass. Regt. Vols., and served in Quar. and Com. Dept. three years; returned and entered wholesale drug-store in Boston. Returned to Tilton in 1868, where he has since resided. Married, in 1867, Elizabeth S. Richards of Bedford, Mass.; child, Isabella W. Peabody. Attends Congregationalist church. Mason, Mt. Horeb Commandery, Concord; Pythagorean Council, Laconia; St. Omer Chapter, Franklin; Doric Blue Lodge of Tilton.

[3] Albert C. Lord, senior partner of the firm The Lord Brothers' Manufacturing Company, is a native of Tilton; born July 30, 1832. Learned the trade of jeweller in the village; commenced in a small way to manufacture spectacles and eye-glasses and cases about 1875; enlarging in 1878. The firm employ thirty hands on an average, and do a large business. The goods are sold all over the United States and Canada. They make fifteen hundred to twenty-five hundred pairs a day, and have been very successful. The firm was organized in April, 1834.

George W. Lord came into the business in 1876. They built the block they occupy in 1877. They have one of the neatest jeweller's stores in New Hampshire, and carry a very large stock.

A. C. Lord married Alma W. Neal of Franklin, Sept. 15, 1875. Has three children, boys. Attends the Methodist church.

George W. Lord, born April 24, 1847, who carries on a drug-store in the same block, married Sept. 12, 1869, Mary E. B. Johnson of Northfield. One daughter.

The brothers attend the Methodist-Episcopal church.

[4] He was born Aug. 6, 1816. Until the last twenty years he was engaged in New Hampton, Gilford, and Bristol, for the most part in the second town, carrying on a saw-mill. During the war he returned to Tilton, and built the three mills near the centre, and carries on the grist-mill himself. His son, George A. Copp, representative this year, carries on the saw-mill in Gilford. His two daughters are married and settled, — one in Tilton, one in Franklin.

Mr. Copp is a Mason, K. T. of Mt. Horeb Commandery, and a member of the Lodge and Chapter Council of Laconia, of which he has been treasurer for many years. Odd Fellow.

[5] Mr. Buell is a native of Newport, born Jan. 13, 1833; married, settled in Franklin in 1855, where he has since lived. For sixteen years he was in business with Walter Aiken, 1862–79. He purchased the power in February, 1880.

During the war he served one year in 1st Mass. Vols. as a member of the band, 1861–62.

[6] Mr. Dodge is the son of the late John W. Dodge of Hampton Falls, whose mother, when left a widow, conducted the Summit House of Mt. Washington for nine years. Mr. Dodge is a brother-in-law of Walter Aiken, with whom he learned the business. He was born July 19, 1862.

[7] Mr. Cass is a native of Andover; born Feb. 7, 1826. He has been moderator and town treasurer, but has not had time to accept other offices tendered to him. Mr. Cass married Mary E. Locke of Concord. Four children, two living; the son, Arthur T. Cass, assisting his father, after having prepared for college. The daughter, Minnie A. Cass, is in the junior class, Boston University.

[8] Herbert C. Boynton is a native of Thornton, born Aug. 11, 1852. When twenty-one years of age, he came to Tilton, and entered the employ of Hill & Philbrick. In October, 1880, he went into business with Andrew B. Davis, whom he bought out in April, 1885. He married, May 10, 1881, Emma Davis. They attend the Congregational church.

[9] Mr. Taylor is a native of Sutton; born June 1, 1829; settled in Tilton in 1843. In 1850 went into business with Amos Dodge, afterwards of Concord, and continued for two years, when, on account of his father's ill health, he went on to a farm, and kept at farming for eight years. In 1858 went into business with Henry T Hill, now of Manchester, the firm continuing until 1869; since which date he has been in business for himself. Married, in 1851, Lydia J. Proctor of Franklin. Children, Sidney W. Taylor and Harry Taylor: the elder in the employ of his father; the youngest graduated at West Point in June, 1884, sixth in his class, and is Second Lieutenant of Engineers, now stationed at Willet's Point, N.Y. Attends Episcopal church. Representative from Sanbornton, 1867–68; town treasurer of Tilton; State Senate, 1885.

[10] The brothers Joseph Hill and William P. Hill were natives of Mount Vernon. Joseph Hill came to Tilton about 1845; William P. Hill, about 1852. About 1857 they formed a partnership which continued for fifteen years. Together they built the fine business block near the centre of the village. Since 1872, W. P. Hill has carried on the provision business in a block east of the brick block, which was also erected by the firm. His son, Herbert W. Hill, is with his father in business.

[11] William P. Fletcher was born in Ballardvile, Mass., Oct. 21, 1855. Married Kate Barnes, and has one child.

The firm do a large business in this and adjoining towns.

[12] Mr. Sanborn is a native of Colebrook; learned the business with Webster, Russell, & Co., of Plymouth; was with them eight years. Started in business in Tilton in March, 1884. He married, Oct. 30, 1883, Julia E. Hobart of Plymouth.

[13] Mr. Enoch G. Philbrick, a native of the town, born July 7, 1841, commenced business at the east part of the town in 1867, and moved to the village in 1870. He married, Aug. 3, 1864, Ann Hill, daughter of Benjamin Hill of Northfield; a Mason and a Congregationalist; two children.

[14] Mr. Frank Hill is a native of Northfield; born Nov. 29, 1849. Married, May 22, 1872, Clara C. Scribner of Northfield; a Mason; Methodist; and has one child.

GOVERNOR'S ISLAND.

Hon. Stillson Hutchins, editor of "The Washington Post,"—who, by the way, is a native of Whitefield, and during the last session of the New-Hampshire Legislature was the acknowledged leader of the Democratic phalanx in the House of Representatives,—has lately purchased what has long been known as Davis's Island, or more properly Governor's Island, the largest island in Lake Winnipiseogee, and has projected, and is carrying out, an extensive scheme of improvements, the renown of which has gone forth throughout the State.

The island contains about six hundred acres, irregular in its shore outline, but presenting at a distance the appearance of a nearly submerged sphere floating on the lake. Its shore nearest the mainland in the town of Gilford, and distant about a hundred yards, is connected with the main by a causeway, with a draw-bridge across the channel to afford a passage for boats and steamers. The sides of the island are steep, but not precipitous; and the highest elevation is one hundred and eighty feet above the surface of the water.

When Mr. Hutchins made the purchase, the island was a pasture, supporting through the summer a thousand head of cattle and sheep. It is supposed that the commissioners from Massachusetts Bay Colony, who marked the Endicott rock at the Weirs in 1652, built a mound on the island as a bound to the Colony. Its situation would warrant this supposition. There is also a probability that it derived its title of Governor's Island from Gov. Shirley, an extensive land-owner. It was first granted by the authorities of New Hampshire as a part of Gilmanton, which later became Gilford, and may have been a reservation for Gov. Wentworth. Its authentic history, however, dates back only to about the year 1800, when it came into possession of Nathaniel Davis, then a young man. Its soil was remarkably rich and deep, and eventually it was divided into thirteen farms, each supporting the old-fashioned New-Hampshire family. Mr. Davis was an ardent follower of, and firm believer in, the doctrines advanced by Miller the adventist; and tradition asserts, that on an appointed ascension-day many thousand of the faithful here gathered in their robes to bid farewell to earth. Mr. Davis died Aug. 17, 1857, and was buried by the side of his two wives and daughter on the island; modest tomb-stones marking their resting places. Two years later James Plummer came into possession of the island, and made the most of it. Under the ownership of Isaac Morrill, it was used as a pasture for twenty years.

Mr. Hutchins is making a garden out of a wilderness, a farm out of a sheep-pasture. To make his purchase entirely within his own control, he bought the land on the main bordering on the approach to the island. He has laid out a marginal road following the shore, spanning ravines with rustic and artistic bridges. About the crest of the island he has projected another drive. All the old stone walls are being removed. New fences, radiating from the centre, will run between the two roads, dividing the land conveniently. On the slopes

he is planting many thousand oak and rock-maple trees, and clearing the underbrush from the already existing groves. From the causeway the road extends straight to the crest of the island, where are situated the model Queen Anne farmhouse, barn, and various out-buildings. Last year (1884) he broke up seventy-five acres, and has got wonderful crops from the soil. The land has produced two hundred bushels of corn to the acre, and other commodities in proportion.

On the western brow, facing the Weirs several miles distant, is being built a residence of the most substantial and artistic character. A. B. Mullett, the distinguished supervising architect of the Treasury for so many years, is the designer; and Job W. Angus, who built the Smithsonian Institute, is the constructor. The masons were brought from Washington and Boston. The granite of which the house is built is quarried on the island, and is laid in broken range and ashlar masonry. When completed, it will be the most elegant private residence in the State.

Back of the house, and encroaching upon it, is a grove of pine-trees of many acres, affording delightfully cool and shady glades. The rocks on the island are doomed to go, to fill up hollows and help construct a sea-wall or lake-wall. An ingenious gravity railroad is used to move off the stones.

The landscape-gardening and arboriculture is under the supervision of F. L. Temple, a disciple of Frederick Law Olmsted.

The views from the wide veranda of the new mansion are superb, but are not quite equal to those obtained from the eastern crest, which is the highest point of the island. From here, the site of some possible hotel in the future, the whole expanse of Winnipiseogee with its thousand islands is in view, and one is in an ampitheatre of hills and mountains.

When all his plans and designs are carried out, Davis Island, or Governor's Island, under the new name by which it will be christened, will be one of the most charming spots in New England. Art will be combined with nature to produce the most charming effects. It will be a farm, a park, an estate, a never-failing delight to its owner, to his guests, and to his tenants if he permits his friends to build cottages in keeping with the surroundings on different parts of the island.

During the construction of his residence, Mr. Hutchins has entertained his numerous guests in a camp-like group of cottages on the "Beeches," — a section of the lake-shore on the main land adjoining his island. Wooden tents are grouped on each side of a central parlor and spacious hall. And the little waves break within a few feet of each cottage-door.

HON. JOSIAH QUINCY.

Hon. JONATHAN EVERETT SARGENT, LL.D.,

EX-CHIEF-JUSTICE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

HON. JOSIAH QUINCY, late of Rumney, N.H., was born at Lenox, in the county of Berkshire, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, March 7, 1793. The house in which he was born was located in what was then called "The Grant," a few miles north of the village of Lenox. His father's name, as also his grandfather's, was Samuel Quincy. His father was born in Roxbury, Mass., was a lawyer by profession, practising in his native town, married a daughter of Mr. Hatch of Boston, and had removed to Lenox, into the house before mentioned, a short time before his son Josiah was born. He had been a successful lawyer at Roxbury, and had accumulated a handsome property; but in the financial troubles of 1787 he lost a large sum by being bondsman for a deputy-sheriff. In consequence of this and other reverses, he sold his property at Roxbury, and moved to Lenox, where, after collecting the few remnants of his fortune together, he found he had only sufficient to buy a cottage-house and half acre of land in Lenox village, to which he removed soon after the birth of his son, as above stated.

Here he engaged in the profession of the law, and was accounted an able lawyer, and succeeded in supporting his family comfortably for a few years, when he was stricken with paralysis in his right side, from which he never recovered so as to be able to use his right hand and arm.

Thus deprived of the ability of self-support, the family became very poor; and the house was conveyed to Mr. Hatch of Boston, who held it many years.

Mr. Quincy died Jan. 19, 1846, aged fifty-two years, leaving a widow and four children, two sons and two daughters. Samuel, the eldest son, went in early life to Boston, and followed the seas, and became captain of a vessel which he commanded many years, and accumulated a handsome fortune. Josiah, the subject of this memoir, had, when a boy, a severe attack of scarlet-fever, which resulted in his losing the use of one limb, so that he always used a crutch for the purposes of locomotion. Being thus unfitted for manual labor, he attended the village academy, where he received his education.

He writes, "My earliest recollections are of a family struggling with poverty. . . . In my early youth I can remember that at times we went to bed hungry." He speaks of a small annuity which his mother received from her father's estate, not exceeding forty dollars per year, which was all the means of support the family had, except what was received for boarding the lawyers and judges during the sessions of the court. But he says, "We were blessed with excellent neighbors, and received many presents from relatives and friends." When he became old enough to attend school, he went to the academy at Lenox, which was near his home, and which at that time, and for many years afterwards, was very prosperous under the instruction of a Mr. Gleason, one of the most distinguished educators of youth in all that region, who fitted

for college a very large number of young men from all parts of the country.

When young Quincy left this school, he was prepared to enter college one year in advance. He had taught school one winter in Lee, Mass., with good success, being the winter after he was sixteen years old. Soon after this he received a letter from Mr. Josiah Quincy of Boston, advising him to study law, and offering that he and Mr. Henry Hall would give him fifty dollars each per year to enable him to study his profession. He thereupon entered the law-office of Samuel Jones, Esq., of Stockbridge, Mass., where he remained some four years, teaching school near by one winter. The rules of court then required five years' study for a person not a graduate of college; but, by the advice of friends, he made his application after only four years' study, and was admitted to the bar in that county, as a matter of grace and favor, without examination, when about twenty-two years of age, probably in February, 1815.

After this he opened an office for a few months at Stockbridge, and then after a short space at Sheffield, Mass., where he had been but a short time when he received a letter from Mr. Oliver F. Weld of Rumney, N.H., a merchant of large business there, and who had married a sister of Quincy's mother, a Miss Hatch of Boston, requesting him to go to Rumney to practise law, and offering him six months' board and the use of an office if he would do so.

Young Quincy thought favorably of this offer, but first went up on a visit to see the place and the prospect of business. This journey was made as follows: First he went to Boston, then by stage by way of old Haverhill, Mass., to Concord, N.H.; leaving Boston at ten o'clock A. M., and arriving at Concord the same day at eleven o'clock P. M. There were then no stages above Concord. He therefore procured passage with the mail-carrier from Concord to Plymouth in a gig wagon. The first day they reached Bridgewater, where they stopped over night, and the next day they reached Plymouth. After spending a few days in Rumney, prospecting, he concluded to accept his uncle's offer, and locate there.

He returned to Sheffield, and hastened the arrangements for his departure. When these arrangements were completed, he went to Northampton, and thence by stage up the Connecticut River to Haverhill, N.H.; and, as there was no public conveyance from there to Rumney, he hired a man with an old horse and wagon to take him there, paying him six dollars for the service. He at once opened an office in Rumney, and immediately had a large practice.

This first journey was made in December, 1815, and the second the next spring or early summer.

Mr. Quincy speaks, as a matter of special interest, of the fact that while at Stockbridge, engaged in the study of law, he had enjoyed the opportunity of mingling in most excellent society. He was much in the family of Judge Sedgwick, and many others distinguished for their intelligence and refinement. He also went to Great Barrington, and took charge of the office of a Mr. Potter, a lawyer of some eminence who was then in feeble health, remaining with him, and managing his business, some three months. He was also in the office of Judge Barnard of Sheffield, for some months, assisting him in his business. In all these places he was

treated with great kindness and consideration; and it seems that he profited by all these good opportunities, as he was himself a good conversationalist, and could always interest almost any company, and seemed well fitted for a leader in any society.

When young Quincy came to Rumney to stay, he had a good suit of clothes, about twenty dollars' worth of books, and owed Mr. Jones for his law tuition two hundred dollars. This was all he owed. Mr. Weld gave him six months' board and office-rent. The first year of his practice in Rumney, he paid from its avails his board for the remainder of the year, his debt to Jones in full, and for his clothing, and had two thousand dollars left. This was certainly a very good year's work to begin with. But it was a time when every one bought on credit at the stores, and most every one got sued once a year, and many twice. I am told on good authority, that it was not uncommon for him, in his early practice, to make forty justice writs per month, which would be entered on the last Saturday of each month, which was the day for the justice courts at the lawyer's office. His entries at the terms of the court of Common Pleas were proportionately large; but more than three-fourths of all these actions were mere matters of collection, most of which were defaulted at the first term.

But among so many suits there were of course many causes that were litigated, and Mr. Quincy soon exhibited the qualities necessary to make a successful lawyer. He had courage, energy, great diligence, and perseverance; and he showed early a talent for debate and argument, an appreciation of the principles of law involved in his causes, and a knowledge of the reported cases, which gave promise of the sound lawyer and the able advocate which he afterwards became. He early acquired the reputation of being "plucky," a good fighter. The practice of making great numbers of writs, of suing almost all the people in a town in the course of the year, was not confined to Rumney, nor peculiar to Mr. Quincy. At that time in Grafton County it was the common practice to multiply suits for mere purposes of collection far beyond any thing that is known or practised at the present day. I presume this was not confined to Grafton County, but my information in regard to other counties is not so full and reliable as in relation to that county.

A year or two after coming to Rumney, Mr. Quincy and Mr. Weld went to Boston together on some business, Weld being a merchant. While there, there came up a very cold easterly storm, during which Mr. Weld took a violent cold. They started for home, and reached Londonderry, stopping at a hotel then kept by a Mr. Adams. Mr. Weld became worse, and could go no farther. Mr. Quincy went on as fast as possible for his wife, but before she arrived Mr. Weld was dead. Mr. Quincy administered on his estate. He had an only child, a son, who died soon after the death of his father. Mrs. Weld lived with Mr. Quincy after this, until she died.

Mr. Quincy married Mary Grace Weld, a daughter of Jabez H. Weld of Plymouth, April 5, 1819. They moved at once upon the place where they afterwards lived in Rumney. Before this his office had been at first in or connected with the store of Mr. Oliver Weld, near where the Baptist meeting-house stands; then it was removed to an ell part of the house now occupied

by George L. Merrill; but after he was married he occupied an office, built by himself, near the house where he lived ever after.

At the time of Mr. Oliver Weld's death, he owned a store, situated on the ground where the old Baptist meeting-house now stands, where he had done business many years, and which at the time of his decease was filled with goods. Mr. Quincy took the goods at the appraisal, sold one-half to Mr. Brainard Ramsey, who had been clerk for Mr. Weld for some time, and was then doing Mr. Quincy's business as deputy-sheriff. They formed a copartnership, and did a good business for more than a year, Ramsey being the active partner. One day they had got a new supply of goods, costing eleven hundred dollars, into the store, which were lying unpacked on the counter and on the floor. In the evening Ramsey was passing with his lamp near a large jar of ether (which accidentally was uncorked) on the shelf, when it took fire, exploded, and at once filled the building with flames. Ramsey escaped at the door, badly burned. The store and all its contents, including notes and books of account, were consumed. They had taken off a list of the accounts due at the end of the first year's business, which were in Mr. Quincy's office. Aside from these, they had to settle with their debtors for such sums as they were willing to admit. They lost largely on the debts, besides the whole stock of goods. This occurred on Saturday evening; and Mr. Quincy remarks, "I remember that I had made fifteen dollars that afternoon, before a justice court." By this occurrence he lost all he was then worth, and had to start anew in the world. He felt this the more keenly, as, at the time of the loss, he was but recently married; but it did not in the least check his efforts to get ahead in the world, and establish himself as one of the leading members of the bar in that county. He and Ramsey after a while sold out, and dissolved their co-partnership.

Joseph Weld, a son of Jabez H., and a brother-in-law of Quincy, was trading in a new store which stood where the Methodist church now stands. Quincy became interested with him in this store. Abraham Ward was a clerk for them there; and they made arrangements for him to open a store in New Hampton, where he and Mr. Quincy were engaged as partners several years, until Mr. Quincy bought the store in Rumney on the opposite side of the river, and they went into business together there as "Ward & Quincy," where they continued several years, until they were succeeded by their sons, D. S. Ward and S. H. Quincy, who continued the business there for many years. Mr. Quincy was connected with Mr. Abraham Ward in business some twenty-five years in all; and he bears testimony to his faithfulness, his integrity, and good Christian character.

For a few years, at first, Mr. Brainard Ramsey did his business as deputy-sheriff; but later he had William D. McQuesten of Wentworth for his deputy-sheriff, who did his business for more than twenty-five years, whom he regarded as a very faithful and capable officer, and worthy man.

Though Mr. Quincy was thus engaged for a large part of his life in mercantile business, yet he never let that interfere with his devotion to his chosen profession, the law. He looked after the finances of the firm and the collection of the debts, and had a general supervision of its affairs, but never confined

himself to the store, or the business of the store, to the neglect of his law. He early adopted the practice of trying his own causes, and arguing them at the law-terms, showing much self-reliance, as well as a knowledge of the law. While he was a copartner in many mercantile firms, he never had a partner in the law. Many students read law in his office and under his direction, yet none of them ever became partners with him. He preferred to have the entire management of his law-business all to himself. He chose to work in his own way, to bear his own burdens, and not to share his responsibilities or his fees, which were never exorbitant, with any partner.

In 1824 he was elected as a member of the New-Hampshire House of Represenatives from Rumney, and he was re-elected in 1825. He took a good position there as a young member. He was a ready debater and an effective speaker. He took an active part in politics all through the active years of his life. He commenced life as a Federalist: but after coming to Rumney he became a Democrat, and always voted with that party, though later in life he differed from many in the party upon the question of the extension of slavery; and, when the war of the Rebellion broke out, he took open and decided ground in favor of the Union and the Union cause, and against secession, rebellion, and disunion in all its forms.

During the early years of Mr. Quincy's practice, it was the custom for certain distinguished lawyers "to ride the circuit," as it was termed, and attend the courts in most of the counties in the State. Among these were Bartlett, Sullivan, Woodbury, E. Webster, Joseph Bell, and Joel Parker. There were some of them engaged in most of the trials before the jury and in the law-courts, in Grafton County. Sometimes one of these appeared with Mr. Quincy, in his causes in the law-terms; but he oftener appeared alone, until he had acquired a position at the bar which made his services desirable as senior counsel in assisting his younger brethren and others in the trial of their causes.

In the later years of his practice he was engaged in most of the important trials in the eastern district, and in many in the western district, and in other counties in the State. Among the lawyers nearly of his age, and with whom he was early associated in his practice, were Goodall and Woods and Livermore of Bath, Bellows of Littleton, Wilcox and Britton of Orford, Kittredge and Weeks of Canaan, Blaisdell of Lebanon, Westgate of Enfield, Thompson of Plymouth, and Thompson of Haverhill, and a little later Hibbard of Bath, and many others; to say nothing of those who survive, and are now the oldest members of the bar in Grafton and other counties of the State. After I commenced practice, Goodall and Wilcox and Quincy and Kittredge and Perley, soon followed by Hibbard and Morrison, were for a time engaged in most of the trials, filling a large place in the trial and the law-terms of the courts in the county.

In September, 1831, he, with his wife, joined the Calvinist Baptist Church in Rumney, of which he remained a member through life. He always took a deep interest in the prosperity of his church and of the denomination. I have been told that, after uniting with the church, thinking that he had not been sufficiently liberal in his contributions to religious objects, he gave a

year's income to charitable and benevolent objects connected with his denomination. This was probably correct. At any rate, he always contributed very liberally after this to charitable and benevolent objects.

After a few years he was elected one of the trustees of the academical and theological institution at New Hampton, N.H., and was soon made president of the same, which place he held for some sixteen years. This school, though it had a large attendance of pupils, was at the time largely in debt. This debt of several thousand dollars Mr. Quincy was obliged to provide for, and become personally responsible for at the banks. After a time a decided effort was made to pay the debt, and a subscription was started in the denomination, which was successful in raising the larger part of the debt; and Mr. Quincy finally paid the balance himself, amounting to some fifteen hundred dollars, giving it to the institution, and then resigned the office of president and trustee, and left it free of debt and in prosperous circumstances, exhorting them to keep clear of debt in the future. But this they did not do; and, when they became involved in debt again, he advised its removal to Vermont, which was accomplished, and the buildings were purchased by the Free-will Baptists, who have had a school there ever since. He spent much time and money in its behalf; but he never regretted it, as he believed it was the means of doing great good. Mr. Quincy was also one of the trustees of Newton Theological Institution at Newton, Mass., and attended several meetings of the trustees in Boston. He was also a member of the Baptist home and foreign missionary societies.

In 1837 he was again elected a member of the House of Representatives, and was re-elected in 1838, 1839, and 1840. During these years he took a leading part in the business of the House. It was during this time that the State Asylum for the Insane was founded. Mr. Quincy was active in procuring such legislation as was necessary for its establishment. He was one of the locating committee, who finally fixed upon its present favorable location, and was one of the first board of trustees of the institution, and always took a deep interest in its prosperity.

During this time also a controversy arose in regard to the management of the affairs of the State-prison by the late warden, Major Abner P. Stinson, which excited great interest through the State. Also an Act was passed, sometimes known as the students' voting-law, which excited much interest at Dartmouth College, and the several academies and literary institutions in the State. In all these controversies Mr. Quincy was the champion of his party, and sustained himself well as a debater, a tactician, and a leader.

In 1841 Mr. Quincy was elected a member of the New-Hampshire Senate, and was re-elected in 1842, and was chosen president of that body for both of these years. It was under his presidency, in 1842, that the revised statutes of the State were enacted. He was afterwards returned as a member of the House of Representatives in 1850, also in 1859 and in 1860; making nine years in all that he was a member of the House, and two years of the Senate.

After the charter of the Boston, Concord, and Montreal Railroad was granted in 1844, a large meeting was held at Plymouth, to take measures for an organization under the charter, at which Mr. Quincy presided. A committee

was appointed to select a board of managers, and present their names to the meeting. Mr. Quincy's name was presented as first on the list, but he declined to serve; it being business to which he was wholly unaccustomed, and not congenial to his feelings and habits of business. The committee retired again, and reported in the same way; but he still declining, they retired the third time, and after long discussion reported in the same way again, at the same time announcing that they could not agree upon any other man to head the list, and that, unless he would accept, the meeting must dissolve without effecting an organization. Under these circumstances he was pressed by his friends to accept, and finally yielded very reluctantly to their wishes.

The Northern Railroad was chartered about the same time, as was also the Passumpsic Road in Vermont. For some time there was an impression in this State, that but one route could be built from Concord northerly to Connecticut River, and the Passumpsic was for a time in a quandary as to which of the two it had better unite with; that is, which of the two was most likely to be built so as to give them a good connection. They were at first inclined to favor the Boston, Concord, and Montreal Road, and gave them great encouragement. But the first that Mr. Quincy knew, they had formed a union with the Northern Road, and were just closing up their contract with that road.

The competition was very sharp between the Northern and the Montreal, and this decision of the Passumpsic for a time turned the balance in favor of the Northern. They succeeded in getting their stock subscribed more readily, and made more rapid progress with their road, than the other; and, but for the great energy and perseverance of Mr. Quincy, it is doubtful if the Montreal Road had not failed of completion. There was an attempt on the part of some of the friends of the Concord and Passumpsic roads to give currency to the impression that the Montreal could not raise the funds to build their road. Mr. Quincy had arranged with a firm in Boston to procure the rails of a particular pattern in England, to put upon the track from Concord to Sanbornton. But this firm heard so much of the bankruptcy of the road, and of their utter inability to pay, and the pattern not being such as the other roads used, that they omitted to send the order by the steamer that was to have carried it. As soon as this was known, Mr. Quincy went at once to Boston, notified the firm that their services were no longer desired on behalf of the road, employed an agent, and sent him to England by the very next steamer, who purchased the iron there, and forwarded it, by which a saving was made to the road of some twenty thousand dollars.

He was indefatigable in his efforts to get up subscriptions, and to interest the public in the enterprise, until he finally got the road to Plymouth, where the opponents of the road proclaimed it would stop and go no farther. But he had fully enlisted in the cause, and he was bound to see it through; and so it went to Wentworth, and then to Warren, and then to East Haverhill, and so on to Connecticut River. At this point the Passumpsic Road opposed their making connections on the Vermont side; but, after a sharp litigation in that State, that point was carried, and the Montreal Road was finally completed.

I moved to Wentworth in June, 1847; and from that time I was familiar with all the proceedings, and attended many of their meetings: and although Mr. Quincy had many strong friends who worked with him and stood by him faithfully, yet he was evidently the leading spirit in the enterprise; and without him I do not believe the Boston, Concord, and Montreal Railroad would have been built when it was. His whole heart and soul were in the work. He had courage, perseverance, energy, abundant means, a strong will, eloquence, and influence. All these he used, and taxed as it were, to their utmost; and he succeeded.

This was the crowning work of his life, and it was accomplished against the most violent opposition and the most formidable obstacles. When new difficulties and new emergencies arose, he soon made himself master of the situation; showing that his mind was fertile in resources, and that his will was indomitable. This cost him more sleepless nights than all the other business of his life. It was not a matter of speculation with him, nor was it the desire to increase his wealth; but he regarded the enterprise as one of great public benefit, he considered the opposition to the road as altogether selfish, unjust, and inexcusable. He had become connected with the road at the urgent solicitations of his friends, and not by any seeking of his own; and he saw that he must either fight or fail; and, believing his cause to be just, he was bound not to fail, but to succeed, at whatever cost of labor or of means. Taking into the account the depreciation of his stock, I am satisfied that he was many thousands poorer on account of his connection with the road, but he *succeeded;* and with him, under these circumstances, success was more than money. He was president of this road for some sixteen years, commencing with 1844; and as long as he lived he took a great interest in its prosperity.

Oct. 20, 1845, Mr. Quincy married Miss Harriet Tufts of Rumney, N.H. He had early been elected a director in the bank at Plymouth, N.H., which place he held some twenty years, and until its charter expired, and it was closed. He was early very successful in financial matters. He made most of his money in his profession, aided by his connection with mercantile business. His connection with the railroad gave him considerable business, and at times interfered with his regular business, and was a hinderance. After a time his experience in railroad affairs and litigation led to his being retained as counsel in many important railroad cases outside his own county.

For many years he was in the habit of spending his winters in Concord, and afterwards in Boston; but he always kept his home at Rumney, to which he could return in the summer, and have his family and friends around him. About 1862 he fell at his hotel in Concord, by slipping on the floor, and broke his thigh of his well limb, after which he became more helpless than before; and after this he had his carriage arranged very low, so as to be easy of ingress and egress. And he did not after that, as he says, "go into a court-house;" but he always attended the terms of court, and arranged all his matters, and attended to hearings, at his room or hotel, and really continued in quite active professional business till after 1870, a period of about fifty-five years.

On the eleventh day of June, 1868,

he was married to Mrs. Mary H. Dix, a native of Boston, but then residing with her father at Woburn, Mass. Her brother had before this married Mr. Quincy's second daughter; and both he and his father were for many years connected with "The Boston Journal." Mrs. Quincy had one daughter by a former marriage.

Mr. Quincy was an able and successful criminal lawyer, being retained for the defence in more criminal prosecutions, for many years, than any other lawyer in the county. He also took an active part in the Legislature in assisting Sylvester Marsh, the inventor, to obtain a charter for the Mount Washington Railroad, the successful construction and operation of which has proved to be one of the great achievements of modern times. He took an interest in all measures for the public improvement. In the later years of his life he was rather a peacemaker than a promoter of litigation, among his old friends and neighbors at Rumney, advising them to settle their disputes in a friendly way, without resort to the law.

Upon the breaking out of the war, he did what he could to support the national administration and the Union cause. He was appointed by Gov. Berry as a recruiting officer and drafting commissioner, and faithfully discharged the duties of said office. He gave a hundred dollars to the first four volunteers in Rumney. He furnished substitutes for his two sons, though one of them had been drafted, and excused for physical disability. He took some of the first bonds offered by the Government, in order to show his confidence in its stability. He gave all his fees to those who enlisted under him. He contributed largely in aid of the sick and wounded soldiers, and freely gave his services when required to aid the soldiers and their families. He used his influence in the town to have them raise the money at once to pay all bounties and war expenses, so that at the close of the war the town of Rumney, almost alone in the county, was free from debt, while all the towns around were deeply involved; and many of them have not even now, after twenty years, fully paid their war debt.

He was for many years president of the bar in Grafton County; and he received the honorary degree of A.M. from Brown University at Providence, R.I. For the last few years of his life he was more feeble, and remained mostly at home with his family, riding out in pleasant weather. I called on him frequently during these years, and received several written notes from him. His hand was steady; and he wrote the same fair hand after he was eighty years old that he had previously done, without any sign of nervousness or trembling.

He was in the habit of studying his law-books, and reading his newspapers, to the last. He took a deep interest in the reported decisions of the State, reading them through in course, as they appeared, long after he had given up his active practice. He continued to take a deep interest in the affairs of the church at Rumney, of which he was a member so long as he lived.

His mind was strong and vigorous, his intellect clear, his memory good. He could converse upon the current topics of the day as well as upon his law and his railroad business. The last time I saw him was a few months before his death. I called upon him at his home for an hour; and though it was with difficulty that he could move about much, yet, as he sat in his chair,

he was so bright, his mind so active, his conversation so agreeable, that I left him feeling that "his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated." He died Jan. 19, 1875, of typhoid-pneumonia, after an illness of less than twenty-four hours.

His widow and five children survive him, — four by his first wife, and the fifth by his second wife, two sons and three daughters as follows: Mrs. Martha Grace Sleeper, Samuel Hatch Quincy, Mrs. Elizabeth Frances Dix, Josiah Quincy, and Mrs. Mary Ann Kinsman. At the time of Mr. Quincy's death, his two sons resided at Rumney, but have since removed to Lancaster, Mass., where they now reside; and their sisters all reside in that vicinity. Mrs. Quincy with her daughter, Miss Mary H. Dix, occupies the old homestead at Rumney. She has made some changes and improvements in the outbuildings and surroundings; but the house, and particularly the office, remain substantially the same as when Mr. Quincy left them.

The lessons taught by the life of Mr. Quincy are important, and, at the same time, perfectly apparent. *First*, that nothing good or true or great or excellent in human life can be achieved without labor and perseverance. Labor conquers all things; and well-directed and long-continued effort on the part of a mind of fair capacity will insure success, when genius or wealth alone would be sure to fail. *Second*, that, to a young man of talent, poverty, in nine cases out of every ten, is a richer legacy by far than wealth or power or influence, or all combined. Adversity sharpens the intellect, strengthens the will, quickens the wit, teaches self-reliance, and insures success, where there is an intellect to sharpen, a will to strengthen, wit to quicken, and a fair amount of self to rely upon.

NEW HAMPSHIRE'S LAMENT.

By Mary H. Wheeler.

The summer sun with stately grace
Had risen, till his radiant face
  Hung o'er the western sky.
The sultry air was still; no breeze
  Crept up to rustle through the trees.
The landscape, all in languid ease,
  Lay sleeping neath the eye.

All faint and weary with the heat,
I sought a quiet, cool retreat
  Among the Crystal Hills;
Where, resting on the mossy ground,
By cool green shadows hedged around,
I listened to the lulling sound
  Of distant mountain rills.

The partridge-vine and pale twin-flower
Were carpet woven through that bower,
With many a fern thereby;
A fallen tree before me lay,
And just beyond, a little way,
A craggy height rose, lichen gray,
Against the glimmering sky.

The quiet hour, the grateful shade,
The murmur by the waters made,
Conspired to charm the air;
Or did the elves and sprites, that dwell
In hidden nooks of wooded dell,
Around me weave their mystic spell
While idly dreaming there?

I saw, above the rocky height,
A queenly form appear in sight,
In shadowy raiment clad.
The regal face and calm clear eye
Looked ever onward through the sky,
As if intent on purpose high;
But all the face was sad.

I heard a voice of deep, low tone,
Like oak-leaves by the night-breeze blown,
When all around is still.
These mellow accents seemed to flow
In swaying cadence, to and fro;
And every word, breathed e'er so low,
Would through the silence thrill.

"Greenly all my fields are growing, and my silvery streams are flowing
Down the daisy-dimpled meadows, through my valleys to the sea;
All my woods are green and tender, glowing in the sunlight splendor,
While the breeze-inviting shadows underlie each shrub and tree.

"To the northward, crowned in glory, stand my mountains, grim and hoary,
Granite-ribbed and granite-crested, with their foreheads to the sky.
Where the forests dark are leaning o'er the valleys intervening,
Sylvan lakes, all silver-breasted, mirror-like in beauty lie.

"On my slopes to southward leading, fearlessly the flocks are feeding;
And beneath my lowland willows, quiet reigneth evermore;
While, with never-ceasing motion, the old mystery-loving ocean
Rolls his anthem-bearing billows on my echo-haunted shore.

"There are pleasant, sheltered places hidden 'mid my mountain mazes;
There are bold and craggy ledges where the eagle rests her wing;
There are cascades loudly brawling, and deep rivers hoarsely falling;
There are darkly shaded hedges where the timid thrushes sing.

"Steamers on my lakes are sailing, with their cloud-veils backward trailing,
In and out between my islands, green as those of fairy tales;
While the rail-cars, onward steaming, find an echo to their screaming
In the hamlets on my highlands, and the cities in my vales.

"Strangers come in days of leisure, travelling through my lands for pleasure,
Climbing up my rugged mountains, to their summits steep and bare;
Gazing far with eyes admiring, and with voices never tiring,
Praising all my pearly fountains and my pure and bracing air.

"But my children, loved so dearly, they whose voices rang so clearly
Through my woods and o'er my waters, and along each mountain side,
They who sported 'mid my flowers, learned love's lessons in my bowers,
Bravest sons and fairest daughters, they are scattered far and wide.

"Basking in the faded glory of the lands of ancient story,
Searching o'er the buried treasures of a long-forgotten race,
'Mid the famous or the lowly, find they aught so pure and holy
As the simple loves and pleasures clustering round their native place?

"Find they on the Western prairies, or amid the gold-veined quarries,
Warmer hearts or kindlier faces than they left upon my strand?
Are there ties more true and tender, that thus lightly they surrender
All the old familiar places hallowed by their household band?

"When the sabbath bells are pealing, are no dreams around them stealing, —
Dreams of sabbaths, calm and holy, 'mid the scenes their childhood knew,
When the very sky seemed blending with the earnest prayers ascending,
While the golden sun went slowly up the tranquil cloudless blue?

"In the crowded streets of strangers, toiling on 'mid cares and dangers,
Through the roar of nearer noises and the far-off busy hum,
Hear they not my trout-brooks falling, and my breezy shade-trees calling,
With their loving, luring voices, ever calling, come, oh, come?

"Come, oh, come! for even gladness wears a look akin to sadness,
And a plaintive strain is throbbing through the wild-bird's song of glee.
In the sunlight's golden glimmer, one may trace a farewell shimmer;
And too tear-like is the dropping of the dew-drop from the tree.

"Come, for others now are straying where your little feet were playing;
Many a ruined roof is falling where a bright home used to be;
Tangled weed and brier are creeping where your kindred dead are sleeping;
Hear me, day and night I'm calling, come, my children, come to me."

LITERARY NOTES.

HARPER & BROTHERS have just added Mr. WILLIAM BLACK's new novel, *White Heather*, to their library edition of that popular novelist's works.

Mr. EDWIN PEARS's book on *The Fall of Constantinople* will rank among the most important historical works of recent years. Its theme is the fourth Crusade, which, organized by Pope INNOCENT III. in the beginning of the thirteenth century, and intended to proceed through Egypt to drive the Moslems from the Holy Land, — "to avenge the shame of Jesus Christ, and to reconquer Jerusalem," — was diverted from its mission by the machinations of Venice, and turned against the Eastern metropolis. The narrative is one of absorbing interest, especially at the present time. It is, so to speak, the opening chapter of a portion of history which events appear to be rapidly hastening to a conclusion, inasmuch as the siege and sack of the Byzantine capital by the Crusaders, by crippling her resources, rendered her subsequently an easy prey to the Turks, and thus virtually led to the Mohammedan domination in south-eastern Europe. Mr. PEARS's residence in Constantinople has placed at his disposal the most ample facilities for the study of the subject in its minutest details, and he has made full use of his opportunities. His style is sober and dignified. In dealing with disputed questions, he exhibits a spirit of thoroughness in examination, and of judicial fairness in decision, which cannot fail to win the admiration and confidence of the reader. The book has just been issued by HARPER & BROTHERS.

Mr. HOWARD PYLE has just issued in book form, through HARPER & BROTHERS, a collection of the charming old-fashioned verses and stories, with quaint illustrations, which he has been contributing for the past two years to *Harper's Young People*. The volume, entitled *Pepper and Salt, a Seasoning for Young Folk*, forms a most attractive holiday book for children.

WILL CARLETON'S new book of verse, *City Ballads*, will maintain his reputation as a true poet of the people. Its pages vary considerably in respect to merit; but he shows himself everywhere able alike to comprehend and express the emotions of the men and women whom we all have around us, and part of whose lives we ourselves are, and the facts and scenes which afford those emotions expression. In this book are set forth, with a large variety of form, the experiences and reflections of a young student and an elderly farmer, each from the country, as they wander about the city and see its sights; and some suggested themes also are treated. Fun and pathos, fact and philosophy, alike are contained in these poems; and some good pictures help to render them enjoyable. They are certain to be popular. Indeed, some have been printed and established their credit already. [HARPER & BROTHERS. $2.00.]

The *Boy's Book of Battle Lyrics*, by Dr. T. D. ENGLISH, contains more than a score of poems from his pen, founded upon incidents in the early history of our country, especially the Revolutionary war. The author has something of a gift in his line. One or two of his poems have much of the ring of Macaulay's lays, and all are spirited and effective in a high degree. There are many portraits and other illustrations; and, so far as we have examined, we have found the historical preliminary statements accurately and carefully prepared. The boys will welcome the volume. [HARPER & BROTHERS. $2.00.]

HERMANN GRIMM'S recent series of remarkable articles on subjects connected with modern literature, which have attracted the attention of scholars throughout Europe, have been translated by Miss Sarah H. Adams, and will shortly make their appearance from the press of Cupples, Upham, & Co., under the general heading of "Literature." The topics embrace such subjects as Ralph Waldo Emerson, Voltaire, Frederick the Great, Macaulay, Bettina von Arnim, the brothers Grimm, Albert Dürer, Dante, etc. It is seldom that an author stands so completely alone in his greatness as Hermann Grimm in Germany to-day. Like Goethe in his generation, he stands forth the single, solitary man of genius left to modern German literature.

HISTORIC TREES.

By L. L. Dame.

THE WASHINGTON ELM.

At the north end of the Common in Old Cambridge stands the famous Washington Elm, which has been oftener visited, measured, sketched, and written up for the press, than any other tree in America. It is of goodly proportions, but, as far as girth of trunk and spread of branches constitute the claim upon our respect, there are many nobler specimens of the American elm in historic Middlesex.



THE WASHINGTON ELM.

[From D. Lothrop & Company's Young Folks' Life of Washington.]

Extravagant claims have been made with regard to its age, but it is extremely improbable that any tree of this species has ever rounded out its third century. Under favorable conditions, the growth of the elm is very rapid, a single century sometimes sufficing to develop a tree larger than the Washington Elm.

When Governor Winthrop and Lieutenant-Governor Dudley, in 1630, rode along the banks of the Charles in quest of a suitable site for the capital of their colony, it is barely possible the great elm was in being. It would be a pleasant conceit to link the thrifty growth of the young sapling with the steady advancement of the new settlement, enshrining it as a sort of guardian genius of the place, the living witness of progress in Cambridge from the first feeble beginnings.

The life of the tree, however, probably does not date farther back than the last quarter of the seventeenth century. In its early history there was nothing



to distinguish it from its peers of the greenwood. When the surrounding forest fell beneath the axe of the woodman, the trees conspicuous for size and beauty escaped the general destruction; among these was the Washington Elm; but there is no evidence that it surpassed its companions.

Tradition states that another large elm once stood on the northwest corner of the Common, under which the Reverend George Whitefield, the Wesleyan evangelist, preached in 1745. Others claim that it was the Washington Elm under which the sermon was delivered. The two trees stood near each other, and the hearers were doubtless scattered under each. But the great elm was destined to look down upon scenes that stirred the blood even more than the vivid eloquence of a Whitefield. Troublous times had come, and the mutterings of discontent were voicing themselves in more and more articulate phrase. The old tree must have been privy to a great deal of treasonable talk — at first, whispered with many misgivings, under the cover of darkness; later, in broad daylight, fearlessly spoken aloud. The smoke of bonfires, in which blazed the futile proclamations of the King, was wafted through its branches. It saw the hasty burial, by night, of the Cambridge men who were slain upon the nineteenth of April, 1775; it saw the straggling arrival of the beaten, but not disheartened, survivors of Bunker Hill; it saw the Common — granted to the town as a training-field — suddenly transformed to a camp, under General Artemas Ward, commander-in-chief of the Massachusetts troops.

The crowning glory in the life of the great elm was at hand. On the twenty-first of June, Washington, without allowing himself time to take leave of his family, set out on horseback from Philadelphia, arriving at Cambridge on the second of July. Sprightly Dorothy Dudley in her Journal describes the exercises of the third, with the florid eloquence of youth.

"To-day, he (Washington) formally took command, under *one of the grand old elms* on the Common. It was a magnificent sight. The majestic figure of the General, mounted upon his horse beneath the wide-spreading branches of the patriarch tree; the multitude thronging the plain around, and the houses filled with interested spectators of the scene, while the air rung with shouts of enthusiastic welcome, as he drew his sword, and thus declared himself Commander-in-chief of the Continental army."

Dorothy does not specify under which elm Washington stood. It is safely inferable from her language that our tree was one of several noble elms which at this time were standing upon the Common.

Although no contemporaneous pen seems to have pointed out the exact tree beyond all question, happily the day is not so far distant from us that oral testimony is inadmissible. Of this there is enough to satisfy the most captious critic.

Where the stone church is now situated, there was formerly an old gambrel-roofed house, in which the Moore family lived during the Revolution. The situation was very favorable for observation, commanding the highroad from Watertown to Cambridge Common, and directly opposite the great elm. From the windows of this house the spectators saw the ceremony to good advantage, and one of them, styled, in 1848, the "venerable Mrs.

Moore," lived to point out the tree, and describe the glories of the occasion, seventy-five years afterward. Fathers, who were eyewitnesses standing beneath this tree, have told the story to their sons, and those sons have not yet passed away. There is no possibility that we are paying our vows at a counterfeit shrine.

Great events which mark epochs in history, bestow an imperishable dignity even upon the meanest objects with which they are associated. When Washington drew his sword beneath the branches, the great elm, thus distinguished above its fellows, passed at once into history, henceforward to be known as the Washington Elm.

> "Under the brave old tree
> Our fathers gathered in arms, and swore
> They would follow the sign their banners bore,
> And fight till the land was free." — *Holmes.*

The elm was often honored by the presence of Washington, who, it is said, had a platform built among the branches, where, we may suppose, he used to ponder over the plans of the campaign. The Continental army, born within the shade of the old tree, overflowing the Common, converted Cambridge into a fortified camp. Here, too, the flag of thirteen stripes for the first time swung to the breeze.

These were the palmy days of the elm. When the tide of war set away from New England, the Washington Elm fell into unmerited neglect. The struggling patriots had no time for sentiment; and when the war came to an end they were too busy in shaping the conduct of the government, and in repairing their shattered fortunes, to pay much attention to trees. It was not until the great actors in those days were rapidly passing away, that their descendants turned with an affectionate regard to the enduring monuments inseparably associated with the fathers. Among these, the Washington Elm deservedly holds a high rank.

On the third of July, 1875, the citizens of Cambridge celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of Washington's assuming the command of the army. The old tree was the central figure of the occasion. The American flag floated above the topmost branches, and a profusion of smaller flags waved amid the foliage. Never tree received a more enthusiastic ovation.

It is enclosed by a circular iron fence erected by the Reverend Daniel Austin. Outside the fence, but under the branches, stands a granite tablet erected by the city of Cambridge, upon which is cut an inscription written by Longfellow: —

UNDER THIS TREE
WASHINGTON
FIRST TOOK COMMAND
OF THE
AMERICAN ARMY,
JULY 3D, 1775.

In 1850, it still retained its graceful proportions; its great limbs were intact, and it showed few traces of age. Within the past twenty-five years, it has been gradually breaking up.

In 1844, its girth, three feet from the ground, where its circumference is least, was twelve feet two and a half inches. In 1884, at the same point, it measures fourteen feet one inch; a gain so slight that the rings of annual growth must be difficult to trace — an evidence of waning vital force. The grand subdivisions of the trunk are all sadly crippled; unsightly bandages of zinc mask the progress of decay; the symptoms of approaching dissolution are painfully evident, especially in the winter season. In summer, the remaining vitality ex-

pends itself in a host of branchlets which feather the limbs, and give rise to a false impression of vigor.

Never has tree been cherished with greater care, but its days are numbered. A few years more or less, and, like Penn's Treaty Elm and the famous Charter Oak, it will be numbered with the things that were.

THE ELIOT OAK

When John Eliot had become a power among the Indians, with far-reaching sagacity he judged it best to separate his converts from the whites, and accordingly, after much inquiry and toilsome search, gathered them into a community at Natick — an old Indian name formerly interpreted as "a place of hills," but now generally admitted to mean simply "my land." Anticipating the policy which many believe must eventually be adopted with regard to the entire Indian question, Eliot made his settlers land-owners, conferred upon them the right to vote and hold office, impressed upon them the duties and responsibilities of citizenship, and taught them the rudiments of agriculture and the mechanic arts.

In the summer of 1651, the Indians built a framed edifice, which answered, as is the case to-day in many small country towns, the double purpose of a schoolroom on week-days, and a sanctuary on the Sabbath. Professor C. E. Stowe once called that building the first known theological seminary of New England, and said that for real usefulness it was on a level with, if not above, any other in the known world.

It is assumed that two oaks, one of the red, and the other of the white, species, of which the present Eliot Oak is the survivor, were standing near this first Indian church. The early records of Eliot's labors make no mention of these trees. Adams, in his Life of Eliot, says: "It would be interesting if we could identify some of the favorite places of the Indians in this vicinity," but fails to find sufficient data. Bigelow (or Biglow, according to ancient spelling), in his History of Natick, 1830, states: "There are two oaks near the South Meeting-house, which have undoubtedly stood there since the days of Eliot." It is greatly to be regretted that the writer did not state the evidence upon which his conclusion was based.

Bacon, in his History of Natick, 1856, remarks: "The oak standing a few rods to the east of the South Meeting-house bears every evidence of an age greater than that of the town, and was probably a witness of Eliot's first visit to the 'place of hills.'" It would be quite possible to subscribe to this conclusion, while dissenting entirely from the premises. It will be noticed that Bacon relies upon the appearance of the tree as a proof of its age. His own measurement, fourteen and a half feet circumference at two feet from the ground, is not necessarily indicative of more than a century's growth.

The writer upon Natick, in Drake's Historic Middlesex, avoids expressing an opinion. "Tradition links these trees with the Indian Missionary." For very long flights of time, tradition — as far as the age of trees is concerned — cannot at all be relied upon; within the narrow limits involved in the present case, it may be received with caution.

The Red Oak which stood nearly in front of the old Newell Tavern, was the original Eliot Oak. Mr. Austin Bacon, who is familiar with the early

history and legends of Natick, states that "Mr. Samuel Perry, a man who could look back to 1749, often said that Mr. Peabody, the successor to Eliot, used to hitch his horse by that tree every Sabbath, because Eliot used to hitch his there."

This oak was originally very tall; the top was probably broken off in the tremendous September gale of 1815; as it was reported to be in a mutilated condition in 1820. Time, however, partially concealed the disaster by means of a vigorous growth of the remaining branches. In 1830, it measured seventeen feet in circumference two feet from the ground. It had now become a tree of note, and would probably have monopolized the honors to the exclusion of the present Eliot Oak, had it not met with an untimely end. The keeper of the tavern in front of which it stood had the tree cut down in May, 1842. This act occasioned great indignation, and gave rise to a lawsuit at Framingham, "which was settled by the offenders against public opinion paying the costs and planting trees in the public green." A cartload of the wood was carried to the trial, and much of it was taken home by the spectators to make into canes and other relics.

"The King is dead, long live the King!"

Upon the demise of the old monarch, the title naturally passed to the White Oak, its neighbor, another of the race of Titans, standing conveniently near, of whose early history very little is positively known beyond the fact that it is an old tree; and with the title passed the traditions and reverence that gather about crowned heads.

Mrs. Stowe has given it a new claim to notice, for beneath it, according to Drake's Historic Middlesex, "Sam Lawson, the good-natured, lazy story-teller, in Oldtown Folks, put his blacksmith's shop. It was removed when the church was built."

The present Eliot Oak stands east of the Unitarian meeting-house, which church is on or near the spot where Eliot's first church stood. It measured, January, 1884, seventeen feet in circumference at the ground; fourteen feet two inches at four feet above. It is a fine old tree, and it is not improbable — though it is unproven — that it dates back to the first settlement of Natick.

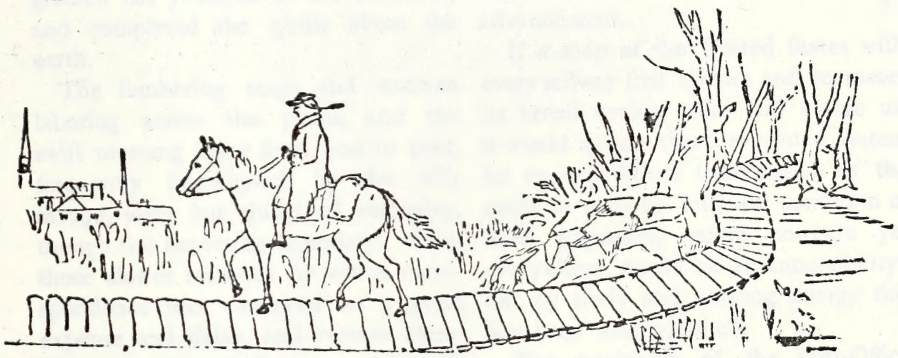
"Thou ancient oak! whose myriad leaves are loud
With sounds of unintelligible speech,
Sounds as of surges on a shingly beach,
Or multitudinous murmurs of a crowd;
With some mysterious gift of tongues endowed
Thou speakest a different dialect to each.
To me a language that no man can teach,
Of a lost race long vanished like a cloud,
For underneath thy shade, in days remote,
Seated like Abraham at eventide,
Beneath the oak of Mamre, the unknown
Apostle of the Indian, Eliot, wrote
His Bible in a language that hath died,
And is forgotten save by thee alone." — *Longfellow.*

THE RAILWAY MAIL SERVICE.*

By Colonel Thomas P. Cheney.

[Superintendent New England Division United States Railway Mail Service.]

It is not the purpose of this paper to give a history of the growth of this important branch of the government service, so much as to impart, perhaps to an indifferent degree, the methods of its intricate workings, and the care and study employed to expedite the vast correspondence of the country. A system as colossal as the Railway Mail Service of this country is, could not be organized but through a process of development meeting needs as they arise. This development is best shown by a comparative illustration from an early date to the present time.



YE FASTE MAILE OF YE OLDEN TYME.

In 1811, there were 2,403 post-offices, and during the year the mail was carried 46,380 miles in stages, and 61,171 miles in sulkies and on horseback. In Postmaster-General Barry's report for the fiscal year ending November 1, 1834, it is said, that, "The multiplication of railroads in different parts of the country promises within a few years to give great rapidity to the movements of travelers, and it is a subject worthy of inquiry whether measures may now be taken to secure the transportation of the mail upon them. Already have the railroads between Frenchtown in Maryland and New Castle in Delaware, and between Camden and South Amboy in New Jersey, afforded great and important facilities to the transmission of the great Eastern mail." The lines of railway at that time, 1834, amounted to seventy-eight miles.

In 1838, the Railway Mail Service began with 1,913 miles of railroad throughout the country. In 1846, mails were carried over 4,092 miles of railway, which increased in 1882 to 100,563 miles.

The miles of annual transportation

*Illustrated by pen and ink sketches furnished by the author.



of mail by railroad in 1852 amounted to 11,082,768, which increased to 113,995,318 in 1882, with an increase in the number of Railway Mail Service employees from 43 in 1846 to 3,072 in 1882. This wonderful expansion was but proportional with the development of the country at large. At the close of the war of the Rebellion, business was at its height. Industry and intelligence were seeking together new channels for their diffusion. The Pacific Railway was the grand conception that met this demand, and by its means were united the borders of the continent, and communication thus made more frequent and rapid between our interior, the West, and Europe: the most ancient civilization of the world in the Orient greeted the youngest in the Occident, and completed the girdle about the earth.

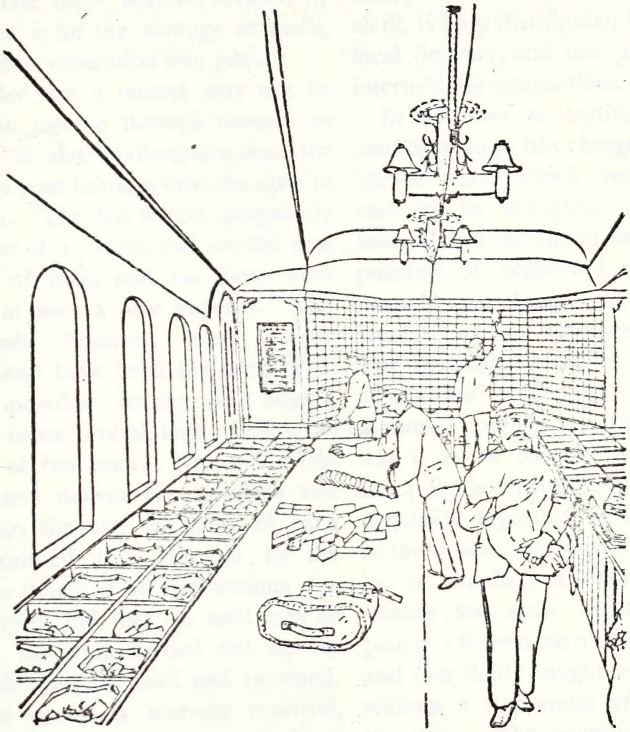
The lumbering stage and caravan laboring across the plains, and the swift mustang flying from post to post, frequently intercepted by the wily savage, were but things of yesterday, though fast becoming legendary. When those slower methods by which correspondence was conveyed at a great expense and delay, and current literature was to a great extent debarred, were supplanted by a continuous line of stages, it was considered a revolution in the wheel of progress, and the consummation. The possible accomplishments of the present day, if entertained at all at that time, were in general considered Munchausen, and not difficulties to be surmounted by practical engineering and undaunted perseverance. The civilization of the world has kept pace with its channels of communication and has accordingly rendered invaluable aid to it. In our country the field in this direction is exceedingly broad. There is no branch of the government service that reaches so near and supplies the wants of the people as the Post-Office Department, and whose ramification may not be inaptly compared to the human system with its arteries filled with the life-current coursing through the veins and diffusing health and vigor to the various parts; in the same manner the people in the different sections of the country interchange their information. The centres of art and literature, conveying to the vast producing region in the West the products of their refined taste, scientific research, and mechanical achievements, keep alive and propagate the spirit of inquiry, making remote parts of the nation homogeneous in tastes, knowledge, and a common interest in all matters of national advancement.

If a map of the United States with every railway that crosses and recrosses its broad surface were laid before us, it would appear that a regulated system for an expeditious transmission of the mails in such an intricate confusion of lines, apparently going nowhere yet everywhere, would be an impossibility; but by study and untiring energy this has been accomplished.

The machinery of the Post-Office Department is a system of cog-fitting wheels, in all its component parts; and were it not so, in the necessarily limited period and space allotted, the work in postal-cars could not be successfully accomplished.

The interior dimensions of postal-cars vary, from whole cars sixty feet in length, to apartments five feet five inches in length by two feet six inches in width. The most comprehensive conception of the practical working of the postal-car system, can be formed in a railway post-office from forty to sixty

feet in length; with this in view, we will make a trip in one. A permit to ride in the car, signed by the superintendent of the division of the service, is necessary to allow us the privilege; and it is also required of clerks belonging to other lines. This rule is necessary, in order that the clerks may perform their work uninterruptedly and correctly; and also to exclude unauthorized persons from mail apartments. After a hasty exchange of salutations with the four clerks, the "clerk in charge" notes our names on his "trip report," and we are assigned a spot in the contracted space, where, we are assured, we will be undisturbed, at least for a while. The trip report mentioned is used in noting connections missed, and other irregularities that may occur. The interior of the car is fitted up with a carefully-studied economy of space, upon plans made under the supervision of the superintendent of the division, or chief clerk of the line. Occupying one end of the car are cases of pigeon-holes, or boxes, numbering from six hundred to one thousand, arranged in the shape of a horse-shoe, for the distribution of letters. These boxes are labeled with the names of the post-offices on the line of road, connecting lines, States, and prominent cities and towns throughout the country. A long, narrow aisle passes through the centre of the car, on both sides of which are racks for open sacks and pouches, into which packages of letters and pieces of other mail matter are thrown; on the sides above are rows of suspended pouches, with their



INTERIOR OF A RAILWAY POST-OFFICE.

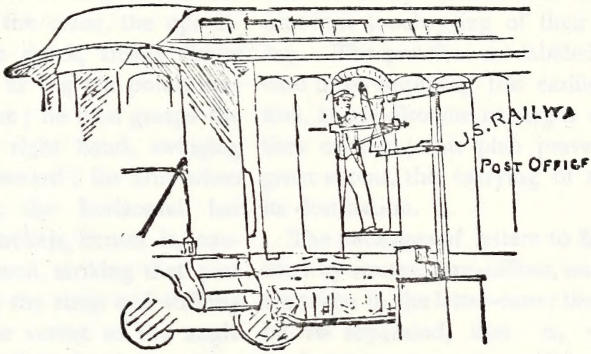


hungry mouths open. By this plan, in this contracted space, upwards of two hundred different pouches and sacks can be distributed into between the termini. On one side of the aisle is a narrow counter, upon which the mail matter is emptied from the pouches and sacks; this is hinged to the pouch-rack, and can be swung back, to enable the clerks to get at the pouches more easily. The space beyond, divided by stanchions, is for the stowage of mails, and for their separation into piles.

In order that a minute may not be lost, when passing through tunnels or standing in dark railway-stations, the lamps are kept burning from the start to the finish. The last wagon, gorgeously suggestive of a circus, has arrived with its load of mail, and the busy work receives at once a new impetus. Several loads, however, have already arrived, and have been disposed of as much as possible; for the work begins, in some cases, several hours before the starting of the train. Transfer clerks and porters deliver the pouches and sacks into the car, the label of each being scanned and checked by the clerks, to detect if all connections due are received, and that no mail may be delayed by being carried out on the road with the other mail and returned. The last pouch is scarcely received, when a sudden, but not violent, shock announces that the locomotive is attached to the train, and the start about to be made. The sound of the gong, seconded by the electrifying and resonant "Aboard!" of the conductor, and the post-office on wheels is under way. Now, all is a scene of bustle, but not confusion. The two clerks, to whom are assigned the duty of distributing direct packages of letters and newspaper mail, including merchandise, deftly empty the pouches, out of which pour packages of letters and circulars, to be distributed unbroken into pouches, and others labeled to this route and different States, which are in turn to be separated into packages by routes, States, and large towns, at the letter-case. To the clerk in charge is assigned the sorting of such letters as are destined to distant routes or terminal connecting lines; and his associate, or second clerk, is busy distributing letter mail for local delivery, and into separations for intermediate connections.

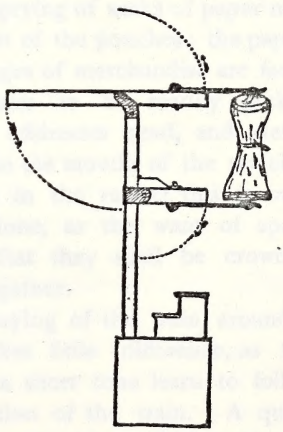
In addition to sorting letters, the clerk in charge has charge of the registered mail, which requires special care in its reception and delivery, booking and receipting therefor. Large pouches of registered mail are also placed in his charge, *en transit* between large cities, and represent great value. The peculiar tooting of the whistle, or a peculiar movement of the train around a curve, warns the fourth clerk, who is on the alert, of a "catch" station; the letter mail for that post-office is quickly deposited by the local clerk in the pouch, the lock is snapped, and he is standing at the door not a minute too soon or too late; the pouch is thrown out at a designated spot and one deftly caught an instant after without a slackening of the speed of the train. The pouch thus caught is taken to the counter, opened and emptied by the fourth clerk, and the letters immediately placed in the hands of the second clerk, who assorts the local mail; the through letters, or those destined to go over distant lines beyond the terminus, are sorted by the clerk in charge; the local, or second, clerk distributes his mail as rapidly as possible, with a watchful eye for letters, etc., to be put into the pouch

to be delivered at the next station; the pouch is locked and everything is ready for the next delivery and "catch." When the stations at which pouches are caught are within a mile or two of each other, the greatest activity is needed to assort the mail between stations, to avoid carrying mail by destination and subjecting it to considerable delay before its delivery by a railway post-office on the train to be met at a point perhaps many miles ahead.



"CATCHING" AT FULL SPEED.

The manner of taking or "catching" the mail from the trackside by some invisible power on a railroad train plunging through space has seemed to many a feat of almost legerdemanic skill, when all that is required is a simple mechanical apparatus and a quick, firm movement of the arm in using it at the right moment. A crane similar in appearance to the oldtime gibbet is erected near the track, and may have served as a warning by its suggestive appearance to some would-be train-wrecker. Its base is a platform two feet and a half square, with two short steps on top to assist the person hanging the pouch; a post ten feet in height passes up through this platform near the edge; a stout joist about five feet in length is fixed across the top of the post and so balanced that when relieved of the weight of the pouch it flies up perpendicularly against the post. The pouch used for this purpose is made of canvas and is somewhat narrower than the ordinary leathern pouch. It is lightly suspended by a slender iron rod projecting from the horizontal joist, passed through a ring at the top and lightly held at the bottom in the same manner as at the top. When the pouch is snatched from the



POUCH HUNG ON "CRANE."

crane, the top piece flies up as described, and a parallel short joist at the bottom of the pouch drops. The





pouch is strapped small in the middle, resembling an hour-glass, where the catcher-iron on the car is to strike it. This "catcher" consists of a round iron bar across the door of the car, and placed in a socket on each side about shoulder high; a strong handle, similar to a chisel-handle, projects perpendicularly from this bar; on the under side of the bar projects, at an angle of about forty-five degrees, a slender and strong iron rod, slightly turned at the end to prevent its tearing the pouch, of about three feet in length. As the train approaches the crane, the operating clerk with a quick, steady throw delivers the mail at a given point, usually near the crane; he then grasps the handle with his right hand, swinging the handle over inward; the arm when thrown outward, the horizontal bar turning in the sockets, comes in contact with the pouch, striking that part of it narrowed by the strap and striking the arm near the vertex of the angle into which it is driven by the momentum of the train; the greater the speed the more securely it is held there; but the clerk is on the *qui vive*, and as soon as it strikes the catcher-iron, grasps the pouch to make sure of getting it, as sometimes if the pouch is not hung properly, the arm will strike it at such a part as to require the most agile movement on the part of the clerk to secure it and to prevent its falling to the ground or under the wheels of the train and being torn to pieces; these cases, however, are rare, but pouches have lodged on the trucks and have been carried many miles.

To return to the clerks and their work. In the meantime, the "through" work continues, when the distance between stations and junctions will allow of it; letters in packages are distributed into boxes with a celerity and economy of motion which could be acquired only by continued practice and training of the eye to decipher an ever-varying chirography, and of mental activity to almost instantly locate a post-office on its proper route, its earliest point of supply, or connecting line.

The emptying of pouches continues; package after package of letters roll out on the counter as though they were potatoes rather than the dumb expression of every human emotion, or the innocent touchspring of their awakening. The pouches are labeled to indicate those requiring the earliest attention, as are also the packages of letters they contain; this plan prevents, to a great extent, the carrying of mail past its destination.

The packages of letters to be distributed by routes, post-offices, and States, are taken to the letter-case; those not to be so separated, that is, unbroken packages, *en transit*, are placed at once into their proper pouches.

The emptying of sacks of paper mail follows that of the pouches; the papers and packages of merchandise are faced in a manner to be readily picked up, their addresses read, and deftly thrown into the mouths of the pouches and sacks in the racks; this is very skilfully done, as the want of space requires that they shall be crowded closely together.

The swaying of the train around a curve makes little difference, as the clerks in a short time learn to follow every motion of the train. A quick decision, ready eye, and economy of movement as a superstructure to a good knowledge of his duties, are the invaluable qualities of a successful railway postal-clerk; and one so equipped soon

outstrips his lagging seniors and associates in grade. As the train approaches a junction, preparations are made to "close out" that part of the mail to be delivered at that point, the sacks are tied, the tags or labels having been attached before starting. The clerks at the letter-case are rapidly taking the letters from the boxes tying them into packages, and separating them into piles, which are dropped into their proper pouches and locked, and so on until all is ready. Let us examine these packages of letters and at the same time describe the slip system. On the outside of each package for redistribution, and also inside each direct package, that is, containing mail for a single post-office, is placed a brown paper slip, or label, about the size of an ordinary envelope, bearing its address or destination, which may be that of a post-office, a group of post-offices supplied therefrom, and labelled "dis." (the abbreviation of distribution), or for a railway post-office; this slip also bears the imprint of the name of the clerk who sorted into the package and is responsible for its correctness, the postmark with date, and a letter, as "N." for north, or "W." for west, indicating the direction the train is moving at the time. A similar slip is also placed loose in each pouch and sack.

The errors discovered in the packages of letters, or among the loose pieces in the pouches and sacks, are endorsed on the proper slip, signed and postmarked by the clerk in the railway post-office receiving it. These errors may be the result of carelessness, ignorance, or misinformation: in the latter case, had the clerk been properly informed, perhaps a delay of half an hour or less might have been avoided if sent by some other route. These error-slips are sent each day enclosed in a trip report to the division superintendent; if approved, the record is made, and the clerk in receiving the error-slip at the end of the month is informed of his mistake, and it is needless to add that the error, if one of ignorance or misinformation, will not be repeated. This forms a part of the record of the clerk upon which to a degree his future advancement depends. The beneficial effect of this system as an incentive to study, care in distribution, and a commendable rivalry, is indisputable.

The postmarks on the letters in the package in our hands show that they joined the current at a junction but a few miles past, and if the location of one of them is sought on the map, it is found to be an obscure hamlet on a remote stage route, by which it reaches the railroad, over which a single clerk in an office seven feet square, or less, performs local service, and which line makes connection with the through mail-train on the main road. The letters described are tied in a package with others, and a label slip placed thereon addressed to some railway post-office, perhaps hundreds of miles distant, which is reached unbroken through a many-linked chain of connections; with this package are others for large cities which will be passed along intact to destination, and also letters labeled to railway post-office lines making connections in their turn. The pouches and sacks into which the packages of letters and papers are deposited will be received at the next junction into a railway post-office car, sorted and forwarded in the manner described. In many cases a mail is sent across by a stage route to connect a parallel line, and thereby feeding a new section.

Mail matter is frequently received, through error, for post-offices on the line of road but just passed, or for post-offices supplied only by one railway post-office train moving in the opposite direction; to provide for such mail a pouch is left at the meeting-point of this train; and so the train plunges on with its busy workers, its pleasure-seekers, and its composite humanity. The clerks have long since become grim with the smut of the train, paling all others but the fireman, and the long-nursed illusion that all government positions are sinecures is rudely dispelled by their appearance, and an insight into their arduous duties. As the train lazily rolls into the terminal station, pouches and sacks are ready for delivery and the clerks make ready to leave the car.

The instant the train stops, a portion of the mail, large or small as the case may be, is delivered into a wagon for rapid transfer to a railway post-office train about to start from another station. If the incoming train is late, it may be necessary to exact the utmost speed to reach the outgoing train, and in many cases it is always necessary to effect it rapidly. After the transfer mail is disposed of, the labels of the remaining pouches and sacks are examined, and as the mail is passed out of the car we are surprised at its quantity, filling a number of large wagons; this, however, does not constitute the entire mail distributed *en route*, as the quantities delivered at junctions and stations aggregate, in many cases, more by far than that delivered at the terminal station. There are many details of work that our space forbids us to describe, that are technical and of little interest to the reader, but are of relative importance. These we must leave, and prepare for the return journey on the night-train, feeling grateful that our busy fellow-travelers are to have an opportunity to refresh themselves.

The work performed in a railway post-office on a night-train differs somewhat from that on a day-train, yet maintaining the same general principle of distribution. The methods differ, governed by the connections, and a clerk suddenly transferred from a day-train to a night-train on the same route, unless thoroughly informed of the train schedules, of close and remote connections, the time of the dispatch of direct closed pouches from many post-offices, stage route schedules, etc., — which knowledge, even approximating correctness, would be extraordinary, — would be almost as much at a loss as if transferred to another route, excepting his knowledge of the location of the post-offices on his own line. In all cases if a delay occurs, causing a connection to be missed, it is the duty of the clerk to know at once the next most expeditious route by which the mail can be forwarded.

The hardship incurred by a night-clerk is greater in many respects than that of the day-clerk; while in the latter case a continual active strain is required in the performance of local work and its multiplicity of detail, yet this is more than offset by the handling of bulky and heavy through mail and the unnatural necessity of sleeping in the daytime, which at most affords but a partial rest. On many night-lines the clerks commence work in mid-afternoon, accomplishing considerable before the train starts, and as the train plunges through darkness into the gray dawn and early morning, they sturdily empty pouches and sacks, and the

incessant flow of letters and papers is only interrupted when approaching some important junction where mail is delivered and received from connecting lines or post-offices. Everything presents a weird aspect in a railway-station at midnight, — men flit about in a dazed way with satchels, the bright light bursting through the doorway of the car gives a ghastly look to the face of the man who throws in the pouches and sacks, and all appear like ghosts that will vanish with the approach of dawn; but we realize the substance of our surroundings when we again turn our attention to the busy scene in the car. The city distribution of letters — a feature of the service on night-trains which has greatly facilitated the early delivery of mails in a few of the larger cities — has been extended to other cities, and others are still to receive its benefit. For instance, clerks from the Boston post-office detailed to do this duty enter the mail-car at the Boston and Albany Railway at Springfield, Massachusetts, and sort the city letters by carriers' routes, post-office box sections, banks, insurance offices, etc. The corresponding train moving in the opposite direction is boarded by New York post-office clerks making similar separations.

The packages of letters thus made up go direct to their respective divisions in the post-office, thereby avoiding the delay that would be caused in passing through other preliminary distributing departments. This work has been taken up recently by the Railway Mail Service, the plan enlarged and extended, and added to the other duties of the clerks. Additional clerks, however, have been employed to perform this work, yet the others are required to know it, and on lines where additional clerks were not appointed, to make it their regular duty.

A glance has been given at one of the many links in the continuous chains of connections that cross and recross the face of the country. A comparison of the oldtime method and of the railway post-office service will show the superior advantage of the latter. At some remote hamlet in Nova Scotia, a letter is started for San Francisco, California. It crosses the boundary line into the United States and enters at once the swelling current at Vanceborough, Maine. Leaving that place at 1.35 A.M., Monday, without delay it reaches Boston at 5.10 P.M., is transferred across the city, leaves at 6.00 P.M., connecting with the fast mail train from New York City at Albany, through Syracuse, Rochester, and Buffalo, reaches Cleveland at 6.00 P.M., Tuesday, and Chicago at 6.00 A.M., Wednesday, where an intermission of six hours makes the longest delay in the line of connection. The next morning, Thursday, at 11. A.M., Omaha is reached; Friday, at 6.00 P.M., Laramie, Wyoming; Saturday, at 6.00 P.M., Ogden, Utah; Sunday, Humboldt, Nevada; and Monday, at 11.00 A.M., San Francisco. This illustration has been made to show the far-reaching continuity of connecting lines across the country, passing through many of the principal cities but not entering a post-office for distribution, rather than a complexity of connections almost innumerable in a thickly-settled country, and over which study and patient inquiry to simplify are ever at work.

Lyons, Wayne County, New York, is located on the New York Central Railway; a letter is started from that place for Leeds, Franklin County, Massachusetts; it is received into the New York

and Chicago railway post-office at 8.17 A.M., then it is given to the Boston and Albany railway post-office at Albany, the latter line connecting at Westfield, Massachusetts, with the Williamsburgh and New Haven railway post-office, ariving at destination at 9.37 that night.

Again at 6.08 P.M., from Lyons, another New York and Chicago railway post-office train passes, but, owing to different connections, disposes of it differently: from this railway post-office a pouch containing a similarly addressed letter, with other mail, is delivered at Albany for the Boston and Albany railway post-office, due to leave Springfield, Massachusetts, at 7.15 A.M.; this pouch is conveyed from Albany in the baggage-car attached to an express-train, which train, passing Westfield, connects at Springfield with the 7.15 A.M. railway post-office train East. At Palmer a short distance east of Springfield a return mail is left for the railway post-office that left Boston at five o'clock that morning; into this mail the letter for Leeds is placed, as the clerks in the latter-named railway post-office deliver at Westfield a pouch for Leeds, which place is reached at 10.07 that morning, on train in charge of baggage-master. This illustration is comparatively a simple one. Many instances could be given where a detour of many miles is made to gain a few minutes in time. By the old system the letter would, in all probability, have gone to Albany post-office for distribution, thence either to New Haven, Connecticut, or Westfield, Massachusetts, for the same purpose, losing trains at each place waiting to be distributed, and consuming fully, or more, than sixty-four instead of sixteen hours. By the old method delays became almost interminable as the connections became intricate, more so than on a continuous line. The advantage in the "catcher" system described elsewhere, which enables towns to communicate with one another in a few minutes, instead of by the direct closed pouch system through a distributing office miles away, consuming hours, is not inconsiderable.

The gain by the present method is incomparable. Intersecting at Albany, New York, with the line from Vanceborough, Maine, to San Francisco, just described, or perhaps what may be called the vertebral column of the system, is the New York and Chicago railway post-office line, known also as the "Fast Mail" or the "White Mail," as the mail-cars on this line were originally painted white. A mail-train consisting of four mail-cars and express-cars leaves New York City at 8.50 P.M., making the through connection to Chicago. There are two similar trains, leaving New York at 4.35 A.M., and at 10.30 A.M., with a less number of cars; and three moving in the opposite direction. There are twenty mail-cars on this line, each interior is sixty feet in length, and the exterior, as already mentioned, painted white, and bearing the coat-of-arms of some State and the name of its past or present governor. Each car is devoted to a special purpose: the distribution of letters and local, or "way," work; the distribution of paper mail; and others for storage. The distributing cars are built upon a different plan from the one hereinbefore described; the packages, etc., are distributed into large compartments or boxes slightly pitching back one over the other in a large case, and the clerk wishing to empty one of them passes into the narrow aisle to the rear of the case; the pouch or sack is hooked to the case

under the door of the box, and the mail drops into it. Pouches and sacks are also hung in racks to be distributed into. These cars are post-offices of no mean pretensions when the amount of work performed is considered. When it is considered how densely populated the country is through which this line passes many times each day, and its numerous and swelling tributaries, the volume of mail conveyed is enormous, yet not disproportionate.

The average amount conveyed during thirty days, in the sixty days in January and February of 1881, that the weights of mails were taken between New York City and Buffalo, a distance of four hundred and forty-two miles, amounted to 4,416,451 lbs.; between Buffalo and Chicago, a distance of five hundred and forty-two miles, 2,874,918 lbs. Over the first section 73,607 lbs. per day, the second section 47,848 per day; while either of these amounts does not equal those carried during the same period between New York and West Philadelphia, on the route to Washington, a distance of ninety miles, amounting to 6,202,370 lbs. for the thirty days, and 103,372 lbs. per day, the great discrepancy in miles must be borne in mind and the fact that government supplies and public documents to the East and North contribute no small proportion of the amount. The mail between New York and Chicago is altogether a working mail. It requires more than two hundred and sixty clerks to handle this mail, who travel annually 2,030,687 miles.

The clerks on the westerly bound trains are assigned the distributing of mails by route, for all Middle, Western, Southwestern, and Northwestern States, and on the easterly bound trains for the Middle and Eastern States.

When such States as New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Illinois, with respectively 3,070, 3,681, 2,603, and 2,568 post-offices, are taken into consideration, some idea may be formed of the work required in preparing a system of distribution, the vigilance required to keep pace with the frequently changing schedules, and the study of the clerks to properly carry its requirements into effect. Beyond Chicago, in the new country, the work of distribution grows less intricate, but the powers of endurance of the clerks are severely tested. On the line between Kansas City, Missouri, and Deming, New Mexcio, a distance of 1,147 miles, the clerks ship for a long voyage — five days on the outward trip and the same on the inward, sleeping and eating on the train.

There are a number of lines in the far West, on which the clerks do not leave the train for a number of days. Throughout the country the total number of pieces of ordinary mail handled by 3,855 railway postal clerks on the lines, during the year ending June 30, 1883, amounted to 3,981,516,280; the number of errors made in their distribution was 958,478 pieces, or a per centage of correct distribution of 99.97. This minutia of detail is applied to the distribution of a vast bulk of mail. It is estimated that in Boston, Massachusetts, between eighty and one hundred tons of mail matter are daily dispatched, and between forty and sixty tons are daily received; while at New York City this quantity is more than doubled. Even figures become interesting when they represent the standard of intelligence and progress, as shown by an increased correspondence and literature. In no branch of the government service, it can be safely said, have the tenets advanced by the advocates of the civil-service

reform been so nearly realized as in this bureau of the Post-Office Department even at that period when the initiatory steps now being applied to other departmental machinery were considered all but Utopian, — a system consisting of a probationary period preceding appointment, and promotion from grade to grade, based upon a practical and thorough system of examination, had long since been developed up through an experimental stage to a well-grounded success. The complexity of the postal system, continually varying in detail, demanded a uniform system of giving information, and a corresponding test of its operation. The system of distribution for each State is compiled in tabulated form in a book or sheet, known as a "scheme," for ready reference when on duty, or study when off the road. In thickly-settled States, where numerous railroads cross and recross each other in the same county, it is necessary to have the names of the post-offices arranged alphabetically; opposite the name of each office is given all its methods of supply and also the hour the mail reaches that office. In more sparsely-settled States the schemes are arranged by counties; this is done where the majority of the offices in a county are supplied by one or two lines, and the exceptions, which are only specified in detail in the scheme, by other lines or a number of post-offices. In this case the clerk memorizes the supply of the excepted post-offices particularly, the disposition of the remaining post-offices in the county being the same; it is of the first importance to be properly informed in which county an office is located, and the line supplying the principal part of that county. A name prefixed with "north" in one county may have the prefix of "south" in another, or a similar name in a remote county. These schemes are compiled at division headquarters, and the general orders are revised almost daily, informing the clerks of changes affecting the distribution, and also instructions as to other duties. From the schemes mentioned, lists of distribution are made and time computed applicable to each line or train of the States for which mail is selected.

To return from this preliminary digression to the examinations. These examinations are of the most practical character and serve to develop the mental abilities and intelligent understanding of the clerks. To clearly understand the method, the clerk should be followed step by step from the time of his probationary appointment into the service, through the probationary period and his examinations as a full-fledged clerk. After a month's service on a line, the clerk is assigned a day and hour for his examination; here is laid the foundation for future usefulness, the intelligent understanding of a service, acquired by continual study and inquiry, that gives to all occupations that peculiar zest when understandingly rather than mechanically followed. A single State, with the least number of offices, that in the course of duty he will be required to assort, is selected at the first; it is not expected that it will be memorized understandingly, or the location of each office fully known at once, but it forms the basis of inquiry, and develops either future excellence or mediocrity, or total incapacity. The room in which these examinations are usually conducted (excepting when a clerk on a route in a remote part of the division is the subject, in which case he is visited by the examining clerk) is kept quiet, and nothing that will distract the attention allowed. He is placed before a

case containing one hundred pigeon-holes, or more, each the width of an ordinary visiting-card, and sufficiently high to contain a large pack of them. Cards are then produced, upon each one of which is printed the name of a post-office, comprising a whole State. The cards are distributed into the case by the clerk being examined and the number of separations made as required when on actual duty in the railway post-office. The number of separations varies according to the connections due to be made; when the line is through a thickly-settled country, the separations are made in fine detail. In the State of Massachusetts there are seven hundred and seventy-two post-offices; and the number of separations made by one line is upwards of eighty. On the train it is necessary to make many (what are known as) direct packages that the examination does not call for. Account is taken of the time consumed in "sticking" the cards, and questions asked to test the knowledge of connections. A large number of questions are asked relating to the Postal Laws and Regulations, as affecting the Railway Mail Service; these latter questions vary in number from fifty to one hundred. When practicable, during the probationary period of six months, one examination is held each month, taking a different State each time.

The results of these examinations are placed on record, and at the expiration of the probationary term, this record, together with the list of errors in sending mail, are forwarded to the Honorable William B. Thompson, General Superintendent of the Railway Mail Service, in Washington, District of Columbia, with a recommendation that the clerk be permanently appointed or dropped out of the service. These examinations are held at intervals among all the clerks to test their efficiency, and as an incentive to study, to keep fresh in their minds the proper disposition of the important mails passing through their hands. In these examinations a good-natured rivalry exists, and a vigilant eye is kept by the clerks that their line shall make as high an average per centage, or, if possible, higher than any other. The per centage of correctness rarely falls below seventy-five; an average is generally made of ninety-five per cent. The list of errors made is closely scanned by the better-informed clerks, and no stone left unturned by them to clear their record, and to satisfactorily settle disputed points. These discussions and inquiries are invited, not only that all may feel satisfied with the result, but also that much valuable information is frequently elicited from the clerks, who in many cases are situated advantageously to see where practical benefits may be attained.

During the fiscal year which ended June 30, 1882, there were 2,898 examinations of permanent clerks held, and 3,140,630 cards handled; of this number 208,736 were incorrect, 512, 460 not known, making a correct average per centage of 77.05. This record does not include that of probationary clerks. This constant watchfulness, it can readily be seen, redounds to the benefit of the public and results in the most expeditious methods of forwarding the mails attainable. In some cases a test of reading addresses of irregular or difficult legibility as rapidly as possible is given, but this idea has not been generally adopted. The query naturally arises, Is there no incentive to study other than to make a good record? There is; for upon this basis, together with a knowledge of a ready working

capacity and application — both great considerations — are the promotions and reductions made. Those in charge of lines are fully cognizant of the status of the men, bearing on all points. The clerks in the service are classified, those on the small or less important routes according to the distance. Our attention, however, is drawn particularly to the trunk lines. The probationary appointee is of class 1, receiving pay at the rate of eight hundred dollars per annum; but at the expiration of his six months' probation, if he is retained, he is paid nine hundred dollars per annum, and placed in class 2. The number of men in a crew on a trunk line making through connections is governed by the quantity of work performed, and generally consists of four men, excepting the fast lines, New York to Chicago and Pittsburgh, where more than one mail-car on a train is required. With four men in a crew the clerk in charge is classed 5, and others successively 4, 3, and 2, and paid at the rate of thirteen hundred dollars, eleven hundred and fifty dollars, one thousand dollars, and nine hundred dollars per annum. In the event of a vacancy in class 5, the records of examinations and errors made in the performance of work are scanned, the relative working capacity of the eligible men in class 4 considered, and a copy of the records, with recommendations, forwarded to the General Superintendent. The gap caused by the retirement of one of class 5, and filled by one of class 4, necessitates promotions from classes 2 and 3, and also a new appointment into class 1, probationary, and after that period is passed into class 2, thus preserving a uniform organization.

The selections for promotion are made from the clerks on the entire line. Thus it will be seen that a graduated system of promotion exists, based upon merit and competitive examination, and which to the fullest extent is practical and theoretically satisfactory to the most exacting civil-service reform doctrinaire. The general supervision of the Railway Mail Service is under a General Superintendent, the Honorable William B. Thompson, located in Washington, District of Columbia. It is divided into nine sections, with offices in Boston, New York City, Washington, Atlanta, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco, and Cleveland, and is respectively under the superintendence of Messrs. Thomas P. Cheney, R. C. Jackson, C. W. Vickery, L. M. Terrell, C. J. French, J. E. White, E. W. Warfield, H. J. McKusick, and W. G. Lovell, — men who have risen from humble positions in the service, step by step, to their present positions of responsibility.

It is an erroneous impression that prevails in certain quarters that the forwarding of mails over the various railroads is arranged by postmasters; the especial charge and control of the reception and dispatch of mails is under the Superintendents of the Railway Mail Service, who, in their turn, are responsible to the General Superintendent, who, in his turn is responsible to the Honorable Second Assistant Postmaster-General.

It will readily be seen by the foregoing sketch that a clerkship in the Railway Mail Service is far from being a sinecure, either mentally or physically. As the country increases in population and the system becomes more complex, it is found to be important to the public that the clerks should be insured against removal except for the following reasons: "Intemperance, inattention to or neglect of duty, incapacity for

the duties of the office, disobedience of official instructions, intentional disrespect to officers of this or other departments of the government, indecency in speech, intentional rudeness of language or behavior towards persons having official business with them or towards associates, and conduct unbecoming a gentleman." In several annual reports the General Superintendent has urged upon Congress that some provision be made for pensioning disabled clerks. This would seem to be only fitting justice to the clerks, who hourly incur a risk of either limb or life.

REUBEN TRACY'S VACATION TRIPS.

By Elizabeth Porter Gould.

"Mamma, where is the old Witch House? I met on the street this morning Johnnie Evans and his mother, who came way down from Boston just to see that, and Witch Hill, and some other places here in Salem that they had been reading about together this vacation. Why, I have n't seen these things, and I have lived here all my life. And they said, too, that they were going to find the house where Hawthorne was born. Who was he, mamma? I think Johnnie said that the house was on Union Street. Can't I go there, too? I am tired of playing out in the street all the time. I want to go somewhere and see something."

So said Reuben Tracy to his mother, as he came into the house from his play one day about the middle of his long summer vacation. His little eyes had just been opened to the fact that there was something in old Salem which made her an object of interest to outsiders; and, if so, he wanted to see it. As his mother listened to him, her eyes were opened, too, to her want of interest, through which her boy should have been obliged to ask this of her, rather than that she should have guided him into this pleasant path to historic knowledge. But she determined that this should not happen again. The vacation was only half through, and there was yet time to do much in this direction. Her boy should not spend so much time in idle play in the streets. She would begin that very afternoon and read to him some stories of local history, and impress them upon his little mind, as Mrs. Evans was doing with her boy, by visiting with him all that she could of the places mentioned. She herself had not seen Hawthorne's birthplace; she would learn more about him and his work, so as to tell Reuben, and then they would visit the place together; after which they would take a trip to Concord and see where he was buried, and also the places where he had lived, which, she had heard, were so charming. She could then tell her boy of Emerson and Thoreau; and, through a sight of the place where the first battle of the Revolution was fought, she could lead him willingly into the study of history.

Thus Mrs. Tracy planned with herself. She had suddenly become converted to a knowledge of her larger duty in the training of her child — her only child now; for, nearly two years before, death had claimed, in one week, her two other children, one older and one younger than Reuben; and

since then she had fallen into a sad, listless state of mind which she found hard to get out of. She was an unusually good mother in the ordinary sense of the word, since she was careful to have her boy well-fed, well-clothed, and well-behaved; but now she saw more than that was required of her.

The good resolution of Mrs. Tracy became so fruitful, that another week's time found Reuben and herself acquainted with the points of interest which Johnnie Evans had mentioned, and several more beside. Mrs. Tracy had accompanied these visits with much interesting information, which Reuben had enjoyed greatly. Such success led her to provide something new for the following week. Now, she herself had never seen the old town of Marblehead, — only four miles from Salem, — although of late she had been to Marblehead Neck to see a sister who was boarding there for the summer. So with an eye to visiting the old town, she spent an hour each day, for several days, reading and talking with Reuben on the history and legends of Marblehead; and, through the guidance of Drake's New England Coast, learning what now remained there as mementos of the past. Then, after having invited two of Reuben's little playfellows to accompany them, they started, one bright morning, to drive over by themselves. As they passed up Washington Street in the old town, Reuben's eyes were looking for the Lee mansion, which he said was now used for a bank, and which, with its furniture, cost its builder, Colonel Lee, fifty thousand dollars. They found it, with its date of 1768 over the door, and soon were in the main hall, where was hanging the same panel paper which was put on when the house was built. They noticed the curious carving of the balusters, as well as of a front room, which was wainscoted from floor to ceiling; they wished that it had never been used for a bank, but that it was still the old mansion as it used to be; for then they could see, among other things, the paintings hanging on the walls, of Colonel Lee and his wife, which Reuben said were eight feet long and five feet wide, and painted by a man named Copley. His mother smiled when she heard him add, with all the spirit of Young America: "And he painted them both for one hundred and twenty-five dollars. Why, just my head alone cost my papa one hundred dollars; and just think of those two big ones for only one hundred and twenty-five dollars!"

As all three of the boys sat in the large recessed window-seat, Reuben declared that he did not see how the window-panes could have been the wonder of the town, for they were not near as large as his Uncle Edward's, and nobody wondered at them!

They then imagined, walking in the same room where they then were, General Washington, as he came there in 1789 to be entertained by the Lees; and also Monroe, Jackson, and even Lafayette, who had been there, too. When one of the boys asked if the street in which he lived, in Salem, was named for that Lafayette, Mrs. Tracy noted the question as a good sign.

Soon they were in search of the old St. Michael's Episcopal Church, near there, which they had learned was the third oldest in Massachusetts, and the fourth in New England, those in Boston, Newbury, and Newport being the three older. As Mrs. Tracy approached it, she became indignant that the outer frame had ever been put

over the original church with its seven gables and its towers; she wondered if it could not now be taken off and leave the old church, as it was meant to be, pretty and unique. When from the inside she saw the peculiar ceiling, she thought more than ever that it ought to be and could be done. While she was thus speculating, the boys were observing the quaint old brass chandelier, with its candles, a gift from England, also the pillars of the church, stained to imitate marble. Then they all examined the Decalogue over the altar, written in the ancient letters, and done in England in 1714. Mrs. Tracy wished that the old high pulpit and sounding-board had never been replaced by the desk which she now saw there. The sexton showed them the old English Bible, which he said had been in use there about one hundred and twenty-five years. They noticed the little organ, which was very old, and also sent over from England. As they came out of the church, they saw, by its side, a graveyard containing some old inscriptions, and then went on to see the old Town House in the square, which Reuben said was in its prime in the days of George III. He told the boys to wait until they should study history, and then they would know more about this king. That was what he was going to do. Mrs. Tracy noted this remark as another good sign.

She treated them to some soda-water in Goodwin's apothecary-store, nearly opposite, so that they could the more easily remember the house, of which this was the parlor, where Chief-Justice Story was born.

They were still driving up Washington Street, through one of the oldest parts of the town, when, all of a sudden, Reuben asked his mother to stop and let him and his friends get out and run up some stone steps, which he said he knew would lead them up through backyards into another street. So out they jumped, and soon were up in High Street, following its winding way over the rocky soil, and amidst old houses, until they came out to Washington Street again, where Mrs. Tracy had driven on to meet them. They then drove along Front Street, where they had a fine view of the ocean, and also of the Neck, so prettily decked with its unique jewels. Reuben was anxious to go in Lee and State Streets because they were old and quaint, which they soon found. The boys, much to their delight, spied some more steps leading to another street, and also noticed, on much of the way, the want of sidewalks. They touched upon other streets which they were inclined to call lanes.

So they spent a day in this old town, with its Fort Sewall; its Powder House, built in 1755; its Ireson's house on Oakum Bay, where Mrs. Tracy reread to them Whittier's poem on Ireson; its cemeteries, where in one they found a gravestone bearing the date of 1690. They visited the new Abbott Hall, which Mrs. Tracy told them to consider as a historical connecting link between the old and the new. She now felt that they had seen enough for one day: so, with a promise to drive over again, some time, to visit more especially the newer part of the town, and also to drive around the Neck, they left for home. The next day, indeed for several days, the boys were in high spirits talking over their trip. All of the boys in the neighborhood were interested to hear of it, and doubtless some mother was stimulated to do as much for her children. As for

Mrs. Tracy, her sorrow was still keen, but her interest in her living child's growth was becoming the means of softening its sharpest edge. She had discovered an elixir which should renew her life to larger ends.

By another week's time Marblehead was pretty well talked over, and Mrs. Tracy was interested to find another subject for the rest of the vacation. A few days before, Reuben had asked her what an island was. She felt then, as she answered him, that a visit to such a place would give him a much better idea of its capabilities than any description which she could give. So, now, in thinking over an interesting island within easy distance, for a day's trip, she recalled the pleasure which, some years before, she had found in a short stay upon Star Island, among the Isles of Shoals. When she had decided that this should be the place, she talked the matter over with Reuben, telling him that he might invite his cousin Frank, a boy of fifteen years, to come from a neighboring town and spend the rest of the vacation with him; for he would enjoy studying with them about the Isles of Shoals before they should all go to see them. Reuben was delighted with the proposition; he secretly wondered what had made his mother so *extra* good lately; he determined that he would love her more and more, and do all that he could for her; he did wish that his brother Albert was alive to go with them, but he was so glad to have his cousin Frank, who was certainly coming to him the next day.

The following morning brought him, after which the days flew quickly by. Reuben not only showed to him the antiquities of Salem, but told him much of Marblehead town. They played together their vacation plays, and had, each day, their hour's talk and reading with Mrs. Tracy on the geography and history of the Isles of Shoals. At last they were ready to go, and the day was set. Mrs. Tracy had invited Reuben's school-teacher, Miss De Severn, a lovely young lady, whom sad reverses had sent to hard work, and denied much pleasure in travel, to join her in their trip. Reuben teased his papa to go with them, but business engagements prevented his so doing. But he encouraged his son in his pleasure, and told him that whenever he could tell all that he wanted to see in Europe he should go there on a tour, but not before. Frank, particularly, caught his uncle's idea, and determined then to read all the good books of travel that he could find.

On the pleasant morning of the appointed time they were all on hand in the Salem station to take the train for Portsmouth; they arrived there in time to take the steamer Appledore, as it started at eleven o'clock, for its ten-mile trip to the Shoals. The boys were delighted with the novelty of sailing between New Hampshire on one side and Maine on the other. As they passed on the right the quaint old town of Newcastle, Miss De Severn told them of the old Wentworth house, built in 1750, which was still standing there, and which still contained the old portraits of Dorothy Quincy and others. She promised to read to them, on their return home, the story of Dorothy Quincy, as told by Dr. Holmes, and also the story of Martha Hilton, the Lady Wentworth of the Hall, as told by Longfellow. While she was telling them of the old Fort Constitution, which they soon passed, and other tales of Great Island, or Newcastle, Mrs.

Tracy was enjoying the Kittery side, which also had its suggestive history. They soon passed the twin lighthouses of Whale's Back. Reuben was still wondering why that name was given to it, when his quick ear heard the ringing of a bell afar off in the distance. What could that be? Then Mrs. Tracy told the boys of the valuable bell-buoys, of which they had never heard. The sea was just rough enough to cause the bell stationed there to ring most of the time; and as they passed it, they declared that they never heard anything more dismal. Frank said that he should always think of that in a stormy night ringing out to warn the sailors. After a sail of an hour and a half, they landed at Appledore Island, the largest of the seven which comprise the Isles of Shoals, and which altogether make a little over six hundred acres. Reuben said that they were now in Maine, for Appledore, Smutty Nose, Duck, and Cedar belonged to Maine; while Star, White, and Londoner belonged to New Hampshire. His mother was pleased to hear him apply his geographical knowledge of the place so soon. She was sure now that he never would forget that fact. They spent a short time in looking around the island, with its attractive hotel, so finely situated, and its half dozen pretty cottages. One of them Mrs. Tracy pointed out as the home of Celia Thaxter, who, she told them, was a poetess who had written so feelingly of the sea, and who had told, in a pretty poem, how in the years gone by she had often lighted with her own hands the light in the lighthouse which they could see on White Island, a short distance from them. The boys wished to go there, as they had never been near a lighthouse; but as Mrs. Tracy felt that in their limited time Star Island would, on the whole, afford them more pleasure and profit, they took the little miniature steamer Pinafore, which constantly plied between the two islands, and in a few minutes' time were landed on its historic ground.

After they had dined at the Oceanic, a hotel kept by the same proprietors as the Appledore House, on the island which they had just left, they found that they had an hour and a half in which to look around before the steamer should return to Portsmouth. As they sauntered along over the rocks back of the hotel, they came near enough to the little meeting-house, which was standing there, to read on its side the following inscription: —

GOSPORT CHURCH.

ORIGINALLY CONSTRUCTED OF THE TIMBERS FROM THE WRECK OF A SPANISH SHIP, A. D. 1685; WAS REBUILT IN 1720, AND BURNED BY THE ISLANDERS IN 1790. THIS BUILDING OF STONE WAS ERECTED A. D. 1800.

Through the kindness of a gentleman who had brought the key to gain entrance into the interior, they all went in through the little side door to see a comparatively small room, with about twenty-five pews, and a quaint desk with a large chair each side of it. Mrs. Tracy said that when this church was built, in 1800, that island had only fifteen families and ninety-two persons, while Smutty Nose had three families and twenty persons, and Appledore had not an inhabitant upon it. Reuben said that there was a time, more than a hundred years before the Revolutionary War, when the town of Gosport, which included all the islands, contained from three hundred to six hundred inhabitants. Miss De Severn wished that they had time to read some old preserved records of that place, which were now to be seen at the hotel.

As they came out of the church,

Reuben spied the weather-vane, in the form of a fish, which crowned the little wooden tower, in which was the bell, still used, although rather dismal in sound.

As they wandered on, Mrs. Tracy noticed that the march of improvement had torn down most of the old fishing-houses, as well as the little old school-house, which she knew had once been there. They soon came upon the old burial-ground among the rocks, where they found inscribed on two horizontal slabs the only two inscriptions which were there. On one they saw this tribute: —

IN MEMORY OF
THE REV. JOSIAH STEPHENS,
A FAITHFUL INSTRUCTOR OF YOUTH, AND PIOUS MINISTER OF JESUS CHRIST,
SUPPORTED ON THIS ISLAND BY THE SOCIETY FOR PROPAGATING THE GOSPEL,
WHO DIED JULY 2, 1804. AGED 64 YEARS.

LIKEWISE OF
MRS. SUSANNAH STEPHENS,
HIS BELOVED WIFE,
WHO DIED DEC. 7, 1810. AGED 54 YEARS.

and, on the other, this high eulogy: —

UNDERNEATH ARE THE REMAINS OF
THE REV. JOHN TUCKE, A.M.,
HE GRADUATED AT HARVARD COLLEGE, A. D. 1723; WAS ORDAINED HERE JULY 26, 1732.
AND DIED AUG. 12, 1773. ÆT 72.

HE WAS AFFABLE AND POLITE IN HIS MANNER,
AMIABLE IN HIS DISPOSITION,
OF GREAT PIETY AND INTEGRITY, GIVEN TO HOSPITALITY,
DILIGENT AND FAITHFUL IN HIS PASTORAL OFFICE,
WELL LEARNED IN HISTORY AND GEOGRAPHY, AS WELL AS GENERAL SCIENCE,
AND A CAREFUL PHYSICIAN BOTH TO THE BODIES AND THE SOULS OF HIS PEOPLE.
ERECTED 1800. IN MEMORY OF THE JUST.

Miss De Severn bowed reverently in honor of such lives having been lived in the midst of the ignorance and corruption which she knew to have then pervaded the islands.

From this rocky burial-ground they wended their way to the three-sided monument, enclosed within a railing, which was on one of the highest rocks on the island. Frank remembered that it was erected in 1864, in honor of Captain John Smith, one of the first explorers of the islands; but as he was ignorant of the meaning of the Turk's head on its top — the one left of the three which were once there — Mrs. Tracy told him and Reuben about Smith's successful encounter with the three Turks, as well as some other tales pertaining to his brave exploits, after which they read on the sides of the monument the words inscribed in his honor.

As they stopped to gaze around them for a moment, they saw, a little more than half a mile off, Haley's (or Smutty Nose) Island, with its few black houses, prominent among which was the one stained by an awful tragedy. Mrs. Tracy hoped that it would soon be taken down, for it was too suggestive of terror and wickedness to be always in sight of those seeking rest and peace on the islands. Reuben said that Smutty Nose was the most verdant of all the islands, and the one the earliest settled; while Duck Island, three miles away, was noted for its game. He also remembered, much to his mother's surprise, that Cedar Island was only three eighths of a mile distant, and Londoner not a quarter of a mile away. When Frank added that Appledore was seven eighths of a mile off, and White Island nearly two miles distant, Reuben, not to be outdone by him, said that Star Island was three quarters of a mile long, and half a mile wide, while Appledore was a mile long. They would have gone on till all their knowledge had been told, if Mrs. Tracy had not suggested that they continue their walk over the rocks

which gave Star Island its natural grandeur. They would have liked to have remained there all of the afternoon, to have enjoyed the waves as they dashed up over the rocks; but they only stopped long enough to find Miss Underhill's Chair, the name of a large rock, on which Frank read aloud an inscription stating the fact, that, in 1848, on that spot, Miss Underhill, a loved missionary teacher, was sitting, when a great wave came and washed her away. Miss De Severn said that her body was found a week later at York Beach, where the tide had left it.

On their way back to the hotel they noticed some willows and wild roses, enclosed in a wooden fence, wherein Mrs. Tracy said would be found the graves of three little children of a missionary who once lived upon the island; whereupon the boys searched until they found the three following inscriptions: "Jessie," two years, "Millie," four years, and "Mittie," seven years old. Under the name of Mittie they said was inscribed: "I don't want to die, but I'll do just as Jesus wants me to."

Mrs. Tracy found herself looking back tenderly to this sacred spot, as she followed the boys to the other side of the Oceanic to see the ruins of the old Fort, which Reuben said had been useful before the Revolutionary War.

On their way to the steamer, which was to leave in a few minutes, they stepped into a small graveyard of dark stones, of which Mrs. Tracy said all but one were inscribed with the name of Caswell.

Soon they were on the steamer, bound for Portsmouth, then on the cars for Salem, where they arrived home in time for supper. They had seen what they went to see, and Reuben now very well knew what an island was. Hereafter, geography and history would be more real to him. On the following Monday, Frank was telling in his home all that he had seen, thus inspiring a larger circle with a desire to see and to know, and Rueben was in his schoolroom ready to begin another year's school work. His teacher was glad to see that he certainly would be a more interesting pupil for his intelligent vacation rambles, and silently wished that more mothers would do what his mother has done.

As for Mrs. Tracy, she not only decided to interest herself in the studies of her boy more than she had done in the past, but she determined to prepare the way for some little historic excursion for every vacation which her son should have. Another summer should bring Concord, surely, and perhaps Plymouth too.

THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH IN MASSACHUSETTS.

By Thomas W. Bicknell, LL.D.

The act of banishment which severed Roger Williams from the Massachusetts Colony, in 1635, was the means of *advancing*, rather than *hindering*, the spread of the so-called *heresies* which he so bravely advocated. As the persecutions which drove the disciples of Christ from Jerusalem were the means of extending the cause of Christianity, so the principles of toleration and of soul-liberty were strengthened by opposition, in the mind of this apostle of freedom of conscience in the New World. His Welsh birth and Puritan education made him a bold and earnest advocate of whatever truth his conscience approved, and he went everywhere "preaching the word" of individual freedom. The sentence of exile could not silence his tongue, nor destroy his influence. "The divers new and dangerous opinions" which he had "broached and divulged," though hostile to the notions of the clergy and the authorities of Massachusetts Bay, were at the same time quite acceptable to a few brave souls, who, like himself, dared the censures, and even the persecutions, of their brethren, for the sake of liberty of conscience.

The dwellers in old Rehoboth were the nearest white neighbors of Roger Williams and his band at Providence. The Reverend Samuel Newman was the pastor of the church in this ancient town, having removed with the first settlers from Weymouth in 1643. Learned, godly, and hospitable, as he was, he had not reached the "height of that great argument" concerning human freedom; and while he cherished kindly feelings toward the dwellers at Providence, he evidently feared the introduction of their sentiments among his people. The jealous care of Newman to preserve what he conscientiously regarded as the purity of religious faith and polity was not a sufficient barrier against the teachings of the founder of Rhode Island.

Although the settlers of Plymouth Colony cherished more liberal sentiments than their neighbors of the Bay Colony, and sanctioned the expulsion of Mr. Williams from Seekonk only for the purpose of preserving peace with those whom Blackstone called "the Lord Bretheren," yet they guarded the prerogatives of the ruling church order as worthy not only of the *respect*, but also the *support*, of all. Rehoboth was the most liberal, as well as the most loyal, of the children of Plymouth; but the free opinions which the planters brought from Weymouth, where an attempt had already been made to establish a Baptist church, enabled them to sympathize strongly with their neighbors across the Seekonk River. "At this time," says Baylies, "so much indifference as to the support of the clergy was manifested in Plymouth Colony, as to excite the alarm of the other confederated colonies. The complaint of Massachusetts against Plymouth on this subject was laid before the Commissioners, and drew from them a severe reprehension. Rehoboth had been afflicted with a severe schism, and by its proximity to Providence and its plantations, where there was a universal toleration, the practice of free inquiry

was encouraged, and principle, fancy, whim, and conscience, all conspired to lessen the veneration for ecclesiastical authority." As the "serious schism" referred to above led to the foundation of the first Baptist church within the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on New Meadow Neck in Old Swanzey, it is worthy of record here. The leader in this church revolt was Obadiah Holmes, a native of Preston, in Lancashire, England. He was connected with the church in Salem from 1639 till 1646, when he was excommunicated, and removing with his family to Rehoboth, he joined Mr. Newman's church. The doctrines and the discipline of this church proved too severe for Mr. Holmes, and he, with eight others, withdrew in 1649, and established a new church by themselves.

Mr. Newman's irascible temper was kindled into a persecuting zeal against the offending brethren, and, after excommunicating them, he aroused the civil authorities against them. So successful was he that four petitions were presented to the Plymouth Court; one from Rehoboth, signed by thirty-five persons; one from Taunton; one from all the clergymen in the colony but two, and one from the government of Massachusetts. How will the authorities at Plymouth treat this first division in the ruling church of the colony? Will they punish by severe fines, by imprisonment, by scourgings, or by banishment? By neither, for a milder spirit of toleration prevailed, and the separatists were simply directed to "refrain from practices disagreeable to their brethren, and to appear before the Court"

In 1651, some time after his trial at Plymouth, Mr. Holmes was arrested, with Mr. Clarke, of Newport, and Mr. Crandall, for preaching and worshiping God with some of their brethren at Lynn. They were condemned by the Court at Boston to suffer fines or whippings. Holmes refused to pay the fine, and would not allow his friends to pay it for him, saying that "to pay it would be acknowledging himself to have done wrong, whereas his conscience testified that he had done right." He was accordingly punished with thirty lashes from a three-corded whip, with such severity, says Governor Jenks, "that in many days, if not some weeks, he could take no rest but as he lay upon his knees and elbows, not being able to suffer any part of his body to touch the bed whereon he lay." Soon after this, Holmes and his followers moved to Newport, and on the death of the Reverend Mr. Clarke, in 1652, he succeeded him as pastor of the First Baptist Church in that time. Mr. Holmes died at Newport in 1682, aged seventy-six years.

The persecution offered to the Rehoboth Baptists scattered their church, but did not destroy their principles. Facing the obloquy attached to their cause, and braving the trials imposed by the civil and ecclesiastical powers, they must wait patiently God's time of deliverance. That their lives were free from guile, none claim. That their cause was righteous, none will deny; and while the elements of a Baptist church were thus gathering strength on this side of the Atlantic, a leader was prepared for them, by God's providence, on the other. In the same year that Obadiah Holmes and his band established their church in Massachusetts, in opposition to the Puritan order, Charles I, the great English traitor, expiated his "high crimes and misdemeanors" on the scaffold, at the hands of a Puritan Parliament.

Then followed the period of the Commonwealth under Cromwell, and then the Restoration, when "there arose up a new king over Egypt, who knew not Joseph." The Act of Uniformity, passed in 1662, under the sanction of Charles II, though a fatal blow at the purity and piety of the English Church, was a royal blessing to the cause of religion in America. Two thousand bravely conscientious men, who feared God more than the decrees of Pope, King, or Parliament, were driven from their livings and from the kingdom. What was England's great loss was America's great gain, for a grand tidal wave of emigration swept westward across the Atlantic to our shores. Godly men and women, clergy and laity, made up this exiled band, too true and earnest to yield a base compliance to the edict of conformity. For thirteen years here the Dissenters from Mr. Newman's church waited for a spiritual guide, but not in vain.

How our Baptist brethren here conducted themselves during these years, and the difficulties they may have occasioned or encountered, we know but little. Plymouth, liberal already, has grown more lenient towards church offenders in matters of conscience. Mr. John Brown, a citizen of Rehoboth, and one of the magistrates, has presented before the Court his scruples at the expediency of coercing the people to support the ministry, and has offered to pay from his own property the taxes of all those of his townsmen who may refuse their support of the ministry. This was in 1665. Massachusetts Bay has tried to correct the errors of her sister colony on the subject of toleration, and has in turn been rebuked by her example.

JOHN MYLES.

Leaving the membership awhile, let us cross the sea to Wales to find their future pastor and teacher — John Myles.

Wales had been the asylum for the persecuted and oppressed for many centuries. There freedom of religious thought was tolerated, and from thence sprung three men of unusual vigor and power: Roger Williams, Oliver Cromwell, and John Myles. About the year 1645, the Baptists in that country, who had previously been scattered and connected with other churches, began to unite in the formation of separate churches, under their own pastors. Prominent among these was the Reverend Mr. Myles, who preached in various places with great success, until the year 1649, when we find him pastor of a church which he organized in Swansea, in South Wales. It is a singular coincidence that Mr. Myles's pastorate at Swansea, and the separation of the members from the Rehoboth church, a part of whom aided in establishing the church in Swanzey, Massachusetts, occurred in the same year.

During the Protectorate of Cromwell, all Dissenters enjoyed the largest liberty of conscience, and, as a result, the church at Swansea grew from forty-eight to three hundred souls. Around this centre of influence sprang up several branch churches, and pastors were raised up to care for them. Mr. Myles soon became the leader of his denomination in Wales, and in 1651 he was sent as the representative of all the Baptist churches in Wales to the Baptist ministers' meeting, at Glaziers' Hall, London, with a letter, giving an account of the peace, union, and increase of the work. As a preacher and worker he

had no equal in that country, and his zeal enabled him to establish many new churches in his native land. The act of the English Saint Bartholomew's Day, in 1662, deprived Mr. Myles of the support which the government under Cromwell had granted him, and he, with many others, chose the freedom of exile to the tyranny of an unprincipled monarch. It would be interesting for us to give an account of his leave-taking of his church at Swansea, and of his associates in Christian labor, and to trace out his passage to Massachusetts, and to relate the circumstances which led him to search out and to find the little band of Baptists at Rehoboth. Surely some law of spiritual gravitation or affinity, under the good hand of God, thus raised up and brought this under-shepherd to the flock thus scattered in the wilderness.

Nicholas Tanner, Obadiah Brown, John Thomas, and others, accompanied Mr. Myles in his exile from Swansea, Wales. The first that is known of them in America was the formation of a Baptist church at the house of John Butterworth in Rehoboth, whose residence is said to have been near the Cove in the western part of the present town of East Providence. Mr. Myles and his followers had probably learned at Boston, or at Plymouth, of the treatment offered to Holmes and his party, ten years before, and his sympathies led him to seek out and unite the elements which persecution had scattered. Seven members made up this infant church, namely: John Myles, pastor, James Brown, Nicholas Tanner, Joseph Carpenter, John Butterworth, Eldad Kingsley, and Benjamin Alby. The principles to which their assent was given were the same as those held by the Welsh Baptists, as expounded by Mr. Myles. The original record-book of the church contains a list of the members of Mr. Myles's church in Swansea, from 1640 till 1660, with letters, decrees, ordinances, etc., of the several churches of the denomination in England and Wales. This book, now in the possession of the First Baptist Church in Swanzey, Massachusetts, is probably a copy of the original Welsh records, made by or for Mr. Myles's church in Massachusetts, the sentiments of which controlled their actions here.

Of the seven constituent members, only one was a member of Myles's church in Wales — Nicholas Tanner. James Brown was a son of John Brown, both of whom held high offices in the Plymouth colony. Mr. Newman and his church were again aroused at the revival of this dangerous sect, and they again united with the other orthodox churches of the colony in soliciting the Court to interpose its influence against them, and the members of this little church were each fined five pounds, for setting up a public meeting without the knowledge and approbation of the Court, to the disturbance of the peace of the place, — ordered to desist from their meeting for the space of a month, and advised to remove their meeting to some other place where they might not prejudice any other church. The worthy magistrates of Plymouth have not told us how these few Baptist brethren "disturbed the peace" of quiet old Rehoboth. Good old Rehoboth, that roomy place, was not big enough to contain this church of seven members, and we have to-day to thank the spirit of Newman and the order of Plymouth Court for the handful of seed-corn, which they cast upon the waters, which here took root

and has brought forth the fruits of a sixty-fold growth.

From a careful reading of the first covenant of the church, we judge that it was a breach of ecclesiastical, rather than of civil, law, and that the fines and banishment from the limits of Rehoboth were imposed as a preventive against any further inroads upon the membership of Mr. Newman's church. In obedience to the orders of the Court, the members of Mr. Myles's church looked about for a more convenient dwelling-place, and found it as near to the limits of the old town and their original homes as the law would allow. Within the bounds of Old Swanzey, Massachusetts, in the northern part of the present town of Barrington, Rhode Island, they selected a site for a church edifice. The spot now pointed out as the location of this building for public worship is near the main road from Warren by Munro's Tavern to Providence, on the east side of a by-way leading from said road to the residence of Joseph G. West, Esq. A plain and simple structure, it was undoubtedly fitted up quickly by their own labor, to meet the exigency of the times. Here they planted their first spiritual home, and enjoyed a peace which pastor and people had long sought for.

The original covenant is a remarkable paper, toned with deep piety and a broad and comprehensive spirit of Christian fellowship.

HOLY COVENANT.

SWANSEY IN NEW ENGLAND. — A true coppy of the Holy Covenant the first founders of Swansey Entred into at the first beginning and all the members thereof for Divers years.

Whereas we Poor Creatures are through the exceeding Riches of Gods Infinite Grace Mercyfully snatched out of the Kingdom of darkness and by his Infinite Power translated into the Kingdom of his dear Son, there to be partakors with all Saints of all those Priviledges which Christ by the Shedding of his Pretious Blood hath purchased for us, and that we do find our Souls in Some good Measure wrought on by Divine Grace to desire to be Conformable to Christ in all things, being also constrained by the matchless love and wonderfull Distinguishing Mercies that we Abundantly Injoy from his most free grace to Serve him according to our utmost capacitys, and that we also know that it is our most bounden Duty to Walk in Visible Communion with Christ and Each other according to the Prescript Rule of his most holy word, and also that it is our undoubted Right through Christ to Injoy all the Priviledges of Gods House which our souls have for a long time panted after. And finding no other way at Present by the all-working Providence of our only wise God and gracious Father to us opened for the Injoyment of the same. We do therefore after often and Solemn Seeking to the Lord for Help and direction in the fear of his holy Name, and with hands lifted up to him the most High God, Humbly and freely offer up ourselves this day a Living Sacrifice unto him who is our God in Covenant through Christ our Lord and only Savior to walk together according to his revealed word in the Visible Gospel Relation both to Christ our only head, and to each other as fellow-members and Brethren and of the Same Household faith. And we do Humbly praye that that through his Strength we will henceforth Endeavor to Perform all our Respective Duties towards God and each other and to practice all the ordinances of Christ according to what is or shall be revealed to us in our Respective Places to exercise Practice and Submit to the Government of Christ in this his Church! viz. furthur Protesting against all Rending or Dividing Principles or Practices from any of the People of

God as being most abominable and loathsome to our souls and utterly inconsistent with that Christian Charity which declare men to be Christ's Disciples. Indeed further declaring in that as Union in Christ is the sole ground of our Communion, each with other, So we are ready to accept of, Receive too and hold Communion with all such as by a judgment of Charity we conceive to be fellow-members with us in our head Christ Jesus tho Differing from us in Such Controversial Points as are not absolutely and essencially necessary to salvation. We also hope that though of ourselves we are altogether unworthy and unfit thus to offer up ourselves to God or to do him a — or to expect any favor with, or mercy from Him. He will graciously accept of this our free will offering in and through the merit and mediation of our Dear Redeemer. And that he will imploy and emprove us in his service to his Praise, to whom be all Glory, Honor, now and forever, Amen.

The names of the persons that first joyned themselves in the Covanant aforesaid as a Church of Christ,

JOHN MYLES, Elder,
JAMES BROWN,
NICHOLAS TANNER,
JOSEPH CARPENTER,
JOHN BUTTERWORTH,
ELDAD KINGSLEY,
BENJAMIN ALBY.

The catholic spirit of Mr. Myles soon drew to the new settlement on New Meadow Neck many families who held to Baptist opinions, as well as some of other church relations friendly to their interests. The opposition which their principles had awakened, had brought the little company into public notice, and their character had won for them the respect and confidence of their neighbors.

The Rehoboth church had come to regard Mr. Myles and his followers with more kindly feelings, and, in 1666, after the death of the Reverend Mr. Newman, it was voted by the town that Mr. Myles be invited to "preach, namely: once in a fortnight on the week day, and once on the Sabbath day." And in August of the same year the town voted "that Mr. Myles shall still continue to lecture on the week day, and further on the Sabbath, if he be thereunto legally called."

This interchange of pulpit relations indicates a cordial sentiment between the two parishes, which is in striking contrast to the hostility manifested to the new church but three years before, when they were warned out of the town, and suggests the probable fact that animosities had been conquered by good will, and that sober judgment had taken the place of passionate bigotry.

CHURCH SERVICES IN PURITAN TIMES.

The Elders' Advice in Matrimonial Matters.

FROM the Baptist Church records copied from the Welsh, which were brought from Swansea, Wales, by the Reverend John Myles, we quote, as follows: —

"The Sabbath meeting shall begin at 8 A.M., and on the fourth day of the weeke begins at nine of the Clock." . . .

"That one brother extemporize in Welsh for an hour, and after the said Welsh brother there shall be a publick sermon to the world, after this breaking bread." . . .

"That such brethren or sisters as shall any way hereafter intend to change their calling or condition of life by marriage or otherwise, do propose their cases to the elders or ablest brethren of the church, to have council from before they make any engagements, and in all difficult cases, and before all marriages, the churches council be taken therein."

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